THE
NINETEENTH CENTURY
AND AFTER

No. CCCLII—June 19

THE PROSPECTS OF LIBERAL FINANCE

The humdrum character of Mr. Asquith's first budget was probably unavoidable for general as well as purely financial reasons. A Government with such Bills on hand as Education and Trade Disputes may well be excused for avoiding financial issues of magnitude in the same session if it can find decent excuses for postponement. Whether there is room for special success in the field of finance or not, there could be no great changes without stirring up passion and opposition in some quarters and perhaps offending important sections of the Government's own following. A budget nevertheless may be none the worse for being 'humdrum.' It is most unlikely that the financial business of the year should always give occasion for display. The present budget in any case enables us to survey the problems which lie before the country in the financial department, and to discuss not a few questions of interest which the Liberal party will have to face during the next few years. In spite of the absence of display Mr. Asquith does three things of significance, although with the comparatively small surplus of three millions only in these days of huge figures of revenue and expenditure. These things are: (1) an increase

of the appropriation for the reduction of debt, partly due to financial administration as well as to the special arrangements of the budget; (2) a reduction of indirect taxation without any relief to the income-tax payer; and (3) the abolition of the coal export tax in such a way as to run counter to the ideas respecting the broadening of the bases of taxation which leading authorities like Lord Goschen and Lord St. Aldwyn were so much in favour of on financial grounds a few years back. At the same time he has proposed the appointment of a Committee on the graduation of the income-tax which seems rather to intimate an intention to aggravate the burden of the tax upon some income-tax payers than to promise a measure of relief to any, though it is not absolutely inconsistent with the latter object. While the budget therefore does little in itself, the surplus being a small one, Mr. Asquith at least keeps his hands free for great changes such as many members of his party are advocating, changes in the direction of socialistic experiment like old-age pensions, and in the direction of reducing Army and Navy expenditure by which indirect taxation may be still farther diminished. Except as regards debt reduction, there is little sign of special attention being given to the real problems of the Chancellor of the Exchequer at all times—the maintenance of the national credit, the adequacy of the defensive forces of the State, and the proper adjustment of the burden of taxation, given a certain sum that must be raised. The problem of the future, as far as Mr. Asquith has shown his hand, is conceived in the spirit of the financial discussions of the Liberal party before and during the elections and not altogether in the spirit with which the financial problems of a great empire must be considered. Even where he is most conservative, as in the matter of debt reduction, it may be doubted whether his general narrowness of view has quite admitted of a sufficient decision on the question.

We may inquire, then, what are the real financial problems that face the country at the present time, and what steps ought to be contemplated by our Chancellors of the Exchequer in the immediate future. If the indications given of his mind by Mr. Asquith are not wholly satisfactory, there is time in the next few years for amendment, to which, perhaps, he is not really disinclined.

Every period has its own financial problems, and we may all agree that the special problem for the nation at present is that of a return to normal finance after years of exceptional difficulty. In the ebb and flow of national fortunes there are times of great effort, such as the United States passed through in their Civil War, or Japan and Russia have just passed through, when the whole resources of the State are strained and risks are run and expedients tried which emergency alone can justify. But these times are followed by others in which rest comes after crisis, whether defeat or victory has been

the result, and the nation has time to look round, take stock of its position, and decide with deliberation on the measures required for setting its house in order. Now the present is such a time with ourselves. Ten to fifteen years ago the Boer war was incubating; our naval supremacy was being challenged by new rivals like Russia and Germany in a dangerous way; the threatened break-up of China seemed likely to precipitate a great European war. It was a time of stress and strain, and however much the late Government may have been to blame for precipitancy and errors in judgment, which in the opinion of some critics made matters worse, it cannot be denied that, so long as administrators of public affairs are human beings and are controlled by passionate and excited public opinion, the actual outbreak of the Boer war, with its attendant expenditure, and the large increase of naval armaments extending over many years, were natural consequences of a real crisis in the State. A period which includes not only the Boer war but the Fashoda incident, the Boxer outbreak in China and the joint intervention of the Powers, our alliance with Japan and the Russo-Japanese war, with the incidental alarums and excursions, must have been one that put a strain on our resources only second to that of actual war with a first-class Power. Happily the crisis has passed away to some extent, though rather slowly. The Boer war ended in victory which has some of the results of victory, though unhappily it is also one of those victories almost as disastrous as defeats, which are only too common in warfare. The challenge to our naval supremacy has also been diminished in force for the time by the total obliteration of one of the two rivals who challenged us, though how far the circumstances justify us in considering that no other challenge is to be substituted may give room for some questioning. Our good understanding with France and the United States also means an appeasement of the international situation in other directions. When we look about us we perceive there is evidently less immediate stress than there was ten years ago. Accordingly we can afford to stand by and arrange matters on a peace footing for a time, keeping always in mind of course the nature of the forces around us, the rapidity with which new combinations can be formed, and the possibility of unexpected and untoward incidents of which the proceedings that led up to the Algeciras conference were one illustration and the pending frontier difficulty between Egypt and Turkey is another.

Surveying the national finances in view of the change that has occurred, we find that the main questions to be considered are three or four in number. The first and most pressing of all is the degree to which reduction of armaments and retrenchment generally are possible, even allowing for the quieter aspect of international affairs. The second is the question of debt reduction and other measures to maintain national credit which acquire fresh importance from the

very fact of the increase of debt that has been going on during the years of crisis. The third is the question of relieving the income-tax payer, which strictly belongs to the previous category, as the income-tax is the great national reserve of taxation, but is so important as to demand separate treatment. The fourth question is that already referred to as the 'broadening of the bases of taxation,' to which Mr. Asquith has given the go-by. The fifth and last is the very special one of a reform in the arrangements between local and imperial taxation, as the evidence has been accumulating during the crisis of dangerous inroads being made by local authorities on the resources of taxation which imperial and local authorities have in common. This list omits altogether the Socialist programme and the Socialist design of benefiting the masses by throwing the whole burden of the nationalist expenditure on the rich alone, but these ideas raise far more than financial issues, and there will be enough work for finance ministers in the ordinary grooves for at least some years to come. With good finance and great prosperity among the working classes it may be hoped that they will not very soon come into the sphere of practical politics.

Discussing these questions in their order I desire to urge, with all respect to many authorities who hold a different view, the importance of not rushing to the conclusion that great retrenchment in national expenditure for the objects already admitted, and quite apart from the many new calls that are being made by Socialists and others, is possible. It seems to be thought a good argument in many quarters, that as expenditure increased rapidly it ought to come down rapidly as a matter of course, and fall back to the level from which it rose. So that as expenditure was ninety-five millions only about ten years ago—before the 'crisis'—there is much room for the pruning knife on an expenditure of 140 millions, which is the round figure in peace-time after the crisis. But there is of course no logic in such arguments. If expenditure was at a low level some years ago, that may have been our luck or our loss, and argues nothing as to the present time. Always the question presses—what sums are required to carry on the Government, to enable it to achieve the objects which the people desire, and to provide for the defence of the State; and to this question a direct answer must be given, whatever the comparison with former periods may be. All the precedents, however, are against a return to the *status quo ante* after a period of crisis. In the United States after the Civil War, in France and Germany after the Franco-German War, and in Japan and Russia after their more recent struggle, there has been a permanent and serious increase of the burdens of the State as compared with the period just before the crisis. The obvious reasons are that there is growth in every progressive community and national expenditure, like other things, grows with population and wealth and the develop-

ment of new wants; that establishments cannot be reduced all at once; that the crisis itself has probably shown defects in the national equipment which require to be supplied; and that expenses postponed on account of the crisis press for consideration in the breathing space after the crisis is over. There is no presumption in any case for a return to the *status quo ante*.

Putting the question, then, for what sum can the Government of the United Kingdom be properly carried on, and the defence of the State provided for, at the present time, we have only to look at the main items to see how unlikely are any great reductions from the present amount with safety to the State. Deducting from the gross figure of 140 millions the sum of 10 millions as really applied for the reduction of the debt we find that the whole expense for Imperial Government is about 130 millions,[1] divided as follows:

	Millions	
For Civil Purposes.		
Interest of Debt	19	
Civil Administration	10	
Education Grants	14	
Local Grants and Expenditure	5	
Postal and Telegraph Expenditure	17	
Revenue Collection	3	
		68
For Defence.		
Army	29	
Navy	33	
		62
Grand Total		130

This sum of 130 millions is what is paid annually for maintaining the Government and for the defence of the country. Whatever is paid beyond is for redeeming the debt, that is for improving the national credit and forming a national reserve, a proper enough object in itself, but in no sense to be confounded with the business of paying our way. Is 130 millions or an approximate sum too much?

The question almost answers itself when the figures are examined, for nearly half the total is on account of such items as debt interest, which is hardly a national burden at all, being a mere transfer of income among members of the community themselves; postal and telegraph expenditure, which is merely the outlay of a profitable business of great advantage generally to the community as well as financial advantage to the State; and education expenditure, which speaks for itself. For the rest, the total expenditure for civil government, including the maintenance of law courts, police, and the Ministerial departments, as well as collection of revenue, is about thirteen millions

[1] In stating the figures with great exactness, the items may be varied a little, especially in connection with capital outlays on Army and Navy from borrowed money but these outlays are now to be at an end and the account is stated without them, so as to avoid confusion.

only, and offers little opportunity for seriously diminishing a total expenditure of ten times the amount. Remain only the items for Army and Navy, which are, of course, the items thought of when retrenchment is discussed.

I would observe, however, as regards the Navy, the larger of the items, that the paramount question for this country must always be, not *whether reduction of outlay is possible*; but are we quite sure that enough is being done? The life of the State depends so much on the size and efficiency of the Navy, that civilians must be very bold indeed who talk of reduction against the expert official opinion represented by the estimates, and the still stronger expert opinion which we find expressed unofficially. Against the notion also that the destruction of the Russian fleet and other changed circumstances count for so much as a plea for reducing our naval strength, it may be fairly urged, it seems to me, that the Navy is not a machine to be 'pulled about.' Large changes necessarily tend to upset the relation of the parts to each other. Having once got a good and effective machine, it may be economical to maintain it, even if it is a little larger than we require, rather than engage in experiments as to whether a machine, roughly cut down in some parts, will not answer the purpose. It is also to be urged on the same side that in a very few years the Russian fleet, which is now perhaps a quantity that can be neglected, may no longer be so, even if it does not grow to its former dimensions; that the growth of the fleets of other nations—Germany, the United States, France, Japan, and Italy—though they are mostly friendly to us, still requires us to maintain our relative place in much the same degree as was the case *ten years ago*, when the crisis came upon us, and found us unprepared; and that the maintenance of our great fleet may no longer even be a matter of choice, because our allies and friends—Japan, France, Italy, and the United States—may insist upon our share in the common counsels being dependent on our strength. All things considered, I for one am convinced that our Navy in present circumstances, and until some great international change occurs, is substantially irreducible.

The Army is a more popular subject for retrenchment, only, it is to be feared, because the public know so little of the tremendous burdens laid upon our regular soldiers by the present system, and of the risks which compel Lord Roberts and other authorities to insist upon universal military training as a necessary supplement to our auxiliary forces. Some years ago, in the pages of this Review,[2] I was enabled to set out at length reasons for the belief that the numbers of our regular army were quite insufficient for the multifarious duties laid upon them, and that in more than one direction we were exposed to the most formidable dangers, because of that insufficiency. Our garrisons at home, in South Africa, and in Egypt appeared to me

[2] See *Nineteenth Century and After*, 1901.

far too small for the probable requirements in an emergency, having regard especially to the fact that the nominal numbers were far in excess of the real strength, consisting so largely of recruits and young soldiers who were unfit for a campaign. It is unnecessary for me, therefore, to go into detail or to do more than refer to the former essay. Substantially the situation remains unchanged. The regular army continues too small for its work, and a really slight shock may once more cause a breakdown. As the question of Egypt now occupies men's minds, it may be permissible, perhaps, to recall a portion of what was said on this head so long ago as 1901—the last sentence being now put in italics:

> The fifth object we have to keep in view is the possibility of a formidable attack on some part of our empire by land, which we shall have to meet with a large military force. We think of India mostly in such a connection, and of Russia as a possible assailant. . . . But there are other possibilities also of which the recent invasion of our territory in South Africa is an illustration. I cannot help thinking that we are less secure against land attacks at other points than we are often assumed to be. When the Fashoda incident occurred, there was no little amusement at the talk in French newspapers of making a land attack on Egypt from Algeria. There was good cause for amusement, as no such attack could be improvised. But great as the distance is from Algeria to Egypt, is it so certain that, in conditions which are not inconceivable, an attack of this sort, long foreseen and arranged, would be altogether without chances of success such as would encourage adventurous generals and officers? *Another possibility is that Turkey in alliance with other Powers might attack Egypt from Asia Minor, as Egypt has so often been attacked in historical times, and our defence might not be so easy.*

What we now see is an attack by Turkey on Egypt apparently without actual alliance with another Power, but in so threatening a manner that great uneasiness has arisen in Egypt, and our garrison is being increased in hot haste. There could not be a better illustration of the necessity of adequate garrisons at all points, if our Empire is to exist. The misfortune is that if we depend on reinforcing garrisons in this hand-to-mouth fashion, instead of being always on guard, we shall some day be forced into heavy war, however little we may be inclined. Retrenchment in the Army appears accordingly quite as unlikely as retrenchment in the Navy.

It would be foreign to the purpose of this article to discuss what the party effect may be of the discovery that retrenchment in public expenditure is not the easy task which some politicians have represented. The game of party is certain to go on, the Government in power being attacked without measure with the full knowledge that when the Opposition come into power, performance will be short of the promise. All that we are concerned with at present is the fact of what is possible with the national budget. The assumption must not be made that, whatever Mr. Asquith may hope, and whatever resources are available for him, he has much to expect from the economies of the great spending departments.

The answer to the first question as to possible retrenchment, has an important bearing on the second question of the special measures to improve the national credit, including the reduction of debt. If expenditure is practically irreducible, and is even likely to increase a little, new appropriations for the reduction of debt and similar measures can only be found by the growth of revenue. This is a resource not to be despised. An increase of 1½ per cent. per annum continued for a few years, for which there are ample precedents, would add to the resources of the Chancellor of the Exchequer about fifteen millions per annum, which would give him a good deal to play with. But if the surplus can *only* be increased in *one* way, it will not be the same thing as if it were to be swollen from both sides of the account. Still, an existing appropriation of 10 millions annually towards debt reduction, to be increased by surpluses of about 15 millions in all in ten years, should enable a Chancellor of the Exchequer to do something for the national credit. What that something should be is a different question, on which a few observations may perhaps be made in a somewhat different sense from those which are most common, and whose propriety Mr. Asquith seems to take for granted.

There is a common prejudice that reduction of debt takes precedence of adjustments of taxation, and this prejudice or idea itself I must take leave to discuss. What I have to suggest is that as between debt reduction and adjustments of taxation much will depend on the one side on the amount of the debt and its proportion to the whole resources of the State. A large debt may often compel attempts at reduction notwithstanding their great cost, while a small debt in proportion imposes no such compulsion. On the other side, much will also depend on the question, What are the defects in a given system of taxation which may require amendment? A system is conceivable in which the taxpayer all round bears so light a burden that reduction of debt may be wiser than any conceivable amendment of taxes which surpluses might enable to be made. Especially if the revenue in such a case were largely derived from indirect taxes paid by the unthrifty for the most part, the effect of debt reduction would be that the community, as a whole, would be saving and devoting to reproductive purposes what could very well be spared. But cases are also conceivable in which the system of taxation is so bad, the taxes pressing on the springs of industry and being otherwise unequal, that the amendment of the taxes would manifestly be far more profitable than any reduction of debt could be, and would even conduce more to the improvement of the national credit.

Applying these principles to the present case, what I should say is that it is not so clear debt reduction on a great scale is desirable in preference to other changes, and that there is a fair case for considering whether amendment of the system of taxation may not be the more urgent problem. The broad reasons are: (1) The smallness

of our existing debt in proportion to national resources, making it almost a matter of indifference whether a few millions of it are redeemed or not. After all the National Debt, whether we take it at 800 millions, excluding debts which we guarantee, or at nearly 1,000 millions if we include guarantees, does not amount to more than about one year's income of the income-tax paying classes, and probably to not more than half the aggregate of all the individual incomes of the country. It is probably not more than a twelfth part of the property of the country, which is a very small mortgage on the resources of any borrower. Nor has its weight increased sensibly in recent years, having regard to the steady increase of the national wealth, notwithstanding the additions made during the Boer war. It surely cannot be for any urgent reason that haste should be made to redeem a debt of this sort as if the national fate depended on it. This may have been the case with the National Debt a hundred years ago, when it equalled three times the annual income of the people, and did not fall much short of one-half the whole capital value of the national property. The United States, at the close of their Civil War forty years ago, appear also to have been in a like predicament, and made haste to redeem their debt with a good effect ultimately on their credit, though economists like Mr. Bagehot were of opinion that repayment of debt should have been postponed to the resumption of specie payments and the amendment of the system of taxation. But clearly the country is in a very different position now from what it was in a hundred years ago, or from the position of the United States forty years ago. (2) Our system of taxation is not as a matter of fact free from great defects, so that we may wisely employ a large margin of revenue in debt reduction, because there is little good to be done by adjusting the taxes. The income-tax is our war reserve, but we are using it up in time of peace, while the death duties and local rates press heavily on the same classes. Still more, we not only press hardly upon certain classes of the community, the income-tax payers, but we probably effect no real saving as far as the community is concerned, as we are taking a large sum from the saving classes in order to make the debt reduction, that is to invest in Consols, which the saving classes would probably make for themselves in securities bearing a higher rate of interest. In other words, we take money from the community to invest at a low rate of interest, which they would probably invest for themselves at a high rate. This may be good for the State in a certain superficial view, but is it good for the community as a whole?

For all these reasons there is surely some ground for the contention that in pressing for debt reduction without first putting the taxes right we are proceeding in a wrong path. It says much for the patriotism of our middle classes, the chief contributors to indirect as well as direct taxation, that they bear their burdens without flinching, content to see the credit of the State established. But the patience

of the taxpayer is no proof that it is not a mistake to impose the burden. The State cannot but suffer until more science is introduced into the management of our national finance.

In one unexpected way, I am satisfied, the community and the State really suffer. While appropriations for reduction of debt in present circumstances can do little to improve the national credit generally, they only reduce by almost infinitesimal amounts a debt which is already very small in proportion to our resources, they have no special effect in raising the national credit as tested by the price of Consols. Any effect of this kind which may be produced is an effect not upon Consols specially, but upon the whole group of gilt-edged and first-class Government securities which are all lifted *pro tanto* by the reduction of the quantity in the market. In this way the more we reduce the quantity of Consols the easier we make it for our own local authorities and for certain foreign Governments, Russia, for instance, to place their loans to advantage; but we do not gain so much for our own State, and hardly lower the rate at which we can ourselves borrow. Perhaps we are rather damaged by enabling Russia, Germany, and other Powers to borrow too easily, and preventing our private lenders from obtaining higher rates of interest. This would be no argument against reducing our National Debt in moderation, say by 2 per cent. per annum, until our tax system is amended, but it seems to be a conclusive argument against forcing the pace.

It will be said, and is said, that the large amount of the floating debt is a reason for forcing the pace. It amounts to over 70 millions,[3] we are told, and competes with traders and merchants in the money market, which is deprived of funds for the accommodation of trade which it would otherwise possess. The reply is that if the floating debt is excessive, that would be a good reason for funding it, and is not necessarily a reason for paying it off. As to the floating debt taking funds from the money market, in competition with traders, is it not rather the case that the competition is not with traders specially, but with the various modes for investment open to bankers, insurance companies, and other lenders, whose resources are altogether enormous both in comparison with the amount required for trading purposes from Lombard Street and the amount of the floating debt itself? The argument accordingly appears to be based upon an entire misapprehension of the nature of the floating debt and its effect on the money market. It may interest some of my readers to be told that rather more than thirty years ago, at a time when the floating debt had all but disappeared, Mr. Bagehot in the *Economist* urged the Government deliberately to create a certain amount of floating in substitution for a part of the permanent debt in order that

[3] This is the technical amount. The sum really 'floating' is much smaller. But this in passing.

the State might have the advantage of a lower rate of interest, and bankers a form of investment for part of their funds which they greatly desired.

The final conclusion on these two heads is that we should reform the taxes, and especially reduce the income-tax to a peace rate, before reducing the debt. Mr. Asquith, it appears to me, has missed a good opportunity of improving the national credit and relieving the taxpayer by one and the same operation.

Passing from these points we come to the next problem, that of broadening the bases of taxation, to which Mr. Asquith has given the go-by. Instead of adding new supports to the system, he has taken away the export coal tax, which may or may not have been a wise thing in itself, but was not specially called for, I should say, after the tax had been a few years in existence, and was fitting itself to the conditions of trade. The general argument for the change, apart from matters connected with the nature of the tax itself, was also most inadequate. It was simply a party *tu quoque*. The late Government had itself taken the first step in reversing the policy of broadening the bases of taxation which was adopted some years ago. They had abolished the import duty on corn, and the abolition of the export coal tax was a step of the same kind. One can only express regret at a subject like national finance being dealt with in this style. Both parties are equally to blame, but that is no excuse. It remains true nevertheless that, in order to make sure of our income-tax, war reserve, and for other reasons a greater number of taxes than we now have is needed. Greater variety will be useful when emergency arises, as it is easier and less unequal to shift an existing tax up or down than to invent wholly new taxes which always press with special severity upon the taxpayer. More indirect taxes are also expedient in order to provide funds with which the Government may properly reduce debt because they are funds contributed by classes who would make no corresponding saving if the taxes did not exist, and are thus an addition to the total sum available for the employment of labour by which the very classes who are taxed would gain more than they lose by the tax itself. It is difficult, of course, to get points like this considered in a democracy where appeals to immediate and superficial advantage are only too easily made, and the suggestions from all quarters how to plunder the rich are so tempting. None the less we must hold up the ideal for Chancellors of the Exchequer and Prime Ministers who aspire to permanent fame, and whose function it should be to educate their followers respecting the great necessities of the State as well as to lead them in agreeable paths.

The last question of all, that of the rearrangement of the financial relations between the State and local authorities, belongs really to the

same category as the questions we have been discussing. Rearrangement is required because the finance of local authorities affects the financial welfare of the State as a whole, and because the local authorities under the pressure of their own needs have lately been encroaching more and more on the domain of the State. The situation has become very serious. Not only does the State, as we have seen, contribute nearly five millions a year for local purposes directly, besides its education grants, but it appropriates to local requirements, to the exchequers of the local authorities, about ten millions a year of death duties, spirit and beer duties, and licence duties, among the most important sources of its own revenue; the amounts being actually collected by the Imperial Government and handed over for expenditure to these authorities. The intermixture of local and imperial finance has thus become very close. Still more, though the intermixture is here formally less obvious, the great increase of local burdens of late years, in consequence of the incidence of rates on real property, affects one of the principal branches of the income-tax which is levied on the rental of such property. When it is considered that in the last ten years rates have increased from about forty to sixty millions sterling in the United Kingdom, one may realise in some degree how seriously the field of the income-tax is encroached upon. Apart from the rise in the income-tax itself, the payers of one large branch only have twenty millions a year more to contribute on account of the rates. In another direction to which reference has already been made, the influence of local proceedings on national credit has made itself felt. The outstanding loans of local authorities, according to the latest figures in the *Statistical Abstract*, are about 450 millions, or half the National Debt itself, the figure at the present moment being, no doubt, much greater. This total has likewise very nearly doubled in about ten years' time. While the Imperial Government has, by comparison, been holding its hand since the Boer war, repaying some portion at least of its new indebtedness, the local authorities together have been nullifying the effect of its measures to maintain the national credit. Hence the necessity for giving attention to local finance in any sound scheme for putting the national finances in order.

Mr. Asquith did not indicate the ideas he contemplates for the proposed rearrangement. On this point at least, there can be no question, time for thought is required. But very great changes must be looked forward to. First the restoration of the ten millions now collected by imperial and spent by the local authorities to its proper place in the Imperial Budget must be made. In doing so it will probably be expedient that the Imperial Government should take over charges that are now local either to a corresponding amount or for a very large portion of the amount, in the hope that the stricter methods of imperial finance may render economy possible. Next there must be a tighter supervision by the Government of all depart-

ments of local finance. At present the sanction of the Local Government Board is required to the borrowing of local authorities. It may become expedient, perhaps, that the sanction should only be given with the consent of the Treasury, which, as experience has shown, is the Government department most vitally concerned. The limits of maximum borrowing might also be narrowed with advantage. The maximum at present is an amount equal to two years of the rateable value controlled by the borrowing authority. Why not a limit of one year, or even half a year's, rateable value? People are excited over a National Debt which amounts to no more than half a year's income of the taxpayers who are liable; but they calmly allow in local affairs borrowing to four times the extent, or twice the income chargeable. No harm can come of restricting the local powers. Other measures in the direction of more efficient audit are also suggested, but they are required as much in the interest of good public order as for the sake of rearranging imperial and local finance, and need not be dwelt upon here. One improvement, however, seems indispensable, to which I have more than once drawn attention, and to which it may be useful to advert once again, as there will probably be much opposition on the ground of its being contrary to democratic principles. This is the special representation among all local authorities of the largest ratepayers in each district. Unfortunately at present representation is divorced from taxation in local matters. Some of the largest ratepayers, as in the case of railway and gas companies, are not represented at all. Other ratepayers have single votes only, although it is chiefly their money which the ratepayers generally, who are without real interest, spend. There is clearly a case then for modifying so-called democratic principles in their application to local finance in order to ensure good and efficient government. What the exact modification should be it would be premature to discuss, but the scandals to be removed are quite general, and honest democracies have the greatest interest in their removal. The people of a locality ought no doubt to elect and control their own governors, but if taxation falls specially on local property the owners of that property may well have some special powers to enable them to protect it against abuse. It is in the imperial interest, as we now see, that they should have these powers. There is no other agency that can adequately protect the democracy of a whole country against the dangerous indulgence of local bodies who overlook or forget the interest of the whole community in matters which they believe quite naturally are exclusively their own.

We look forward then in the finance of the next few years to a development on somewhat different lines from those of Mr. Asquith in his last budget. There is no hope, it is to be feared, of extensive retrenchment, though there ought to be economies that will conduce

to efficiency. The country must be reconciled to high expenditure and make the best of it. This ought not to prevent, however, certain improvements in taxation, particularly the reduction of the income-tax, which can very well be effected in the next few years if only there is a little less haste in reducing the National Debt, and some attention is given to the vital problem of broadening the bases of taxation. The national credit must gradually improve with the growth of revenue, which will permit an increasing appropriation for the debt with more ease to the suffering income-tax payer than is now the case. Improved credit will also come from supervising local authorities more closely and checking those borrowings which are more harmful to national good credit in the aggregate than national borrowings themselves. The situation is thus not unhopeful, large as the expenditure of Government is. Every figure is big now, and the facts must not be judged alone by reminiscences of former times. With regard to the question of graduation of income-tax, which the Government have taken up, I may add one last word. If there is no intention to use the income-tax, as has been threatened, for the purpose of throwing the burden of taxation on the rich, and only a scientific system of taxation is intended by which earned incomes will be charged less than unearned, then the same purpose will be served quite as effectively by a general remission of the tax as by troublesome schemes of graduation. An income-tax payer, when the rate is a shilling, gains as much by a remission of sixpence as he would by adjustments and rebates reducing his own charge to a sixpence while his fellow taxpayers continue to pay a shilling. In a general remission, it is true, he does not come off better than others, but he gains as much as he is likely to get himself by any special remission. The thing to aim at then is a low income-tax in time of peace in order to avoid those tinkerings and adjustments which will be unsatisfactory to manage, and may endanger the effectiveness of this great instrument of revenue.

ROBERT GIFFEN.

RUSSIA AND ENGLAND IN PERSIA

THE letter in the *Times* of the 25th of April 1906 giving extracts from a leading article in the Russian paper the *Novoe Vremya* of the 14th of April, under the heading of 'A Rapprochement with England,' seems, as the correspondent rightly says, to deserve more attention in England than it has hitherto received.

The *Novoe Vremya*, which, the correspondent states, 'was not long ago still one of the most violently Anglophobe papers in Russia,' now points out that 'as regards the advantages of a *rapprochement* for political purposes, there is nothing to say, when it is realised that Russia, having suffered defeat in war and on account of her internal troubles, must take breath'; and secondly, goes on to detail at considerable length the advantages that would accrue to Russia from such a *rapprochement* on economic grounds. Briefly these latter are as follows:

1. The benefits to Russian trade; England being in the main Russia's best customer and paying her 154,000,000 roubles a year, almost the interest on her foreign debt. All this with reference to England's European possessions alone with a population of 41½ millions and not counting her oversea possessions with 357 million inhabitants in addition, with whom it is desirable for Russia to arrange to trade.

(2) Without a fleet the Russian coasts in the Pacific are now undefended. By being on good terms with England Russia strengthens her chance of being at peace with Japan, and as China's military reorganisation demands special watchfulness with regard to the Russian position in Siberia and Turkestan, and China is chiefly vulnerable from the sea, it is extremely advantageous to be on good terms with Great Britain.

(3) A campaign in India has only been talked of by Russia as a threat against England. At present it, of course, follows that there can be no talk of Indian or other adventures.

(4) On the contrary, the opportunity of a *rapprochement* can be taken to settle many important points, and above all that one of primary importance to both countries—viz., the joining-up of the

Russian and Indian railway systems throughout Afghanistan and Persia.

(5) The opportunity Russia would obtain of defining her spheres of influence in Persia.

(6) Since England's occupation of Egypt, Constantinople and the Bosphorus have lost their importance for England; leaving it to be presumed apparently that Russia would now have a free hand there.

(7) In Asia Minor the Russians will encounter the Germans before the English, and in any case an agreement with England is inevitable for the future settlement of the difficulties which will accompany the break-up of the Ottoman Empire.

(8) England should not raise difficulties about emigration from Russia.

The article finally winds up with the remark that

> If Russia is not going to fight England in the next twenty-five years, and if, instead of continual suspicion and jealous opposition, we are met with readiness to come to agreements and make compromises, what could be better? No one can guarantee the future; but if the English themselves, by supporting our material political interests, give us the opportunity, it would be an unpardonable mistake not to avail ourselves of it.

Now, nothing is said in this article by the Russian writer as to how far Russia is prepared to support British 'material political interests,' or what advantages Great Britain is to derive from the *rapprochement*, but presuming (and this is a presumption that will have to be carefully verified) that Russia is equally ready with England 'to come to agreements and make compromises,' we in England can surely heartily join with the *Novoe Vremya* in saying 'what could be better?'

The first two of the economic advantages to Russia enumerated above are undoubted and patent to all.

As to the third, the junction of the Indian and Transcaspian railways is a project that has always found much favour in Russian eyes. The proposal was that Russia should extend the Merv-Kuskh Railway to Herat from the North, and that India should extend the Quetta-Chaman line up to Herat from the south. The Russian main object seemed to be to get the Russian line into Herat and there to have the junction, quite overlooking the fact that, the foreign relations of Afghanistan being under British control, Russia has no claim to make any railway beyond her own frontier.

I can recall to mind a conversation with a high Russian officer some ten years ago. He dilated to me at length on the subject of what a grand thing it would be to join the Indian and Transcaspian railways if only to show to the world the friendship that existed between the British and Russian Governments. I said that before any company could be induced to find the requisite capital and to

construct such a line it would have to be shown that there was some prospect of the line paying its expenses, and I could see none. I pointed out that the Customs cordon established all along the Russian frontier in Central Asia stopped all trade whatever with India, and that there was nothing I knew of to be carried by the proposed railway. The reply was that though Russia taxed all manufactured goods, there was no tax on raw products, and that they would gladly take rice from India. That was the only product he could think of. I said rice came mostly from Burmah, and it would be cheaper to send it direct by sea from Rangoon to Batoum or Odessa than to carry it by sea to Calcutta and thence all across India and Afghanistan by rail. Besides, what was there for Russia to send to India in return? Wheat was suggested, but to that all I could say was that Transcaspia first of all had not enough wheat for its own requirements, and secondly, India was a great wheat-exporting country itself and did not require wheat, and if it did it would be cheaper to get it by sea. In the end assafœtida was the only thing that could be thought of, and one train a year, I said, would be about enough for the transport of that. Ah, said the Russian officer, but this railway is not a thing to be constructed by a company for the sake of gain. It is an imperial work to be undertaken by the two Governments for imperial purposes, and he added, 'Look at us, we are building the Merv-Kushk railway, and that will never pay a cent in a century.' I said with a smile, 'Are you building that railway out of friendship to England?' He saw the joke, and, jumping up with a laugh, he said, 'No, we are building it to protect our interests in China and the Bosphorus.' We both had a hearty laugh and parted the best of friends.

The desire of the Russians for the junction of these railways seemed to be prompted solely by the desire to get a foothold in Herat and an open road to India, and never once did they suggest any relaxation of their prohibitive Customs dues, nor did I ever hear them express any desire to foster trade with India in any way. So rigidly, indeed, are all British goods from India excluded from the Russian Central Asian markets that I can see no prospect under present circumstances of any trade at all being developed between India and Russian Central Asia, and, of course, for trade between India and Russia in Europe the sea route must always remain the best and cheapest.

As to the transit of mails and passengers by rail I do not know that there is much to be gained by the proposed junction in that way either, and by itself this traffic could never make a railway pay. When I was Consul-General at Meshed ten years ago it took me ten days to get from Ashkabad to London by the Transcaspian and Russian railways, and if you add to this the journey by rail all across India and Afghanistan in addition, and the strain on the system of the continuous rattle and jolting, dust, dirt, and general discomfort of such prolonged railway travelling in Eastern climes, I cannot help

thinking that most people would find the sea route the least trying of the two. I have tried both routes, and the continuous railway travelling for so long completely knocked me up, whereas the sea voyage at its worst is only temporary discomfort as a rule. The railway service can be accelerated, I have no doubt; but so can the sea service, and I have no hesitation in saying that I would sooner take the present fourteen days' journey from Bombay to London *via* Marseilles in one of the fine P. & O. boats than endure even a ten days' continuous journey overland by rail in the conditions I experienced. The heat, too, in the summer would probably be more dangerous by rail than by sea. Moreover, the despatch of the mails by this overland route might possibly entail the break-up of our grand P. & O. service between England and India; and the dispersal of that fine fleet of steamers which is such a great national asset, would be a national loss. We can have no regrets, therefore, that there is no chance of any junction at present between the Indian and Russian railways so far as Afghanistan is concerned. The present Amir is apparently just as determined as his father was to have no railways within his territories, and it is useless therefore to discuss the Herat-Kandahar line any further.

There remains the question of a junction through Persia. Now it is proposed to run Russian railway lines through Persia from Julfa in the Caucasus to Tabriz, and thence to Teheran. From the capital at Teheran one line is to run east to Meshed, and another is to run south to Kum, Ispahan, and Shiraz, and thence to Bandar Abbas on the Persian Gulf.

The proposed line from Teheran to Meshed was, in the Russian plan, to be extended through Herat and Farah in Afghanistan to Kandahar and Seistan, but, all railway construction in Afghanistan being out of consideration, we have to confine ourselves to possible alternative lines in Persian territory. One alternative would be a line taking off from the Transcaspian Railway at Doshakh or from the Merv-Kushk railway and running down the eastern frontier of Persia *via* Sarakhs and Hashtadan to Seistan, skirting along the western shores of the Seistan lakes and thence on southwards to the sea at Chahbar—a port on the Arabian Sea that the Russians have long been supposed to have had an eye on.

A line along this route, at any rate, gives promise of escaping the successive mountain ranges and the sudden drop from the Central Persian plateau to the sea, that would make all lines running north and south through central Persia, such as that from Teheran to Bandar Abbas for instance, so difficult and so costly.

Here, though, comes into consideration the fifth of the Russian economic advantages to be obtained by the *rapprochement*, viz. the delimitation of the Russian sphere of influence in Persia. The great Salt Desert is the natural divide of Persia, and if Russia and

England are to have such spheres the line of delimitation will naturally run across that desert somewhere along the 34th or 35th degree of latitude. Leaving, therefore, the whole of Northern Persia to the Russian sphere, the British sphere would commence on the east at the southern borders of the Khorasan Province somewhere near Turbat-i-Haidari and Khaf and run westwards, taking in the Kain, Tabbas, Birjand and Seistan districts, on the eastern border, and the Kirman, Ispahan, and Kirmanshah Provinces along the south. If railways are ever to be made in Persia, Russia and England will each naturally claim to have the making of them within their respective spheres of influence. Russia would never consent to British railway guards garrisoning Khorasan just on the borders of her Central Asian dominions, and similarly England could not agree to the presence in Kain or elsewhere on the south of the desert of Russian troops as railway guards—such railway guards, for instance, as not so very long ago were quartered in Manchuria.

In this case, therefore, any junction between the Russian and Indian railways would take place on the boundary between the districts of Kain and Turbat-i-Haidari, somewhere to the north of the little salt lake marked as Nimaksar on our maps. This junction doubtless could be effected, if required, by the prolongation by us of the Indian line from the present terminus at Nushki to Seistan and thence northwards to the junction near Turbat-i-Haidari; but would such a line ever pay? So far as I know it is doubtful if it would even repay its working expenses. In such a thinly populated tract of country as Eastern Persia there is comparatively little local traffic, and as I have shown above there is no possibility under present circumstances of any through traffic with Russian Central Asia.

The line would be advantageous to Russia both strategically and economically, but I do not see that it would be of any advantage to India, while strategically it would be a distinct disadvantage. Under such circumstances a line down the eastern borders of Persia can hardly be taken up by us, and cannot be considered as within the range of practical politics.

The possibilities of railway enterprise, though, in the more populous and better cultivated provinces on the west of Persia, seem much more promising. There, owing to the greater local traffic and the large pilgrim traffic to Kerbela, any line would be much more likely to pay, and there seems no reason, therefore, why we should not be able to come to terms with Russia and join her in any scheme there that she might desire.

Here, though, the Baghdad railway scheme, which seems to be coming rapidly to the front again, will naturally influence the negotiations.

Only just the other day, on the 1st of May, we had an article in the *Standard* specially advocating co-operation in this line by England

in conjunction with France and Germany. Why should we not add with Russia too?

The writer of this article summed up as follows:

> Germany would like our help, but she can, if necessary, do without it. Given our financial and political assistance she would probably give us control of the section of the line between the head of the Gulf and Baghdad. This is, of course, a small portion of the whole, but it is the only portion that is really vital to us. We should be relieved of any possibility of a German port on the Gulf. We should keep control of the Baghdad trade route to Persia, which is one of the arteries of Indian commerce, and we should have a voice in the development of Lower Mesopotamia, which is a country of great possibilities and might become a valuable field of labour for some of our Indian fellow subjects.

Now whether Germany can do without our help or not in the completion of the line is a moot point which need not be entered upon here. The statement, though, that the small section of the line between the head of the Persian Gulf and Baghdad city is the only portion that is really vital to us, is misleading and requires correction. If we are to have the voice in the development of Mesopotamia that is claimed for us by Mr. Whigham, we must have full and complete control of the waters high up where the heads of the irrigation canals will be taken off from the rivers. Without that any concession to develop the country would be valueless. With control, too, of only that portion of the railway line to the south of Baghdad we should not be able to maintain our influence over the trade route to Persia as suggested. We could not perform the work satisfactorily if we were subject to any sort of divided control or interference from another foreign Power either in the city of Baghdad or, indeed, in the province of Baghdad. British interests predominate in Turkish Arabia far above those of either Germany, France, or Russia; and the position of the British Resident at Baghdad differs materially from that of the consular representatives of other Powers and is of far older standing. If England, therefore, is to join in taking up the Baghdad Railway scheme, she should do so solely on the understanding that she is allotted control of the entire section of the line from the northern confines of the Baghdad government to the head of the Persian Gulf and not from Baghdad city only. Wherever the line is to enter the Baghdad province, and that according to the plan in the *Standard* is somewhere to the north of Mosul, from there the British Government should take charge and should hold the charge from that point downwards to the head of the Persian Gulf.

Considering the overwhelming preponderance of British interests in the Persian Gulf, and the importance to India of a railway from the head of the Gulf to Baghdad in connection with the large pilgrim traffic between India and the holy places at Kerbela and elsewhere, it is only natural that the British share in the railway should be

commensurate with those interests. When we consider, too, what India did in the construction of the Uganda Railway, it is clear that no Government in the world could build a railway through Turkish Arabia so cheaply and so well as the Indian Government.

Surely some means can be found by which the interests of both France and Russia in the Baghdad Railway can be met as well as our own and those of Germany. A joint undertaking by such Powers as Germany, France, Russia and England should surely work out for the peace of the world and the good of all concerned, while the proposed *rapprochement* between ourselves and Russia would, it is hoped, be speedily brought about by any such joint undertaking, and have its effect not only in the Middle East but throughout the world generally.

CHAS. E. YATE

(*Late Chief Commissioner of Baluchistan*).

CONSTITUTIONAL TARTARS

In a paper published in a previous number of this Review,[1] I have drawn the attention of the reader to the awakening of the Tartars, pointing particularly to certain cultural movements noticeable in sundry literary publications, and eminently in a small book of travels, *A Journey to Crimea*, by Mohammed Fatih Ghilmani. Since that time an essential change has set in in the relations of the Mohammedan subjects of Russia, produced by the Manifest of the 17th of October, granting constitutional rights to all Russians without distinction of creed and race, and bringing thus the very section of Mohammedans and Asiatics to the foreground of which very little has been heard hitherto and which have remained for centuries in seclusion and to all appearance in contentedness. As it has become the imperative duty of our time to take notice of any change in the social and political conditions of the most distant portions of humanity, it will be the more incumbent upon the British politician to be informed of the destinies of a religious community, of which the largest number of adherents live under the crown of Great Britain, and on the other hand, it cannot and ought not to remain a matter of indifference, what will be the result of the so-called constitutional *régime* introduced by the Asiatic neighbour and rival Power.

This and many other reasons have induced me to devote a particular attention to the behaviour of the Tartars since the proclamation of the above-mentioned manifest and I must say at once, that the full comprehension of the importance of the Czar's concession and the quiet but self-conscious and firm attitude manifested by these extremely modest and unassuming subjects of the Russian empire, have greatly surprised me. In reading the comments and explanations published in the Tartar papers in connection with the *Imperial Duma* one is inclined to assume that our goodly Tartars, looked upon formerly as the prototype of Asiatic submissiveness and servile obedience, have long ago been accustomed to the constitutional form of Government, and that they have been brought up in all the intricacies and minute details of parliamentary life. No sooner had the Imperial Manifest been made public, than they resolved upon convening a general meeting in order

[1] February 1905.

to deliberate upon the next steps to be taken in that new emergency. Nishni-Novogorod and Kazan having been refused by the governors as a meeting place, the delegates of the various communities all over the empire at last met on the 6th of January (O.S.) in St. Petersburg, where before all the question of political party was discussed together with the topics relating to the moral, material and national development. Here, as in other similar gatherings, the chair was taken by an influential priest (Molla), whose religious learning commanded respect, and, strange to say, who was strenuously supported by young Tartars of modern Western civilisation, who are not always on the best footing with the expounders of the Koran, nay, they very often wage war against these representatives of the conservative-orthodox school. In political matters, however, all parties are unanimous. Strict union is incessantly preached partly in the papers, partly by Tartar teachers, who act as emissaries in the most distant recesses of the Moslem world, and it is only a few days ago that I read in a Tartar paper the report of a Mohammedan, who went as far as Sakhalin to diffuse the idea of unity amongst the Moslem convicts of that island. Union is in fact the watchword of Mohammedan subjects of the Czar, it is emphasised at all places and opportunities and it is chiefly to the enthusiasm for this idea that the some time ago noticeable, extraordinary patriotic awakening of the Tartars must be ascribed. Whereas in other Moslem communities public anxiety is manifested chiefly in religious questions and the spiritual leaders think it their most urgent duty to oppose any ordinance of the Christian ruler which might collide with the orthodox spirit of the tenets of the Koran and the Sunna—we find the Tartars bestowing the greatest care upon the keeping intact their nationality, upon cleaning their language not only from Russian but also from Arabic and Persian foreign words, and upon substituting for useless scholastic studies and religious eccentricities the study of modern European science and learning. It is most interesting to notice the war waged against the so-called Ilminski method introduced in the middle of the past century for the purpose of a forced russification of the Tartars and Ugrians. The late Professor Ilminski, a distinguished and learned orientalist, thought that by replacing the Arab letters used by the Tartars with Russian characters he would facilitate the elementary instruction in the Tartar schools and proceeding gradually he might turn the Mohammedans into orthodox Christians. With the stubborn conservatism of the Asiatics this method had no or very little result. The Tartars submitted for a time quietly to the coercive measure, but quite recently, *i.e.* with the promulgation of the constitutional edict, a storm broke out against the Ilminski method and its Russian supporters. Amongst the latter is a Professor Budilovich, who is most vehemently attacked and to whom the Tartar patriots say: 'If a born Russian is fond and proud of his national idiom, we Tartars do not less like our own language,

and if its cultivation has been neglected hitherto, we shall make amends for our neglect in the future.' Next to Professor Budilovich there is a Russian civil officer M. Chirivanski by name, a member of the Religious Commission, who is the object of vehement attacks and complaints on the part of the Tartars for his excessive zeal in the attempt to bring about the Russification or conversion, which is the same thing, of the Turkish-speaking Mohammedan subjects of the Czar. This last-named gentleman goes so far as to question the Islam of the Kirghiz-Kazaks, to whom he declared that they belong properly to Shamanism and that they have nothing to do with Mohammedanism. This, of course, exasperated the goodly nomads of the district of Zaisan, and in a petition addressed to Count Witte they ask (1) Mohammedan affairs ought not to be entrusted to M. Chirivanski, (2) his *exposé* published in No. 209 of the paper *Russ* to be disregarded and (3) to put in the place of Chirivanski a Mohammedan member.

Is it not strange to notice that these nomads, known as the most primitive men in Central Asia, should come forward with such a request? But our surprise will increase when we read that the Bashkirs of Ufa, joined by the Kirghises of the Little Horde, have petitioned, in a telegram addressed to the Czar, to be allowed to send separate representatives to the Duma, and that the Mohammedan religion should be represented in the Imperial Council by Mohammedans and not by Christian members as was hitherto the case. A similar tendency is shown in the petition regarding the appointment of Moslem priests (Imams) to Moslem regiments. The petitioners say, formerly there were Imams in the Mohammedan regiments, who looked after the religious matters of the Czar's Mohammedan soldiers, and if the latter, whose number is about 40,000 in times of peace, show readiness to sacrifice their life for Czar and the country, it is not just that they should be left without spiritual leaders. This petition was submitted by Prince Mikhail Alexandrovich to the Czar, who is reported to have said, 'I shall look after this matter my own self, and my Mohammedan soldiers shall have their Imams.'

Accustomed as we are to the very humble position occupied by the Tartars up to the present, and to the very submissive and timid character they have always exhibited, we cannot suppress our astonishment in reading their papers, publications marked by a resolute and firm tendency, taking sometimes the form of a gentle threat. In No. 5 of the paper *Vakit* (*Times*), published in Orenburg, a patriotic Tartar writes as follows:

> We, the twenty-five million Mohammedans [the Russian official census of 1897 speaks of only 13,889,421] of Russia, we have for many hundred years quietly submitted to the decrees of fate and led a peaceful life. It is hardly possible that this patience and forbearance, this obedience and faithfulness, should have been in vain. We are firmly convinced that these qualities of ours must find one day their due acknowledgment. Constantly law-abiding and never

interfering with the administration of the country, we have always bent our neck to the imperial commands and ordinances. In a time when revolutions and all kind of tumults are raging all over Russia, when murder, arson, robbery, and bombs are at the order of the day, we Mohammedans, we maintain our cold blood, and without joining any party, we suffer all kind of inconveniences, nourishing the hope that patience and obedience will not go out empty. When we hear the Government saying to the Poles, Jews, and Catholics, You shall get right and liberty, we shall introduce reforms, but you must remain quiet, for in time of trouble no reform can be carried out—we very naturally say to ourselves, Well, we are quiet and peaceful, we do not rise, the Government will certainly put us on an equal footing with our Russian countrymen, with whom we share in all burdens and duties. Can then anybody wonder when we Mohammedans, nourishing such hopes, steadily remain on the path of obedience? No revolutionary thoughts have ever entered our hearts, we have never lent an ear to seditious appeals, and in corroboration of our behaviour a State Minister very appropriatedly said lately to one of our deputation, There is no wickedness in your mind, and it will never enter.

Another Mohammedan writes in No. 1 of the Tartar paper *Vakit* as follows:

Since the manifest of the 17th of October has been issued, the locks which have been fastened to our lips, the chains which have bound our arms, have been loosened, the shackles from our feet have been removed, and the sorrow from our hearts has disappeared. Now everybody can speak and write as he likes, and we have been delivered of a long slavery, tyranny, and violence. . . . We Mohammedans constitute undoubtedly next to the Russians the most important fraction of the population of the Empire, for our brethren in race and religion are to be found in Siberia, in Central Asia, and in the North and South of Russia. In spite of this considerable number, the Mohammedans occupy a very low position in regard of right and importance, they have no share in governmental matters, and, owing to their religious laws and customs, they are looked upon as strangers and enemies to the country. This state of things was the much more perceptible when the Government at the beginning of the nineteenth century accorded certain rights and liberties to the towns and Zemstvos. To the Russians this was the dawn of a new era, they hoped to be liberated from the darkness and oppression under which they groaned, whereas we Mohammedans saw that the Government was bent upon our moral extinction. It was at that time the missionary campaign against Tartars and Bashkirs was opened, Mohammedan names were forcibly changed into Christian ones, their properties were handed over to non-Mussulmans, and many homeless Tartars were compelled to migrate to Turkey. In the Caucasus the native Musulmans were deprived of their seats in the town councils, their old privileges were cancelled, every impediment was put in the way of public instruction; nay, even the permission to open charitable societies for the support of the indigenous was denied.

It is in this strain that the Tartars, set free by the liberty of Press, speak out their grievances against the despotism of bygone times, and, elated by the better future in sight, their main effort is directed towards a strict alliance between the various branches, tribes, and families of Turkish nationality. The principal means to further this object in view can be discovered in the effort to put aside the dialectic differences existing between the Turks on the Volga and their brethren in Central Asia and the Ottoman Empire. This movement has

hitherto escaped the attention of our Turkish scholars and of the Orientalists in general, but it is of a first-rate interest, and the student of Turkish idioms will be struck by the large amount of Osmanli words introduced into the Tartar dialect of South Russia, which play the *rôle* of Ottoman scouts or forerunners of a unified pan-Turkish language. It is a momentous sign of the times fully deserving the attention of the historian and politician. Next to this the modern Tartar writer takes great care to eliminate from his language the Arabic-Persian and Russian foreign words, substituting for them original Tartar words, showing thus a more advanced spirit of progress than his co-religionists in Turkey, Persia, and India. In consideration of these facts it will not be astonishing to find the extraordinary development of the Tartar Press, noticeable in recent times. In 1879 there was founded the paper *Terdjuman* (Interpreter) by Ismail Gasparinski in Bagchesaray, and eight years later appeared the *Ekindji* (Colonist or Peasant), whereas since the promulgation of the constitution the Tartar papers came out like mushrooms, and the following may be quoted: *Yolduz* (Star), in Kazan; *Irshad* (Direction), in the Crimea; *Kazan Mukhbiri* (Kazan Advertiser), in Kazan; *Tarakki* (Progress), in Tashkend; *Nur* (Light) and *Ulfet* (Society), in St. Petersburg; *Vakit* (Times), in Orenburg; *Hayat* (Life), and *Zia Kafkasia* (the Splendour of the Caucasus), in Tiflis; *Azad* (Liberty) and *Al Asri Djedid* (The New Æra), in Kazan; *Nedjat* (Liberation), in Baku; *Fikr* (Thought), and many others; all papers distinguished by an open force, language, and by broad views; in a word with tendencies and a spirit which must obviously strike the student of Moslem Asia. In matter of Liberalism and of real desire for progress, I may quote the energetic and unsparing attack against the orthodoxy and bigotry of the old school of Mollas, who are ridiculed and jeered at on every occasion, nay, accused of being the chief impediment on the way to modern civilisation. In no Mohammedan country, not even in Moslem India, do we meet with this excessive zeal for modern life, and knowing this we find it natural that even the female section of the Tartars is to be found in the list of the contributors to the said papers. In one of the numbers of the *Vakit* a young lady writes as follows:

> How long shall we suffer under this want of due respect and consideration? Our men are walking day and night in open air, whilst we are shut up in airless close rooms. Our men never trouble themselves with the education of children, they walk with full liberty in spacious gardens, enjoy their life in tea-houses, restaurants, and in places of resort, we only occasionally hear of; whilst the Musulman women must look after their helpless and ailing children, and have no rest day and night; they have no quiet meals, no sweet sleep, and no bright day. Our men frequent all kind of schools, learn all kind of sciences, read all possible books and papers, they enlighten their minds and gladden their hearts, whilst we poor Tartar women are deprived of education and instruction, and remaining ignorant and uneducated, we have to spend our life in pain and

sorrow without seeing the slightest way of hope and consolation. I write these words with burning soul. Ye men! Remember us poor women, whilst you assume your happy condition of life, do not forget us pitiable creatures, try to give us some education, for how can we uneducated behave properly towards you, and in our helpless and neglected state of mind we must appear in your eyes without grace, love, and attraction. Is not this the reason that so man educated Russian women beguile our men and snatch them away from our hands? When some time ago Princess Pembe, the sister of the Khedive of Egypt, was seduced and abducted by a German, the whole Moslem world gave an alarm, and it resounded from the East to the West; but with us every year so man young Tartars are beguiled by Russian girls, and we do not dare to raise our voice. Ye men! do you think us to be lacking every feeling and sentiment?

I do not address these lines to such men of ours who have been seduced by Russian women, for it is not my intention to vilify and to quarrel with the latter. As to the fate of those Mohammedans, who have fallen into the trap of Russian Belles, I would quote only the case of two wealthy Tartars of Simbir, who squandered their inherited fortune in the company of Russian women, and alas! there are many other examples of that kind. I conclude this letter with my last request. Do accord us due respect, teach us and try to be fair and just, for otherwise our connection will become loose, and should we rise and open our eyes against your will, then our mutual relation must inevitably cool down.

I could go on at a great length to show the spirit of progress and the desire for instruction which animates the Tartar section of the subjects of the Czar. I think the foregoing remarks will suffice to convince the reader that the hitherto quiet, law-abiding, and seemingly inoffensive descendants of a formerly warlike and mighty race are well prepared for the constitutional rights held out by the Imperial Manifest. But in spite of this preparation I cannot help saying that the zeal, fervour, and adroitness with which the Tartars have betaken themselves during the elections to the Duma, and the vigilance and keen interest manifested in the various constituencies has greatly surprised me, as it must surprise everybody acquainted with the seeming sluggishness and indifference of the Tartars. I have before me a whole series of electioneering speeches and appeals, which sound as if they come from an old Parliamentary champion, and, strange to say, the tone is exceedingly moderate, no recrimination, no inimical allusion to the Christian competitor, and to remove every suspicion the common Russian fatherland is frequently emphasised. Strange to say many of the Parliamentary candidates belong to the class of priests, learned Mollas, Imams, and Khodjas, who speak Russian elegantly and fluently, and who will evidently surprise the members of the Duma. To furnish an example of the quality of the members we quote some of them in the government (Gubernium) of Ufa, where out of ten members five Mohammedans were returned to the Duma. (1) Ebulsoud Efendi, born 1843, who has frequented the high schools and acted as judge in various districts of Russia; (2) Shah Haydar Efendi, born 1847, educated in the military school of Orenburg, rich proprietor in the district of Balbai, who, besides a thorough

modern education, has acquired great proficiency in Moslem learning and in Persian and Arab literature; (3) Sahibzade Dowletshah, born 1874, has been educated in a Mohammedan college, and enjoys the reputation of a rich and enlightened merchant; (4) Djemaleddin Molla, born 1872, has acted a long time as a chief priest in Balbai, and was previously in military service. Of a similar character will be the rest of the Tartar members, and even of those who have been sent from the steppes, namely, the representatives of the Kirghis, we find two M.P.'s from the Bukey tribe, both educated Mohammedans, one of them a Bi, namely, a prince, going to St. Petersburg with the intention of defending in the Duma their national and religious cause.

As to the political partisanship, the Tartars will evidently join the Constitutional-Democratic party, which they have been persuaded to join by their advanced Russian fellow-citizens. They have been induced to a certain degree also by the fact that most of the civilised Tartars are leaning towards Radicalism in the hope that this party, by ignoring all difference of creed and race, and animated by thoroughly liberal views, will most effectively further their long-oppressed interests, and assist their efforts towards self-government. Whether they will not be mistaken in this calculation, and whether the Russian democrats will not make use of the Mohammedan votes and forsake and disappoint them afterwards—this will be only seen later on. For the present it is significant that, despite their strictly Asiatic and conservative character, the Tartars have joined their most advanced Christian fellow-citizens, and it may be presumed that following this line of policy also in the future, they will evidently belong to the Czar's faithful opposition. But whatever may be the development of the Russian Parliamentary life, we can take it for granted that the rights accorded by Czar Nicolas the Second to his Tartar subjects will unavoidably produce a great change in the character of this hitherto notoriously quiet and inoffensive section of the foreign elements of the Russian Empire. Constitutional rights and privileges, however bare-threaded and imperfect they may be, will in the end quicken the process of the national and political awakening, and result in the crystallisation of those Turko-Tartar elements which live to-day scattered over the whole country, affecting not only the sedentary but also the nomadic portion, which, as we have seen, most eagerly participated in the electioneering campaign. If the interior difficulties of Russia have consisted hitherto in Poles, Fins, Armenians, and Georgians, we shall see in the near future the Tartars swelling the rank of revolutionaries and keeping in view the sobriety, zeal, and ability of this people we must say that the inconvenience they may cause to Russia will not be a slight one. Under the circumstances mentioned above, it is questionable whether the Russians act wisely in stirring up discontent amongst the foreign subjects of the *limitrophe* countries, and whether they are entitled

to criticise and to blacken the Government of their neighbours' Living in a glass house of a very frail structure, they should not throw stones on others as we have lately seen, even on the part of such officers as have travelled in India under the comfort and hospitality of the British Government. Colonel Snyesareff, this latest specimen of Russian politeness and gratitude, had the extreme kindness to assure the public that England will not lose India through the superiority of Russian arms (so splendidly demonstrated on the battlefields of Manchuria); but through the discontent and enmity of her own Indian subjects, who will in the near future overthrow the tottering fabric of the British Raj. The use of language like this is the much more disgusting and silly when we know that there is a desire for a graceful arrangement and a mutual understanding between the two rival Powers in Asia, an *entente* which would be not only in the interest of the two countries, but also of the peace and cultural efforts of mankind.

A. VAMBÉRY.

Budapest, 18*th May*.

LORD DURHAM AND COLONIAL SELF-GOVERNMENT

THE chain of circumstances which brings Lord Durham's grandson to the Colonial Office at a moment of storm and stress in South Africa naturally suggests many interesting reflections as regards the administration of Canada's celebrated proconsul. Lord Elgin, apart from a distinguished personal career in India, has fine hereditary qualifications for his difficult post. His father, no less than his grandfather, ranks among the greatest of Canadian viceroys. It was left to the eighth Lord Elgin to consolidate and carry into practice the principles of his relative and predecessor Lord Durham. Thanks to his fearless refusal to exercise the veto of the Crown on the occasion of an Act being passed by the local Ministry, equally unpopular among Englishmen at home and in Canada, the principle of Colonial self-government in its fullest sense was established once and for all. The charge frequently brought against Liberalism of indifference to Colonial affairs stands disproved in the persons and careers of these two administrators. On the foundations well and broadly laid by a great Liberal statesman, not only Canada, but the British Empire as a whole, has grown into the strong self-governing communities which are the envy and marvel of all foreign nations.

It is no exaggeration to say that Lord Durham's Report constitutes the Magna Charta of Greater Britain. For breadth, wisdom, and a lofty conception of the ideals which should determine the relations of the Mother Country and the Colonies, it has no equal among the State papers of this or any other nation. To turn the pages of that famous document is to meet with principle after principle which have now become the veriest commonplaces of Colonial administration. It must be remembered, however, that in 1839, such doctrines of freedom and self-government as were expounded by Lord Durham fell with startling novelty on the ears of his hearers. The sanity and insight with which he forecasts the lines of future development are all the more remarkable when we remember the general attitude of his generation to such questions. A deep pessimism coloured men's views of the Colonies in those Early Victorian days. The staggering blow of the American secession still made itself felt throughout the

whole Colonial possessions of Great Britain. Strangely enough, the lesson of that secession had not even then been fully laid to heart. It was left to Lord Durham to drive it home, and in so doing to refound the Empire on an enduring basis.

The two capital events which have transpired on American soil were fated to bear fruit of the most paradoxical character. As Wolfe's immortal victory at Quebec prepared the way for the secession of the New England States by removing the fear of French domination; so the melancholy surrender of Yorktown has resulted indirectly in the vigorous life of British communities scattered throughout the Seven Seas. That Canada, French colonised and largely French populated, should have been called upon to play so vital a part in the principles which have consolidated British Colonial expansion, is not the least curious feature of the whole story. At this critical moment in the affairs of South Africa, when the situation cannot but recall the position in the Canadas seventy years since, it is not without profit to review the difficulties with which Lord Durham was confronted, and to remember the principles animating his course of action.

Canada, between 1837 and 1841, passed through the most stormy period of her career. Representative government, divorced from executive control, was briefly the evil which had reduced both the Upper and Lower Provinces to a state of anarchy, and in a lesser degree was affecting unfavourably the smaller British settlements in North America. The inevitable collision between popular Assemblies on the one hand, and irresponsible Legislative and Executive Councils nominated by the Crown on the other, had brought administration to a standstill. This discredited system was thoroughly vicious; but it would be unfair to judge the actions of three generations past from the broader standpoint of to-day. Popular self-government by Colonists was a political conception which had yet to dawn upon the minds of statesmen at home. The control of the Crown in these distant dependencies was considered a paramount necessity, and Downing Street, with unquenchable spirit, dogmatised and domineered over the concerns of British subjects thousands of miles away. The fruits of such a policy are easily imagined, to say nothing of their effects upon high-spirited men, either of Anglo-Saxon or Celtic stock. Discontent and disaffection were rampant among English and French alike, quite irrespective of their fierce interprovincial racial feuds. The greater freedom and prosperity of the United States were circumstances which impressed themselves with galling force upon the Colonists. Republican ideals, coloured as the case might be with sympathy for the institutions either of France or of the American people, naturally gathered strength in the land. The repressive influences of the old Colonial system had reacted very unfavourably on the commercial well being of the country. Depopulation and

impoverishment resulted from the general feeling of political insecurity, and the chronic state of conflict between the people and the Government. The United States presented the spectacle of a free prosperous wealthy nation: British North America, on the other hand, was a collection of distracted provinces agitated by political and social evils of a lamentable character. Under such circumstances that a desire existed in many quarters, as stated in the Report, 'to assimilate the institutions of the province rather to those of the United States than to those of the Mother Country,' is a fact which can occasion no surprise of any kind. Matters came to a crisis in 1837, with the Papineau Rebellion in Lower and the Mackenzie Rebellion in Upper Canada. They were small and abortive risings easily suppressed, but they served a good end indirectly by hastening that suspension of the constitution, which resulted in Lord Durham's mission. To him it was left to diagnose the disease and prescribe sound remedies for its cure.

Rebellion, disorder, financial collapse; such was the problem which confronted the High Commissioner in both Provinces. The affairs of Upper Canada need not detain us here. The trouble was of a purely constitutional character, aggravated by Republican sympathies and irritation at the control of the famous 'Family Compact.' To use a phrase which has come into circulation of late, self-government, under such circumstances, was the speedy antiseptic of disloyalty. But so far as Lower Canada was concerned, a still more vital element of discord has yet to be mentioned. Constitutional grievances, serious though they were, were complicated in this province by racial animosities of the most violent character.

> I expected to find a contest between a Government and a people [writes Lord Durham]. I found two nations warring in the bosom of a single State; I found the struggle not of principles but of races, and I perceived that it would be idle to attempt any amelioration of laws or institutions until we could first succeed in terminating the deadly animosity that now separates the inhabitants of Lower Canada into the hostile divisions of French and English.

It is round the racial problem presented by Canada that historical interest centres to-day as regards a not dissimilar situation in South Africa. Great caution and many reservations are necessary when drawing parallels between different portions of the Empire. The difficulties of one country and the solutions applicable to them cannot be transferred *en bloc* to another. But when every reservation is made, some striking features are common to the position of Canada in 1837 and South Africa to-day, and, as such, are well worthy of consideration.

Canada, the one great example of French colonisation, passed into our hands in 1763, at the conclusion of that world-wide struggle, the Seven Years' War. As in the Transvaal and Orange River Colony our title to the country was that of conquest. By the Peace of Paris

those vast territories, airily described by the French King as a 'few arpents of snow,' were lost to the nation which had established the first settlements on the shores of the St. Lawrence. History presents few object lessons more interesting than the characteristics of the neighbouring French and English colonies in America. Practically the former were doomed from the first, thanks to the protective spirit of Louis the Fourteenth, which stifled free development in the New World as effectually as in the Old. While the New England States were left to develop in conformity with the needs of their environment, and, in so doing, to grow into vigorous life, the French sought to establish a miniature Versailles at Quebec, and to reproduce in Canada the fictitious brilliancy of a great Court. To a great extent Canada was looked upon as a religious mission, priests and nuns constituting a large percentage of the immigrants. Ladies of the French Court, whose behaviour was the scandal of Europe, satisfied occasional qualms of conscience by vicarious morality so far as Canadian religious establishments were concerned, and contributed large sums of money to the latter. Every detail of government was regulated minutely from France. Explorers and administrators, whose names are famous in the history of those days, were doomed to spend unprofitable weeks and months in the corridors of palaces, pleading with courtiers for that aristocratic and royal patronage essential to the prosecution of their schemes. The whole spirit animating the French administration was thoroughly unhealthy and hostile to the evolution of a free, independent people. Authority ruled in every department of Church and State. A despotism, stigmatised by Lord Durham as 'central, ill-organised, unimproving, and repressive,' had weighed down the settlers from the first. Consequently, when the Colony passed into British hands, England was charged with the care of a population wholly undisciplined in the institutions of self-government and freedom, and equally unable to appreciate the more independent standpoint of their new fellow-subjects. Even municipal institutions were unknown under French rule, and the population, through lack of experience, was unfitted to exercise such small measure of representative government as then existed in the North American colonies. Brought into contact with a vigorous commercial race, distinct from them as regards language, temperament, and character, collision between the French and English practically was inevitable.

In spite of a vast difference in temperament, the 'Habitant' of 1837 and the Boer of to-day have many features in common. In each case we find a simple agricultural peasantry, clinging with tenacity to ancient customs, prejudices, and laws, brought into sharp conflict with a race of superior activity and intelligence. The Habitant, like the Boer, was, and is, a kindly, frugal, hospitable individual, often characterised by innate good breeding and courtesy.

though the gay irresponsibility and love of pleasure which mark the French Canadian differ widely in these respects from the stern and melancholy sides of the Boer nature. A very low standard of intellectual development is another characteristic both races hold in common. 'It is impossible to exaggerate the want of education among the habitants,' writes Lord Durham, and to this fact he attributes another feature with which we are also familiar in South Africa—the influence of demagogues and the absolute docility with which the people obey their leaders.

The conquest was followed by a large influx of English settlers into the Province, and commercial jealousy was soon added to racial rivalry. As in the Transvaal, the French resented the intrusion of the English, and the dominant position the latter rapidly acquired in the affairs of the State. English capitalists speedily ousted their less efficient French competitors from the various branches of industry, and secured a paramount position, not only in industrial, but agricultural affairs. The French retaliated with restrictions on laws and commerce aimed at British prosperity, which irritated without checking their successful rivals. The attempts to hamper immigration, to throw every possible obstacle in the path of settlement, to discourage the prosecution of public works, and to thwart industrial enterprises, are features of the situation curiously reminiscent of the Kruger *régime*. From jealousy on the one hand, and scorn on the other, resulted the common feature of an intense and mutual hatred. Granted such soil already ripe with discord, it is not difficult to imagine the aggravation resulting from unsuitable political institutions. The French element was supreme in the Elected Assembly, but the English, though in a large numerical minority, had acquired a dominating influence in the Executive and Legislative Councils, and so controlled the government. To jealousy, therefore, of their legitimate commercial ascendency, the French Canadian added bitter hatred of their illegitimate political control. Feeling already sufficiently acute was tenfold exasperated by the Rebellion and the subsequent suspension of the Constitution. The English had gone through the terrors of finding themselves an insignificant minority surrounded by fierce and hostile insurgents. They were haunted by fears of any repetition of the outbreak, and bent on the permanent disabling of their rivals. Defeat, on the other hand, had still further embittered the French. 'Removed from all actual share in the Government of their country,' writes Lord Durham in words which apply with almost poignant force to the circumstances of another race and generation; 'they brood in sullen silence over the memory of their fallen countrymen, of their burnt villages, of their ruined property, of their extinguished ascendency, and of their humbled nationality.'

Two races separated by language, religion, temperament, and political ideals; from such warring elements as these, the High Com-

missioner was called upon to evolve order and harmony. Such to a very large extent is the problem which confronts his grandson to-day in South Africa. How far may the experience of the one case be brought to bear upon the other? Can principles, laid down by Lord Durham for the settlement of an exasperated province, be applied with equal success to the Boer States? The question is of direct interest, the more so that the authority of Canada's great pacificator has been invoked in the dispute which has arisen as to the methods most advisable to pursue in South Africa.

A clear understanding of Lord Durham's views in the first place is highly desirable. Much loose appreciation of the famous Report is common among people whose utterances reveal a curious lack of knowledge as regards its ultimate conclusions. It is the supreme distinction of Lord Durham that at a moment of unparalleled discord in a British Colony, he rejected deliberately all heroic or repressive measures, and adopted a course of action in which the maximum of daring was combined with the maximum of wisdom. 'Trust the people' was briefly the policy for which he declared. 'The British people of the North American Colonies are a people on whom we may safely rely, and to whom we must not grudge power,' he writes with proud confidence, and the event has proved the absolute truth of his words. It is almost impossible for us at the beginning of the twentieth century to realise the startling character of the reforms he urged, and the opposition and alarm they excited. Self-government in its fullest sense was to be conferred not upon a peaceful and loyal colony, but upon one in which tumult and disaffection were rife. We find it hard to overrate the vision and the statesmanship which, in a few brief months, could look beyond temporary needs and antagonisms to the first principles of loyalty and development.

Lord Durham examined in detail the Crown Colony system, and declared its application in the Canadas to be wholly bad. He has much to say, in the first place, as regards the evil effect of the English party system on the management of Colonial affairs. The warning note he strikes in this respect has lost none of its force to-day when applied to South Africa instead of to Canada. The violence of extreme men which he deprecates, works as much havoc in our time as in his. We may note in this connection that his son-in-law, Lord Elgin, repudiated with equal indignation the action of party speakers and writers at home 'who distorted and misrepresented important transactions in the province, so as to afford ground for an attack in the British Parliament on an obnoxious minister.'[1] Whole passages in the Report might have been written with reference to the lamentable debates which have raged in the House of Commons over Chinese labour, to say nothing of the recent Ministerial threat that the Transvaal will not

[1] *Letters and Journals of James, eighth Earl of Elgin*, edited by Theodore Walrond.

be left free to settle her crucial issues as she thinks best. The plea of South Africa that her complicated racial and economic conditions should not be bandied across the floor of the House of Commons by men wholly unfitted to discuss them finds a remarkable echo in Lord Durham's words:

> The complete and unavoidable ignorance in which the British public and even the great body of its legislators are with respect to the real interests of distant communities so entirely different from their own [he writes] produces a general indifference which nothing but a great colonial crisis ever dispels; and responsibility to Parliament or to the public opinion of Great Britain would, except on these great and rare occasions, be positively mischievous if it were not impossible.

Again:

> They do not hesitate to say that they will not tolerate much longer being made the sport of parties at home, and that if the Mother Country forgets what is due to the loyal and enterprising men of her own race, they must protect themselves. . . . Hitherto the course of policy adopted by the English Government towards this Colony has had reference to the state of parties in England instead of the wants and circumstances of the province; neither party could calculate upon a successful result to their struggles for any particular object, because though they might be able to estimate accurately enough their strength in the Colony, they could not tell how soon some hidden spring might be put in motion in the Colonial Office in England, which would defeat their best laid plans and render utterly unavailing whole years of patient effort. . . . Perfectly aware of the value of our Colonial possessions, and strongly impressed with the necessity of maintaining our connection with them, I know not in what respect it can be desirable that we should interfere with their internal legislation, in matters which do not affect their relations with the Mother country. . . . The continuance of its [the Colony's] connection with the Empire is not strengthened but greatly weakened by a vexatious interference on the part of the Home Government with the enactment of laws for regulating the internal affairs of the Colony. The Colonists may not always know what laws are best for them, or which of their countrymen are the fittest for conducting their affairs, but at least they have a greater interest in coming to a right judgment on these points, and will take greater pains to do so than those whose welfare is very remotely or slightly affected by the good or bad legislation of these portions of the Empire.

Sweeping aside, therefore, the futile and irritating restrictions imposed by Downing Street on the internal affairs of the Colony, restrictions implying political subserviency wholly detrimental to national progress and self-respect, Lord Durham outlined a scheme of popular control, which, by striking at the root of constitutional grievances, destroyed the fruits of discontent and unrest. That loyalty would spring from liberty, that Republicanism would die a natural death when the Crown of England itself ensured political freedom as great as that enjoyed by the United States—on this ground he took his stand. He faces the spectre of annexation and secession in words which are among the noblest political utterances of the race. If so be that his prophecies are falsified, and that Canada should elect

to separate from the Empire, he still asserts that we owe it to the honour of England that the Colonists should join the States as free citizens, not as men incapable of self-government.

Side by side with the necessity for free institutions, Lord Durham laid stress on another principle which in our own time has grown into one of cardinal importance. The development of colonial nationality as a broader and more healthy ideal than the petty and sectional needs of small provinces is a conception first embodied in the Report on the Canadas. The modern ideal of the Empire as a free confederation of sister states, each independently developing the maximum of nationality, but united one to another and to the Mother Country by the link of a larger organic unity, is but an expansion of the theory we owe to Lord Durham. The dignity of a superior national life was at that moment not the least of the many attractions presented by the United States to the Canadians. Legitimate political ambition was circumscribed to what Adam Smith had referred with contemptuous alliteration as 'piddling for little prizes in the paltry raffle of Colonial faction.' To elevate the smaller British communities into something like national existence, to increase their power and weight, and in so doing to stimulate pride and affection among the Colonists for the land of their adoption; to these factors Lord Durham looked with daring foresight, and looked rightly, as the most sure preventives of secession. Independence in all matters of local government and the stimulus of a healthy national life, these were the two broad principles which the High Commissioner brought to bear upon the divisions of Canada. On such foundations, embodied in the Act of 1841, the present Dominion of Canada has risen, as we know, to the position of a great and prosperous State.

So far all political parties in England will join in common acclamation of Lord Durham's methods. So far the Liberal party in particular may appeal to his precedent for the immediate grant of self-government in South Africa, however unsatisfactory the political portents of the new Colonies. But the question, it is pertinent to ask at this juncture, is whether such grant of self-government in South Africa is to be stripped of every safeguard upon which Lord Durham insisted in the strongest terms as regards the racial position in Lower Canada. If Lord Durham is to be quoted at all in this controversy, he must be quoted in his entirety, and it is more than doubtful whether his views on this particular point would have proved very palatable to the extremists of our own time. Having appealed to Cæsar, are the latter willing to abide by Cæsar's judgment, or only by such portions detached from the context, as may suit their own opinions? The Government, so far as the Orange River Colony is concerned, propose to grant a Constitution which will place all political power in the hands of the Boers, leaving the English section in a permanently crippled and helpless minority. An action more absolutely opposed

to Lord Durham's principles, in dealing with Lower Canada, it would be difficult to conceive. So far as the Transvaal is concerned, representation on a fair basis should result in a British majority; but here again we are confronted in certain quarters by that curiously warped attitude of mind, which looks askance on any electoral basis not deliberately unfavourable to our own countrymen. Let it be clearly understood, at least, how widely such views differ from those of the great Liberal statesman who gave peace to Canada. Discrimination against British subjects, under the plea of justice to a conquered race, formed no portion of his scheme. Neither did he seek conciliation by sacrificing the interests of his fellow-countrymen on the altar of a vague sentimentality.

The fundamental principle from which Lord Durham never swerved, in dealing with the racial quarrel, was an unqualified assertion of British supremacy, and the supreme necessity of establishing the latter on an impregnable basis. He examines at length a similar situation to that with which we are familiar in South Africa, of the obstacles thrown by a reactionary race across the path of an enterprising people. He recognises no vested interest of ignorance in such a race which should call for encouragement and assistance from the Home Government in hampering the progress of the country or jeopardising the flag. On the contrary, he asserts any such position to be derogatory to British dignity, and does not hesitate in declaring what course of action should be urged upon the Crown.

> I entertain no doubts [he writes] as to the national character which must be given to Lower Canada; it must be that of the British Empire, that of the majority of the population of British America; that of the great race which must in the lapse of no long period of time be predominant over the whole North American Continent. Without effecting the change so rapidly or so roughly as to shock the feelings and trample on the welfare of the existing generation, it must be henceforth the first and steady purpose of the British Government to establish an English population with English laws and language in this Province and to trust its government to none but a decidedly English Legislature. . . . Ascendency should never again be placed in any hands but those of an English population, for we must not look to the present alone. The question is, by what race it is likely that the wilderness which now covers the rich and ample regions surrounding the comparatively small and contracted districts in which the French Canadians are located, is eventually to be converted into a settled and flourishing country. The whole interior of the British dominions must ere long be filled with an English population, every year rapidly increasing its numerical prosperity over the French. Is it just that the prosperity of this great majority, and of this vast tract of country, should be for ever or even for a while impeded by the artificial bar which the backward laws and civilisation of a part, and a part only, of Lower Canada, would place between them and the ocean? Is it to be supposed an English population will ever submit to such a sacrifice of its interests?

To meet the difficulty, therefore; to ensure at one and the same time, both British supremacy and constitutional freedom, Lord Durham proposed the legislative union of Upper and Lower Canada, which would give responsible government on the b[illegible]s of [illegible]

English majority. To hand over power to the French majority of the Lower Province would, as he saw clearly, be used 'against the policy and the very existence of any form of British government.' He was equally unwilling to subject the French Canadians to the rule of the identical British minority with whom they had been at strife. A broader electoral basis would redress the balance, and by abolishing personal grievances, lead to the fusion of the races.

Let us admit frankly that, so far as the fusion of races is concerned. Lord Durham's hopes have been but partially realised. The absorption of French ideals into those of a larger body politic has not resulted in Canada so completely as he anticipated. Differences of race, character, and language still exist; and, as any visitor to the country speedily discovers, bring many difficulties in their train. The provincialism of Quebec dies hard, though in the ever-growing pride of Canadians in their nationality we may look to the ultimate realisation of Lord Durham's dream. But the point which bears upon the present South African situation is that, though wise and generous in his attitude towards the French, by deliberately ensuring a British majority in the first years of self-government he contrived that racial strife should not wreck constitutional progress in Canada till peace was finally assured by the Federal Union of 1867. That Lord Durham's policy was thoroughly sound on its less permanent racial as well as its permanent constitutional side cannot be doubted. It is practically certain that for such a policy to-day in South Africa, the purists of his own party would have accused him roundly of 'gerrymandering.' But that he would have approached the Boer problem from the same fundamental standpoint of an assured British supremacy as dictated his course of action in Canada, we may feel confident.

How far, therefore, are the present Government prepared to carry out the recommendations of the famous Report which Liberalism delights to honour? In face of its strongly expressed views, and the actual facts presented by South Africa, what reason is there to think that the suggested handing over of power to the Boer majority in the Orange River Colony will not, in Lord Durham's words, 'be used against the policy, or the very existence, of any form of British Government'? Federation of the various Colonies is the ultimate hope of South Africa, as it was in Canada. Will Lord Elgin see to it that in the former country British interests and a British minority are safe-guarded during the period of transition with a vigilance equal to that displayed by Lord Durham in Canada? Will the Cabinet, in a word, cast aside its fears and proclaim to the world as boldly as the Lycurgus of Greater Britain that British supremacy and the maintenance of British principles must be the first and foremost preoccupation of Ministers of the Crown?

VIOLET R. MARKHAM.

THE JOYS OF SPAIN

It is perhaps due to the rousing ballad of the *Bay of Biscay—O*, with that suggestive resonance of the terminal vowel, that Cooks do not waft Englishmen more frequently across the troubling waters of the Bay to the wondrous land of song and sunshine—improvident Spain. It is of course a long journey to Spain. At the thought of such a trip, vistas of bull-fights, jesuits, onions and garlic, microbes and assassins, flit hazily across our minds: deterrent considerations. Not so long ago there were monkeys even on the 'rock'; what troublesome fauna may there not exist in the heart of the country, what lurking dangers in the wild Sierras? And then there is the language—that glorious Latin tongue; more sonorous and virile than Italian, yet quite as limpid, musical, and graceful, without a knowledge of which, forsooth, the traveller in Spain is as a man who has lost the senses of scent and taste, wandering in an exotic garden of fruits and flowers; who can see without fruition.

Before you visit Spain you must wade through the Spanish grammar, and provide yourself with a workable vocabulary, when with Keating in your trunk you may plumb, as did Don Quixote, the soul of Spain; herding now with grandees or goatherds, now with priests or shepherds, with gipsies or pilgrims on their way to the 'miraculous' cities; sleeping in palaces or in mountain huts, in farmhouses or in roadside inns, or in summer underneath the canopy of the Milky Way on a mossy couch by the banks of the Guadalquivir. And you will be quite safe. If you can talk a little and are what Spaniards call *simpático*, you will be welcome everywhere and at all times; for there is no morrow in Spain—time, like the sun, never seems to set there. Avoid the British pipe, British insularity, and diamond studs and rings, and you may wander at will along the primrose path of dalliance through Andalusia to the Pyrenees, like the Troubadoures of old. To the bold, adventures—romantic and exhilarating—will not be lacking. But the peaceful vagrant may speed whither he lists without fear. The sun of Spain is ever above him, and its glow is in the ground he treads on, and in the joyous hearts of the people.

What a revelation a word in a foreign language sometimes is!

How in a flash one seems through one word to feel the pulse of a whole nation, to get an *aperçu* into its soul, and to experience a new and wonderful joy of human sympathy! I well remember the first word I seemed to understand in Spain, though at the time I read Spanish fluently. It was in a railway carriage going down from Hendaye to Madrid. The carriage was blue with smoke, for the men smoked huge cigars continuously, and opposite to me there sat a Spanish lady in deep black, as so many Spanish women are dressed, and an exceedingly pretty and charming girl, who was evidently her daughter. As the train was about to move out of one of the stations a beggar thrust his arm through the window, whining for an obole. '*Infeliz*,' broke from the girl's lips, and hurriedly plucking out a few coins from her purse she gave them to the cripple with a sweetness of manner and expression of matchless charm and simplicity.

The word seemed almost an inspiration. Pure Latin in a modern railway carriage! A Roman lady would have used the same expression long centuries ago before the birth of Christ. So Cicero, Cæsar, Julia, Seneca would have spoken, and such is the language of modern Spain. The continuity of language and history seemed to have a new meaning which no copybook had ever expounded, which no reading had ever disclosed. In an instant one seemed to realise the flight of time, the smallness of men, the tenuity of all that man shapes and fashions. How ephemeral the greatness of Rome, of Spain! The two vast Empires of Cæsar and of Philip the Second—what did they now signify? Time, the effacing fingers of destiny, had lined and bleached them both. Nothing, save the roads of the Romans and the leather of Spain, remained, nothing save the persistency of language, the outward expression of the lip-wisdom of man. And at the same moment I understood something about Spain.

'Infeliz.' In that one word of compassion, uttered by a Spanish girl, the whole history of Spain seemed epitomised and revealed to me. Hannibal, the Cid, Charles the Fifth and Don John, Alva, the Inquisition, the Armada, Columbus, Cervantes casting Don Quixote in a prison cell, Lopez with his play a day, and the glorious band of Spanish dramatists, *romanceros, trobadores, juglares*; the great Spanish painters; the names of Seneca, Lucan, Martial, the Goths, the Moors; Spain, past and present, its language and people; the long roll of Spanish kings, fighters, heroes, writers, thinkers, martyrs, seemed to rise up in funereal procession, dead yet how living!

And what a noble tongue, that idiom of Castille: Roman and still Spanish! Neither Goth nor Arab has permanently disfigured it. Cervantes, Lopez, Calderon, the songs and madrigals and *coplas* of Spain—the best of translations can reproduce but very imperfectly the national spirit, the idiosyncratic impress, the native charm of form and expression that distinguish them, and which are, as it were, the breath of their substance. The sensuousness of the Spaniard,

his mirth and austere dignity; his reckless, fiery, ferine spirit; his witless valiancy and his valiant wit; the polarity of the two emotions which guide and inspire him, love and hatred; his romantic chivalry, passion, fatalism, and improvidence; his bravura, adoration of dance and song, and of women; his ignorance, superstition, simplicity, impulsiveness—fret the language of Spain, and you may run over the whole diatonic chord of Spanish history, life, emotions, idiosyncrasies, passions, failings, and weaknesses, and you will understand the Spaniard and you will love and pity Spain.

Listen to the sonorous assonance of Calderon and Lopez on the Spanish stage. Or at any Spanish dinner table in any tavern in the country, mark the impassioned arguments, the dialectical skill, the torrential flow of language, the ingenuity displayed. In the very omnibuses you may hear as much eloquence as on any 'big' night at Westminster or in the German Reichstag. Even the beggars, cut-purses, larrikins, 'hempen homespuns' on the hill sides, have mother wit in Spain. All Spaniards can talk. To have a prickling, salty speech—*muy salado*, they call it—is as much prized in Spain as athletic success is with us. And when a flower girl from Cadiz or Valencia offers you roses in that lisping, liquid speech peculiar to the south, you must indeed be possessed of much 'stuff of the conscience' if you can resist the charm of so euphonic an appeal.

And the incident of the girl and the beggar seemed typical of modern Spain. The squalid misery of the mendicant—so common a sight in Spain, so characteristic of the picturesqueness and indigence of old and Catholic Castille. The face of the mother (comparatively a young woman) at the girl's side, furrowed and streaked with premature age—Alas, the pitiless sun sears rapidly in Spain. The men all chatting, smoking and supremely indifferent. And then the beauty of the girl. Unhappy Spain, yet like that young thing, radiant in the flush of youth, how ineffably happy and beautiful too!

For Spain is both happy and beautiful. There are no flowers more luxuriant and aromatic than those of Andalusia; there is no song more plaintive or more poignantly passionate than that of Spain, nor love more ardent, nor dance so exquisitely rhythmical or majestic. The soul of Spain is the joy of life, its life the sun. All through the summer months its torrid rays bleach and parch the soil, sapping all human initiative and endeavour, enforcing idleness, waking the passions and the love of man. Irresistible, fructifying, sterilising sun: the individual rejoices in it, but the nation succumbs. That is why there is so little strenuousness in Spain: why there is so much happiness and so little regret.

It is a great joy, albeit a great disaster too, that sun of Spain. The generosity and soberness of the Spaniard are due to it, as are his splendid pride, his dignity, his feeling for colour, movement, art and atmosphere, his simplicity, gentleness, and self-content. There are

no problems, conundrums, 'questions' in Spain, which seems to be in a continual state of spring *éclosion*. But it softens the fibre of his mind, and the thew and sinew of the national endeavour. It unfits the Spaniard for the battle of modern life; makes him laggard of 'despatch'—and time, said Bacon, is the measure of business, as money is of wares. And so, as if superior to the march of time and progress, like a sage in his meditations, the Spaniard laughs at dull care and husbandry, at the hour, at the future, at himself, yet no prouder mortal lives, no happier nature, no more charming a companion.

Stolz will ich den Spanier, said Schiller's Philip—there is no pride or dignity more noble. You may see to-day in any church portal in Spain the sombre dignity of expression immortalised in the portraits of Velasquez; the sinister cast of countenance of Philip the Second; the nose and proud bearing of a Roman centurion. In the Basque provinces the dignity and pride of the peasantry are reflected in the graceful carriage and symmetry of movement for which the men of that coast and the girls carrying pitchers on their heads are justly celebrated. There is no trace of awkwardness in a Spanish peasant, on whose features is stamped the pride of Rome, who will talk to you with the ease and volubility of a Spanish courtier. It is a noble stock. Though to-day the glory of Spain has departed, and the modern Spaniard favours a Western 'bowler,' and the women wear Parisian hats, the national type of Spain persists with all its dignity and characteristics. Living types of Murillo's street urchins may be seen in any Spanish village. A group huddled together in some shady retreat; brown, chubby, curly-headed, merry little rascals, lunching off a water melon picked up in the market; happy as princes in their hempen rags, and with their meagre morsel. Or you may see the sunny side of Spain as Goya painted it. A dance in the open square, a bridal feast, a bull-fighters' carousal, a brawl, an elopement; the apparel is less gaudy to-day, but the sun and the types and the spirit are the same. That brawny *Picador* with his wide-brimmed *sombrero*, his swarthy countenance, aquiline nose and raven locks, he looks for all the world like a Roman gladiator. The lad at his side, with his finely chiselled features, might have waited on Poppæa. And that young girl in her white lace mantilla, and the red roses in her warm black hair—such a one Goya would have delighted to portray as she stands there with her delicate head defiantly thrown back, her lustrous eyes aglow with mischief, that graceful line of figure, and those pursed and pouting lips. For Spain is noted for the beauty of the women.

And what women more adorable than those of Spain, so proud, so simple, so radiantly feminine? As a type the Spanish woman of the South is unique. 'L'Andalouse,' who does not know Musset's tribute to her? She is small and slender, exquisitely proportioned, with tiny, but beautifully shaped, hands and feet. Her head, poised

proudly on a torso of classical symmetry, is small, and her hair is black and crisp, of the blueish tint peculiar to the raven. Her face is oval—such as Ruskin admired—finely chiselled, frank and childish; her lips are full, red, and pouting; and her nose is slightly aquiline with nervous, quivering nostrils. Her eyes are the mirror of her soul; almond shaped, somewhat like a Circassian woman's, dark, lustrous, pensive, and passionate; now flashing open like globes of fire, now dreamily closing as if in sadness. Her laughter is ever on the surface, merry, rippling, infectious, but her tears are never far distant, too. Her grace of carriage and deportment is the glory of her race. In her white lace shawl, and the flowers of Spain in her hair, she is quite irresistible, yet no prouder creature exists, nor less coquettish a nature. Her love consumes her, and she would no more smoke a cigarette than she would play hockey or golf. She is simple as a bird, wayward and captious as a child; sincere, for she does not know what it is to be insincere. If she cannot read or write much, she can dance as no other woman can. When she loves she will die for you; but when she hates she will slay you with a glance as keen as any dagger.

The Spanish woman has no Greek. She blooms and withers like a wild flower. At an age when most girls in England are in the schoolroom the Spanish girl is already a woman. From childhood upwards she possesses a *novio*, or suitor for her hand. It is a Spanish institution. The hidalgo courts his Dulcinea to-day as he did of old; with twang of guitar, singing or sighing to his *novia*-elect under latticed window or more favourable balcony, or whispering softly to her as she rises from mass, or cooing gently behind her as she walks abroad. But she is ever demure, coy, and elusive. One day she permits her shadow to be seen at the window; anon a finger arrests and enthrals her lover's gaze; sometimes she shows herself for a fleeting moment, but when she stays quietly at the trysting place, then the lover's gage is won. And so every boy in Spain has some fond one to meet and woo. The parents know it; everybody knows it; and all approve it as the most natural thing in the world. No need for missives—who wants to write in Spain? The fan, the *manton*, the *capa*, and the glance are the instruments of courtship, and very potent they are too in the land of sun and chivalry. Kisses are no cheap commodities in Spain. No love so proud as a Spanish girl's. No courting more ardent or assiduous than a young Spaniard's.

Oriental usage with regard to women still prevails in Spain, where there are no suffragettes, and no problems of sex. Even in society in Madrid men do not pay afternoon calls on married women, the chief form of entertainment being the evening party, or *tertulia*. The jealousy of Spaniards of both sexes is notorious. The Eastern habit of secluding their women is still prevalent among most Spaniards. Hence the illiteracy of the women, the tiresome formality of Spanish functions, the conventionality of society manners. Occasionally an

American lady in the diplomatic 'set' tears down the barriers of convention, and astounds 'society' by her western ways; but Spanish women regard the innovation as we would the capers of a circus horse in Rotten Row, and you may live years in Spain on the best of terms with a Spaniard before he invites you to meet his wife. You may catch more butterflies in an afternoon than obtain even a sight of the faces of the women whose husbands you meet daily in the course of a whole year's acquaintance.

But in dancing the Spanish woman is queen of her sex. To see the real thing you must get hold of a gipsy band, or visit some humble dancing place in Sevilla or in the south. There is no dancing in the world so poetic, passionate, suggestive, or graceful. Spain is the true home of the dance. There are the *jota* of Aragon, with its fine *abandon* yet stately time; the *tango*, resembling the *danse du ventre*, of Moorish Spain—the dance of gesture and suggestion; the graceful *cachuca*, with its cheironomic play of head and arms; the *jaleo de Jerez*, which gipsies dance in whirling fantastic measure; the quaint dances of the Basque provinces, and scores of minor local dances more or less alike peculiar to different localities. But the great dances are the *Bolero*, the *Seguidilla*, the *Chacona*, and the *Fandango* of the south. These dances are the soul and epitome of Spain. In all of them prose-gesture—the mystery of true dancing—plays an important part; in all of them the poetry of love and motion is exhibited with extraordinary subtlety and expression.

The dancers sit grouped around the platform. Suddenly the guitars intone the opening bars, and the dancing couple, like two young fauns, surge up from their seats. The music is wild, exotic, strange, ecstatic; now falling in weird cadence, spasmodic, throbbing, intoxicating, now exquisitely rhythmical, soft, languorous, disquieting. Guitars ring out the voluptuous measure, which is punctuated by the crack of fingers and castanets, the *taconéos* or rapping of the heels of the dancers, the *Olés* shouted encouragingly by the onlookers, and the hollow beat of the thumb on the drum of the guitars. Mocking, entreating, repulsing, pursuing, the girl encourages and escapes her partner. Wilder grows the measure, the ecstasy of the movement electrifies all. The bodies of the dancers seem part of the music; now marking voluptuously the symphonic lines, curves, flexion, modulation, and pauses of the dance, now swaying like willows bent before the wind to the seductive rhythm of harmonic movement; now erect, triumphant, defiant in superb conceit; now as if sighing in the fugitive mystery of a deep caress. In a mirage of sensuous colour, music, motion, and mimicry the measure whirls along in rapid, rapturous time. The eyes of the girl flash and droop harmoniously to the effect. Her teeth are white as ivory, and her radiant [illegible] glitters like the spangle in her clothes. Suddenly the music [illegible]. Motionless the two dancers stand in statuesque poses of exqui[illegible] grace and suggestiveness, then again the guitars and castanets

strike up, and quivering with animation the two dancers leap into the measure. *Olé!* There are no dancers like the girls of Southern Spain. No other dances are so truly grand and so supremely beautiful.

What football is to us, bull-fighting is to the Spaniards; it is part of the national life. As a sport it is, admittedly, both cruel and degrading; indefensible from whatever human standpoint viewed, barbarous, horrible, revolting. The contest between man and beast, it shows the triumphal cunning of man over the brainless savagery of animal force; but as a pure spectacle it is unique. A good bull-fight is indeed a wonderful sight, the last surviving relic of the mediæval age, the only great spectacle of modern times. Sunday is the great day for the Spaniards, and when the hour comes round the whole city is astir. To the *Plaza de Toros*, or bull ring, everybody is bent. The women are all attired in the national costume, in the picturesque shawls of Manila and with flowers in their hair, and it is the fashion to drive to the *Plaza* at full gallop. An infectious quiver is in the air. Coaches, waggonettes, chars-à-bancs drawn by six to ten mules, victorias, vehicles of all shapes and sizes dash through the streets in mad career to the 'Ring' situated outside the city, amid an incessant cracking of whips, and shouts and exhortations from the drivers, who one and all indulge in frenzied racing. The opening scene is intensely impressive. Round the vast arena the spectators sit, as whilom in the Coliseum; the sun beats fiercely down; boys selling water call out in monotonous tones, '*Agua*'; there is a rustle of silk, a click of fans, a babel of voices; the air seems charged with electricity. The President takes his seat, the music plays, and the *toreros* file in procession through the ring. On they come with that superb swing affected by their class; the *espadas* (the men who actually kill the bull) first, followed by the *Banderilleros*, the *Picadores* in armour on their horses, and the *Chulos*, or grooms of the ring, who attend to the removal and despatch of the horses. The crowd yells with delight. Then the heralds, mounted on magnificent horses, salute the President; at the other end a door is opened, and the bull, enraged and dazzled by the light and noise, bursts into the arena.

A more savage or powerful beast does not exist. *El Toro*—how Spaniards love him! He is a symbol, part of the national character, so aptly typified in the gay colouring of the Spanish flag, the red like blood and the sunny yellow. Blindly the infuriated animal rushes at a *Picador*, sometimes crashing both horse and rider completely over backwards to the ground in furious encounter, and, if he is a 'good' bull, killing some half-dozen horses in as many charges. Like the Romans of old, the public never tires of blood. And when sufficient horses have been killed—the disabled animals are despatched by the *chulos* with a stab administered behind the ears with the *puntilla*, an instrument which in skilled hands mercifully causes instantaneous death—the *Banderilleros* decorate the neck of the bull with their gaily coloured weapons, and then the *espada* advances alone

to the fight. The great stroke is to await the onrush of the bull. Motionless the bull-fighter stands with sword outstretched, the bull charges, the horns seem already buried in the man's body—suddenly the bull drops on one knee, shakes his head proudly as if in defiance, rolls over, and dies. It is a wonderful sight. The pandemonium that follows defies description. Fans, jewellery, hats, gloves, sticks, money, anything and everything are hurled into the arena amid yells and plaudits and the screech of whistles. Accidents to bull-fighters are of frequent occurrence; and it is interesting to see the hero of many fights swing into the chapel attached to the ring just before entering the arena and kneel before the effigy of the Virgin Mary in suppliant devotion—an act which no *torero* would ever omit.

Though the spectacle is always brutal, there are moments in it of fearful and magnificent grandeur. Such are the panoramic majesty of the scene; the death of the bull; the superb grace, courage, and skill of man in contradistinction to the strength, speed, and savagery of the bull. It is useless to expostulate with Spaniards about the cruelty it involves. As a priest once said to me: 'Animals have no souls.' And beyond that it is impossible to get. Bull-fighting is the national pastime. Boys play at it in the gutters, and there are bull-fights for amateurs all over the country at which only two-year-old bulls are used, and young and old descend into the arena. Astounding is the enthusiasm for bull-fights, nor does the Church ever raise its voice to check or stop them.

Interesting, too, is the psychology of bulls. When herded together they are docile enough, and it is a picturesque sight to see the bulls brought into the paddock, prior to the fight, through the streets of the city when all are sleeping. A cow, trained to the business, with a bell round her neck, is all that is necessary, and the bulls follow quietly behind her. In the plains where the bulls are reared, men on horses manage them quite easily so long as they are massed together. Three bulls in the ring together would be useless for a fight, but each bull separately will fight to the death. Bulls literally see red. Were it not that a bull will always dash at anything red the men in the ring would have no chance whatever. Occasionally bulls have what is called the 'evil eye,' and remain indifferent to the red *capa* extended to them, and then the list of casualties is generally high. Sometimes a bull, which has shown prodigious power and fight, is pardoned by the populace. A cow, kept for the purpose, is then sent into the arena, and at sight of her the bull forgets man and the fury of the battle and gently trots behind to the paddock, as meek as any heifer. Many are the curiosities about bulls, which sometimes refuse to attack a particular horse, and when a man is down, motionless, disdain even to paw him. Some bulls make instinctively for one man, and will chase him all round the ring, leaping the barrier if he vaults over it, and if he falls will kneel upon his body and gore him to shreds. There is no mercy in bulls, and none is shown to them.

The essence of Spain is its unfading old age. Like a mulberry tree in a modern garden it blooms in picturesque profusion and seclusion; unchanged, unchangeable. The contrast of the ever-youthful sun with its glow of life and colour beating down so radiantly upon the mediæval actuality of modern Spain suggests somewhat the same emotions that one feels on seeing the great work of an old master, with its mellow tones, poetry, repose, yet eternal freshness. Spain is Catholic to the core. No religious upheaval has devastated the country, which stands with its old churches, monuments, saints, effigies, shrines, miracles, ecclesiastical dogmas, usages, powers and perquisites as in the days of the Inquisition. Deep down in the root beliefs of the people the dogma of Catholicism persists; the candle of faith has never gone out; the Church is still supreme. As of old, pilgrims wander to the Holy City; witchcraft is widely believed in; all kneel to and worship the Virgin of Pilar. The masonry of Spain is old, as are its atmosphere, art, life, and intellect. Mysterious, serene in the intensity and dignity of age, Spain is the home of perpetual youth, of dreams, and forgetfulness. And life is easy as in a fairy tale. I once put up at the house of the local priest in a remote village in the mountains of the Guadarrama, and was surprised to see at the sacerdotal table a young woman and a small boy. Mine host explained. 'It is a lonely spot up here,' said he, 'and the winter nights are very cold.' And we emptied our glasses to the good *Padre's* household.

But the real Bible of Spain is the book of Cervantes. What Spaniard who is not steeped in that glorious prose and saturated with its spirit of 'picaresque' romance? Spaniards will quote whole pages from that fount of wit and wisdom with an eloquence worthy of the bard himself. The very peasants smile if you talk of Don Quixote, who still incarnates the soul of Spain. And if the knight of La Mancha were to step down to-day from his pedestal of immortality he would find Spain and his countrymen much the same as they were when he first sallied forth on his quest of grace.

And yet not quite the same either. Little by little the modern spirit is permeating the surface of ancient Spain. The war with America, the loss of the Colonies, Socialism, alien industry and ideas, example and the hard lesson of disaster are inculcating the modern spirit into the people, and with the new spirit there is hope of recovery. In the last five years a perceptible change has come over the country, which has begun to bear forth fruit of promise. The people seem to be taking measure of themselves, and stock of their possibilities. An era of retrenchment, progress, reform, and even creation has opened, and to the young King all look for guidance. After centuries of feud and estrangement England and Spain are again united. It is an inspiring reflection. España! beauteous, improvident Spain—of thy joys we sing.

AUSTIN HARRISON.

SPAIN UNDER THE SARACENS

The conquest of Spain by the Arabs was one of the most remarkable recorded in history. At this time the Iberian throne was occupied by Roderick, who had deposed and murdered Witiza. The Gothic kings had killed industrial activity by vexatious and grinding imposts; there was no commerce or manufacture to engage the minds or develop the resources of the people. Cultivation was in the hands either of serfs, tied to the soil, or of miserable herds of slaves who served under the lashes of pitiless overseers, as was the case in later times on the plantations of North America. The Jews, who had settled in large numbers in the Peninsula, were the victims of frequent and ruthless persecutions.

Saracenic Africa, on the other hand, enjoyed the blessings of a tolerant government, and many Spaniards, Jew and Christian, found refuge there from the oppressive rule of their kings and bishops. Julian, the Governor of Ceuta, smarting under a cruel wrong inflicted on him by Roderick, in the person of his daughter Florinda, joined in the appeal of the Spanish refugees to the Saracenic viceroy to liberate Spain from the hated yoke of the usurper. In answer to their prayers Musa bin Nusair, who then ruled over the vast dependency of the Caliph, despatched the memorable expedition under Târik, which opened up a new page in the annals of Spain.[1] The battle of Medina Sidonia[2] decided the fate of the Iberian Peninsula. The Gothic host was completely routed, and Roderick was drowned in the waters of the Guadalete. City after city opened its gates to the Saracens, and in less than two years the whole of the Peninsula as far as the Pyrenees acknowledged the sway of the Caliph of Damascus.

The Arab conquest was unattended with any of the consequences which usually accompany a foreign invasion. There was no molestation of inoffensive citizens, no insult to women, no spoliation of private property; whilst the economic revolution it effected has few parallels. It emancipated the serfs and slaves from the cruel bondage under

[1] Târik landed at the spot which now bears his name, 'Gibraltar'—Jabl (u) Târik, the Rock of Târik.

[2] 19th of July, 711 A.C.

which they had so long laboured; it relieved the industrial classes from the heavy burdens which had hitherto ground them down. It swept away the intolerable rights and privileges of the nobles, and made all the Caliph's subjects equal in the eye of the law. A just and equitable system of taxation revived industry and fostered the growth of commerce and manufacture. Moslem and non-Moslem alike were subject to the land-tax, which was regulated by the productiveness of the soil. Besides the land-tax the Moslems paid the tithes, and the non-Moslems the test-tax, from which, however, certain classes of persons were wholly exempt—women and children, people leading monastic lives, the sick, the blind, the lame. It varied with the means of the payer, was light in its incidence, and was never a burden, as it was realised by monthly instalments.

Under the Saracenic rule the persecuted Jew breathed again. He obtained the right to follow his religion without interference, and to pursue his avocations without hindrance. As merchants, scholars, and savants the Jews soon became important members of the empire. Arab rule made the existence of a Maimonides possible in Spain. The Christians were secured in the unmolested enjoyment of their faith and laws. Special rights and immunities were granted to such of the cities as had offered little or no resistance to the conquerors, and these rights became in later times the source of their prosperity.

The task of the Saracens in Spain can be compared only with that England has in view in India. But when we consider the conditions of the two countries, the resources at the command of the two peoples, and the time they each had for organisation, the Arabs' work will be recognised to have been far more arduous. Toleration, justice, and sympathy enabled the Arabs to achieve in Spain results which have evoked the wonder of successive historians.

The character of a government, whether it is liberal, tolerant, and just, is the best index to the development of the nation which it represents. Judged by this standard, it would be found that the Mos'ems of Spain were in their civilisation not behind any of the civilised nations of modern times. The Christians themselves preferred the mild and tolerant rule of the Saracen to the grinding tyranny of the Goth or Frank, and after the first shock of alarm flocked back to their towns and villages. Even the priests were not discontented with the change.

Like the word 'English,' which in its comprehensive sense includes the Scotch and Irish, the expression 'Saracen' comprehends all the Moslem races subject to the Caliphate who had adopted the Arabic language or had assimilated Arabian civilisation. The Saracen colonists were thus composed of the divers nationalities which formed the commonwealth of Islam. Among these the Arabs constituted

the dominant and ruling class—the guiding spirit of the Moslem nation.

For nearly half a century the Iberian Peninsula remained a subordinate province of the great Arab Empire. A remote dependency, however important, ruled from a distant seat of government, suffers from many disadvantages. Its interests are apt to be sacrificed or subordinated to considerations depending on the immediate policy of the central power, and efficiency and merit give way to favouritism. That was the case with Spain whilst it formed a part of the Caliphate of Damascus. And yet it cannot be said that the well-being of the people or the cause of efficient administration was by any means neglected. At the very outset a Diwan or Council was appointed for adapting the laws of Islam to the requirements and needs of the Caliph's new subjects.

A few years later a census was taken of all the races and creeds, and a complete cadastral survey was made. The assessment was revised, new magistrates were appointed, new bridges and roads were built, the old were repaired, and numbers of schools were opened.

About the middle of the eighth century of the Christian era Western Asia was the scene of a great revolution, the effects of which were far-reaching. The first Arab government was republican. The Ommeyades overthrew it and established in its place an autocratic empire. Racial pride and racial exclusiveness bore under these monarchs their usual fruit; they alienated from the ruling classes the sympathies of the subject races, and paved the way for the downfall of the dynasty. In the year 756 A.C. a scion of this ill-fated family escaped into Andalusia and there founded the empire which gave that country her period of greatest prosperity—for unquestionably the happiest time Spain has ever enjoyed was under the Ommeyade sovereigns of Cordova.

The culture and prosperity attained by the Spanish Empire under the Ommeyades can be judged by the condition of Spain under the eighth sovereign of this house, surnamed *an-Nâsir*, the ablest and most gifted of all the monarchs who have ever ruled over that country. In the accounts of Ibn Haukal, the famous geographer, who travelled about this time in Andalusia, we possess an interesting contemporaneous record. Ibn Haukal speaks in glowing terms of the beneficence of Nâsir's rule, of the thoroughness of the police organisation, of the perfect security with which the stranger and trader could travel in the most inaccessible parts, and of the flourishing state of agriculture.

All the accounts handed down to us of an-Nâsir's reign prove the wonderful impetus he gave to the economic and intellectual development of Spain. He consolidated the different creeds and races into a homogeneous nation, and made absolute equality the guiding spirit of his government. But what excites the admiration and wonder-

ment of the student of this glorious reign,' says Dozy, 'is less the work than the workman.' And he goes on to add: 'This sagacious man, who centralised, who formed the unity of the nation and that of the monarchy, who, by his alliances, established a kind of political equilibrium, who in his large tolerance called to his counsels men of every religion, is essentially a king of modern times rather than a ruler of the Middle Ages.'

Under Hakam, Nâsir's son and successor, who was equally far-sighted, Spain continued in the path of development and progress. A lavish liberality was extended to all forms of learning and arts; and scholars and scientists belonging to every country or creed were welcomed to Cordova. Commerce and industry prospered under him; and manufacture of all kinds was promoted by a wise and discriminate patronage.

To form a correct estimate of the development of a nation it is necessary to have an idea of its system of government and the machinery by which it is conducted, of the economic condition of the country, and of the social and intellectual state of the people. In dealing, therefore, with the subject of Saracenic civilisation in Spain, all these aspects require investigation. The difficulties which usually attend the task of ruling people professing different faiths—although inhabiting the same soil—of which modern India furnishes a mild and modern Turkey a bitter example, were aggravated in Andalusia by acute racial rivalries. The subjects of the Cordovan monarchs not only professed three different creeds, Islam, Christianity, and Judaism, but the Moslems themselves belonged to three distinct nationalities—Arab, Spanish, and Berber. Naturally the Spaniards formed the bulk of the population. A large number of the natives had embraced Islam—the serfs and slaves to obtain freedom and the blessings of existence, the magnates and nobles from conviction or interested motives. These Spanish Moslems were called the *bilâdiun*, literally 'natives of the country,' and their relations to the Arabs, in spite of their community of religion, were marked by strong racial antipathy, which reminds us in some degree of that which existed between the Austrians and Italians in Lombardy, and which exists even now between Saxon and Celt in Ireland. 'The Arab, like the Anglo-Saxon, considers himself the noblest of God's creation,' nor have the democratic teachings of Islam succeeded in effacing from his mind that intense pride of race which forms an essential feature of his character; and wherever he has gone he has carried with him this feeling of unapproachable racial superiority, which naturally excited the hatred of the subject people. The Arab, again, was energetic, tolerant, and progressive in his tendencies, while the Spaniard was the reverse. The indigenous Moslems were greatly under the rule of the *fakîhs*, or legists. These Moslem priests, instead of endeavouring to remove the racial differences and antipathies, often fanned them into

flame, and fomented risings against the foreign domination. The intractableness of the Berbers and the tribal jealousies of the Arabs added to the difficulties of the rulers.

With these discordant elements to work with, the Moslem Sovereigns of Cordova organised a system of government which, in its wisdom and equity, its large-hearted liberalism and tolerance, its appreciation of merit among the subjects, irrespective of race, creed, or colour, its absolute freedom from religious or racial partiality, will bear comparison with the best political organisations of modern times.

The administrative machinery was modelled on that of the Abbasside Empire of Bagdad. But in Spain we do not hear of many special departments charged with special duties, like the Board of Agriculture, Board of Government Grants, and many others such as existed in the Eastern Caliphate, where the departmental organisation was more complicated and, in the distribution and subordination of work, more modern in character.

In Spain, as in Bagdad, whilst the Sovereign was the supreme head, the practical work of administration was in the hands of ministers, each department of State being presided over by a separate officer, who was called *Katib ud-dawal*, which may literally be translated into 'Secretary of State.' The Caliph's council was composed partly of non-official members, who were designated simply *Viziers*, and partly of the ministers.

There was no limit to the number of non-official members, for the Caliph called to his assistance any man whom he considered useful to the State by worth, learning, influence, or position. No divinity hedged round this body, shutting out access to the subject races. Usually the deliberations of the council were presided over by the Sovereign himself; in his absence the Grand Chamberlain took his place.

One of the most important departments was that of the minister who was charged with the duty of protecting the interests of the non-Moslem subjects of the Caliph. As in the Eastern Caliphate, the non-Moslem communities had their recognised representatives, elected by themselves, who were the channel of communication between them and the Government. But often the Caliph would receive in person deputations from his subjects, to ascertain their views or hear their complaints.

Municipal institutions were fostered, and a large measure of self-government was accorded to the cities. Local affairs were managed by committees of prominent townsmen. Merchants had their corporations, presided over by one of their own body.

Every branch of public service, and all offices of rank and trust, were open equally to Moslems, Jews, and Christians. Nor was any post or function, unless it pertained to their religion, jealously reserved for people of their own faith or race. As in Turkey in the present

day Christians and Jews were frequently employed as envoys to foreign Courts.

The departments of finance, foreign affairs, administration of justice, education, and the management, pay, and supervision of the army and navy formed the principal offices of State. The supervision of the public accounts was in the hands of a special officer. The police performed the same functions as in modern times. The city magistrates—the *Alcaldes*—were charged with the duty of trying ordinary police offences and apparently worked in subordination to the judges (*Kâzis*).

The administrative machinery of the Arab Government was afterwards copied by the Christian Spaniards, and in later times became the model for Western European States.

In Spain the head of the fleet was designated *Ameer ul-Ma*, or *Ameer ul-Bahr*, 'commander of the sea,' which was corrupted by the Spaniards into 'Almirante.' From this comes the word 'Admiral.' Our word 'arsenal' also is derived from *Dar us-Sanaa*, the government factories where implements of war were manufactured. A close examination of Hispano-Moorish history will show that the Arabs have left their impress on every department of progress and on every branch of science and art.

Cordova was the seat of the Ommeyade Government. The city extended twenty-four miles one way and six on the other, and the whole space was occupied by houses, palaces, mosques and gardens on the banks of the Guadalquivir (the *Wad ul-Kabir*, 'the great river'). 'One could travel for ten miles,' says an old writer, 'by the light of lamps along an uninterrupted extent of buildings.'

Although Cordova had been adorned by the Arab governors with numerous structures, its systematic embellishment began under the first Ommeyade Sovereign, and proceeded without interruption under his successors. The water supply of the city was to these monarchs the first object of consideration. They built aqueducts, reservoirs, and fountains in every quarter of the town; and for the recreation of the masses laid out public gardens, stocked with choice and rare plants. If I am not mistaken, side-walks under the name of *trottoirs* were first introduced in Paris about the fourteenth century. In London they were not laid down until two centuries later. The streets of Cordova in the ninth century were not only regularly paved, but possessed well-marked raised side-walks for the use of pedestrians. Regular watchmen paraded the streets at night, carrying lanterns and accompanied by watch-dogs. And evil-doers were haled up at once before the night-magistrate (*Sahib ul-Lail*).

The solicitude of the Cordovan monarchs to provide a pure water-supply for their subjects was extended to every centre of population. For the development of agriculture they covered the country with

a network of canals and aqueducts, and for the promotion of commerce and industry they made everywhere roads and bridges.

From the first settlement of the Arabs, at the beginning of the eighth century, to the close of the fifteenth, no country enjoyed a higher degree of agricultural prosperity than Spain. The Saracens raised agriculture into a science, and by an extraordinary application of industry, skill, and knowledge they developed the resources of Spain in a manner which excited the wonder of contemporaneous travellers, and has elicited the admiration of later historians. Europe is indebted to the Arabs for an infinite variety of fruit, besides rice, sugar-cane, the cotton tree, saffron, and other articles of commerce which still bear Arabic names, garbled so as to be difficult of identification. But no one can mistake the origin of such words as orange (*naranj*), saffron (*zafran*), cotton (*kutn*), and sugar (*shakar*).

Few people know the debt of gratitude the West owes the Arabs for that ordinary garment of common wear which even in English still bears its Arabic name of *kamis*. The sofa, now a European possession, was an Arabian introduction. The German language still retains the Arabic word for satin (*atlas*). The Christian Spaniard has tried hard to get rid of all traces of Moorish civilisation, but his language at every turn shows its obligation to the Arabs. The shirt he wears is still the *camisa*, his forest is still the *algaida* (*al ghaiza*), his guide is still the *adalid*.[3]

The Arabs invented the process of dyeing black with indigo, and introduced into Spain the manufacture of silk, porcelain, and paper. They gave to Europe the art of embossing leather, now known in England as morocco and cordovan; and that exquisite lustrous pottery commonly called the Hispano-Moresque.

The Caliphs of Cordova believed that knowledge could never be too widely diffused. Acting under this conviction, they covered their dominions with schools and colleges. As the result education was widespread; to quote Dozy: 'Almost everybody knew how to read and write, whilst in Christian Europe, save and except the clergy, even persons belonging to the highest ranks were wholly ignorant.' Every town of importance possessed an university. The University of Cordova rivalled those of Cairo and Bagdad, and even Christian students from countries like England and Italy went there to acquaint themselves with the knowledge and philosophy of the Arabs. The government of each university was entrusted to a rector, who was chosen from among the most distinguished scholars of the time. No racial or religious distinction was made in these appointments, and learned Jews and Christians were often appointed to the post of rector. 'Real learning,' says the Arab historian from whom these facts are mostly drawn, 'in the estimation of the Spanish Moslem, was of greater value than the religious opinion of the literate.'

[3] *Adilla*, pl. of *Dalil*, guide or proof.

It was customary in the Spanish-Arabian universities to hold annual commemorations and periodical meetings, to which the public were invited. On these occasions poems were recited and orations delivered by eminent members of the universities. Every college had the following lines inscribed on its gates:

> The world is supported by four things only—
> The learning of the wise, and the justice of the great,
> The prayers of the good, and the valour of the brave.

The cultivation of learning was not confined to one sex. Schools and seminaries for the education of women were to be found in every town. In the Cordovan Empire, as afterwards in the kingdom of Granada, flourished numberless ladies of the highest culture and attainments, whose names have been preserved and memory perpetuated by the Spanish historian Al-Makkari. They shone not only in poetry and *belles-lettres*, but many of them attained high proficiency in jurisprudence, theology, and mathematics.

But Cordova was not merely the abode of culture and learning; it was the home where the chivalry of the desert developed into a punctilious and refined code of honour. Its rules and principles, the knightly polish, the courtliness, all of which were so assiduously cultivated afterwards in the kingdom of Granada, came into prominence under Nâsir and his son. To Cordova came foreign knights, under the guarantee of peace and protection, to break lance with Saracenic cavaliers. The old custom of warriors rushing to battle shouting the names of their sisters and sweethearts had gone out of fashion. The knight now entered the lists wearing some token of his lady-love on his shoulder or helmet. The Saracen lady was an undisguised spectator at the frequent jousts and tournaments which enlivened the capital. The dignified association of the sexes gave rise to a delicacy of sentiment and refinement of manners of which we can form but a faint conception. According to the Arab code of honour, the qualities essential to a true knight were 'piety, valour, courtesy, prowess, the gifts of poetry and eloquence, and dexterity in the management of the horse, the sword, the lance, and the bow,' all qualities brought from the desert. 'The polished courtesy and exalted sense of honour,' says a Western writer, 'which distinguished the Arab cavaliers to the very end of their empire in Spain, might have graced a Bayard or a Sidney.'

The glory of Cordova lasted till the eleventh century. Towards the end of the Ommeyade rule, their capital showed all the characteristics of a large modern city. It teemed with factories and workshops. And one of the main causes that led to the enfeeblement of the Caliphate, and eventually to its downfall, was the constant struggle between labour and capital, which caused frequent uprisings on the part of the worst sections of the lower strata of society against

constituted authority. Socialism had spread among the masses, and the large influx of aliens had destroyed solidarity and community of interest among the people.

The fall of Cordova, however, did not affect the Arab civilisation. The Almoravides and Almohades, who had built up vast monarchies in Northern Africa out of the *débris* of the Fatimide Empire, called to the assistance of the Spanish Moslems against the Christian kingdoms of the North, re-united for a time under their ægis the southern provinces of the Cordovan Caliphate. In spite of their proclaimed orthodoxy, the sovereigns of these two dynasties maintained the continuity of Islamic civilisation. Under the great and enlightened Yakub, surnamed Mansur, of the Almohades, flourished the famous physicians and encyclopædists, Avenzoar and Avempace, and the philosopher and scientist Averroes, who filled the important office of Kâzi of Cordova. With Averroes begins the modern philosophy of the West. It was Yakub al-Mansur who built the great observatory, now turned into a belfry called the Giralda at Seville.

On the break-up of the Almohade Empire Arab Spain became once more disintegrated. But the petty States which sprang up in its place continued the enlightened traditions of the Cordovan monarchy. One of the most important of these principalities was the kingdom of Granada. For two centuries Granada maintained an unequal struggle against the advancing tide of a ferocious fanaticism which eventually engulfed the brilliant civilisation of the Arabs in fire and blood.

The kingdom of Granada comprised those parts of Spain which lie in the south-eastern corner of the Peninsula, and in its most flourishing period never exceeded seventy leagues from east to west, and twenty-five in breadth from north to south. Within this narrow circuit it contained all the physical resources of a great empire. Its agriculture was highly developed, its manufactures were varied and numerous. The populous cities and towns, the smiling fields, and rich orchards, gardens, and vineyards which spread in every direction testified to the prosperity of the Granadan kingdom. Its ports swarmed with the shipping of Europe, the Levant, and Northern Africa. Between Granada and the rising cities of Italy, especially Florence, there was the most intimate commercial connection. Florence derived her principal supply of textile materials from the Granadan cities, like Malaga and Almeria. The commercial intercourse had its natural effect on the arts and architecture of both cities, and explains the remarkable characteristics displayed by Italian architecture of the Renaissance period, as also those features in the Taj at Agra which have given rise to the impression that it was the handiwork of an Italian architect.

The Sovereigns of Granada rivalled the Caliphs of Cordova in the patronage of learning and the arts, and under their liberal and

enlightened government 'Granada became the home and birthplace of eminent scholars, distinguished poets, and accomplished soldiers';[3] her daughters were no less famous in the varied departments of learning.

After the fall of Cordova chivalry found a congenial home at Granada, where it attained its highest development. As in the capital of the Caliphs, women occupied a pre-eminent position, mingled freely in the society of men, attended mosques during service, and by their presence enlivened the fêtes, tournaments, and the perpetual succession of spectacles which delighted the Granadans. Much of the chivalrous spirit for which Granada was undoubtedly noted was due to the ennobling influence of women.

The Arab cavalier entered the lists or went to war with some device emblazoned on his arms—either a heart pierced with darts, a star directing a vessel, or the initial letter of the name of his lady-love. The knights contended openly in the presence of ladies for the prize of valour, and often joined them in the graceful dance of the *zambra*, still practised by the southern Spaniards.

The question is naturally asked, how and why did this civilisation come to an end?

Driven from Asia, the hordes of adventurers who, under the name of crusaders, had harried Palestine and Syria, betook themselves to Spain. With most of them religion was a mere pretext, plunder the sole actuating motive. The Pope, from time to time, proclaimed a holy war against the Spanish Moslems. The ranks of the Christian Spaniards were thus continuously recruited by detachments of fanatics and freebooters from every part of Europe, who considered it their pious duty to war with 'the worshippers of Mahound.' One by one the small Arab kingdoms, disunited among themselves, unsupported from outside, were swept away, until there remained only the principality of Granada. The extinction of the Moorish States would not have so completely destroyed Arab civilisation were it not for the fact that the Christian Spaniards, led by a ferocious priesthood, were determined to efface with fire and blood all vestiges of culture from the soil of Spain.

Many of us have read the story of the fall of Granada; some perhaps even remember the words of the great historian of Rationalism in Europe: 'In an ill-omened hour the Cross supplanted the Crescent on the towers of Granada.' But few, unless they have specially studied the history of the times, have any conception of the terrible persecution to which the Moors were subjected.

In the annals of persecution there is no more harrowing tale than the story of the wrongs and sufferings of the Spanish Moslems at the hands of the Christian Spaniards and their rulers. Many of these sufferers were as much Spaniards as their Christian persecutors. After a heroic defence, Granada capitulated on the most favourable terms. But no sooner were the arms out of the hands of the Moors

than the conditions were broken. From that day till their final expulsion from the soil of Spain, to which nine centuries of residence had given them as good a title as any race can be said to have acquired in any land, they suffered a persecution for which there is no parallel in history.

They were burnt at the stake, they were massacred, they were suffocated to death in the caves and caverns where they took refuge from their ruthless persecutors. Neither age nor sex was spared. In 1610 a remnant of this persecuted race, bereft of all their worldly possessions, was thrown on the shores of Africa, hopeless exiles from the homes of their forefathers. The feelings with which the descendants of the exiled people look towards Spain, the hope of ultimate victory with which they are still animated, have been graphically described by a gifted English traveller of our times.[4]

Thus disappeared from Spain a brave, ingenious, and enlightened nation, whose active industry had brought back to life the Peninsula that had lain dead and barren under the indolent pride of the Goths; who had turned Andalusia into a garden, and had held aloft the torch of knowledge when all around lay in darkness; who had spread culture, given impetus to civilisation, and established chivalry; who had, in fact, created modern Europe.

AMEER ALI.

[4] Cunninghame Graham, *Mogreb-el-Acksa.*

MR. GLADSTONE'S LIBRARY AT 'ST. DEINIOL'S HAWARDEN'

'Cui servire, regnare est.'

'How was this library built, and what is it for?' This question was asked in the autumn of 1905 by a distinguished member of the House of Lords, a prominent Churchman, and a relation, moreover, of one of the St. Deiniol's trustees. If the educated world is still in such darkness as this query implies, of the aim and purpose of a library collected by Mr. Gladstone, presented by him to the students of Great Britain, and of a building erected by the nation in his memory, it is certainly time that some authoritative account should be supplied. I am glad of the opportunity held out by the Editor of this Review, in which Mr. Gladstone so constantly wrote, to supply as best I can this need. To begin with his own words:

> Convinced that the future of the human race depends, in the main, upon the great question of belief, and that the most special and urgent of present needs is the need of sufficient means for the effective promotion of Divine learning, I am engaged in the foundation of a Library, which I trust may serve as the nucleus of an Institution, under the name of St. Deiniol's, Hawarden, adapted to that end. Divine learning, in order to reach its fullest efficiency, has been and ought to be associated with the various branches of human knowledge, especially with History and Philosophy; and it is upon the widest basis that the Library is being formed. The religious *intuitus* of the Institution will be conformity to the living spirit of the Church of England; which I am persuaded will do nothing in regard to faith and discipline to compromise or impair her character as the Catholic and Apostolic Church of this country. Wholly dependent upon voluntary alms, the Institution will have no concern with any question relating to the temporalities or civil status of the Church. Such an endowment as I contemplate providing for it, or as it may hereafter receive from any source, will be placed in the hands of a Trust which I now desire to constitute, and which will be the governing body of the Institution.
>
> With that main design—the effective promotion of Divine learning—there will, I hope, be associated other secondary but harmonising purposes, one of which is now and has for more than a year and a half been in actual operation. While the principles of the Institution will be those of the historic Church of this country, and while the Governing Body will be appointed to work upon that idea, it is my earnest desire and full intention that the hospitality of the Institution and its conveniences and advantages should as far as possible be made available for

persons beyond the pale of the Anglican Church or even of the Christian Religion. There would be an honourable obligation on their side to use the opportunities afforded them, not for purposes merely secular, but for religious obligation or service, and to respect in spirit as well as in letter the rules and usages of the place; with a corresponding obligation on the other side to uphold their personal religious liberty in the amplest sense, and to require of them nothing at variance with the rights of conscience.

These words appear in the preliminary paper drawn up in October 1895 by Mr. Gladstone with a view to the formation of the Trust. They will remind the reader of another writer, also renowned for his learning, who held that 'religion was the master-key in human study.'

> We all know [he wrote] some twenty or thirty predominant currents of thought . . . or system bearing principles, which weave the web of human history and constitute the civilised opinion of the age. All these, I imagine, a serious man ought to understand, in whatever strength or weakness they possess, in their causes or effects, and in their relation to each other. The majority of them are religious, or substitutes for religion. . . . All understanding of history depends on one's understanding the forces that make it, and religious forces are the most active and the most definite. To develop and perfect and arm conscience is the great achievement of history, the chief business of every life—and the first agent therein is religion.[1]

Here is the great principle that underlay the relations between these two men—the keynote of their friendship. 'Religion is the master-key in the study of life,' 'the great question of belief in the main the first concern of the human race,' expressions surely of profound significance, as coming not from ecclesiastical lips, but as the deliberately expressed conviction of two of the greatest and most learned laymen of the nineteenth century. And the living witness of their faith is to be seen in the libraries collected by the two men—St. Deiniol's Library at Hawarden, and the Acton Library at Cambridge.

Mr. Gladstone was a lover of books from a very early period. From his own record we know that two of the books that took the strongest hold on him were *The Pilgrim's Progress* and *The Arabian Nights*, and his mother has related how he used to lie on the floor devouring Froissart's *Chronicles* at a fabulously early age. In a glass case at St. Deiniol's Library are preserved specimens of his Eton schoolbooks, his autograph signature even at that time characteristic of his handwriting in later years. The notes in these boy-books are copious—headings, diagrams, neat annotations, mathematical problems. The blank interleaving pages of the *Cicero* are illustrated with the miscellaneous scribblings and drawings usual with schoolboys, and in the *Iliad* one of the leaves is adorned with the plan of a cricket match (let us recall that he was in the Eton twenty-two), the names of the players, and their places in the field. From the sketch of the cricket-field scribbled in his early *Homer*, the visitor

[1] *Lord Acton's Letters.* George Allen.

will be interested to move on and examine a later edition of the poet in three octavo volumes, in which nearly seventy years later Mr. Gladstone read the *Iliad* for the thirtieth time, finding it at every reading 'richer and more glorious than before.' (In reading the *Odyssey* he always used the same one-volume edition, having it rebound whenever it wore out with constant handling.) 'Ever since,' he wrote, 'I began to pass out of boyhood, I have been feeling my way, owing little to living teachers, but enormously to four dead ones, over and above the Four Gospels.' This Mr. Gladstone wrote at the age of sixty-nine, the four to whom he referred being, as is well known, Aristotle, Augustine, Dante, and Butler.

The following incident is here related, as, though unimportant in itself, it illustrates how little Mr. Gladstone ever realised his position in the hearts and minds of mankind, and the interest that might belong to relics connected with his youth. A quarto MS. book bound in red leather, in a state of excellent preservation, bore the dates, in his own boyish handwriting, 1819 (when he was nine, at Eton) and 1828 (when he was eighteen, at Christ Church). This book he one day accidentally lit upon. Six or eight pages were covered with beautifully written mathematical notes and diagrams. These he neatly cut out, and, presenting the book to a member of his family, expressed a hope that now he had removed the already used pages, it might be of some service. One page of diagrams in the middle of the volume had luckily escaped his notice, and for this and the early autograph signatures the book is treasured in a manner very contrary to his anticipations.

Somewhere about the year 1860 the housing of his growing library necessitated the addition of a new wing to the Castle at Hawarden. As a kind of pledge of sanctity, the 'Temple of Peace' was the name chosen for the room set apart for his books. Conversation in the ordinary sense of the word—though many an important consultation and interview took place there—was strictly prohibited, but members of the family, or friends staying in the house, were at liberty to make use of the room for purposes of study or reading, and so absorbed was its owner that he was usually quite unaware of their presence.

Mr. Gladstone was by no means a rabid book-buyer. Rare books, first editions, and elaborate bindings had no especial attraction for him, though when they came to him as gifts they were eagerly welcomed. A book should be fitly bound; it consists, he liked to remind his friends, like men from whom it draws its lineage, of a body and a soul. Noble works should not appear in mean and worthless dress.

Paper [he said], type, and ink are the body in which the soul is domiciled. And these three, body, soul, and habiliment, are a triad which should be adjusted to one another by the laws of harmony and good sense. Books are the voices of the dead—a main instrument of communion with the vast human procession

of the other world. Second to none as friends to the individual, they are first and foremost as bonds and rivets of the race.

So human and personal did a book seem to Mr. Gladstone that it gave him real pain to see it carelessly used, or illtreated—laid open on its face, untidily marked, dog's-eared, thumbed. And in arranging his friends on the shelf, no squeezing or even coaxing was allowed; they must fit in with nicety, not wasting space, but in no way uncomfortably housed.

Second-hand catalogues rained in by every post, and were always carefully scanned, and marked for immediate purchase. Subjects such as witchcraft, strange religious sects, duelling, gipsies, epitaphs, the ethics of marriage, not to mention Homer, Shakespeare, and Dante, invariably commanded an order. Quickly the room filled; one by one each piece of extraneous furniture disappeared to make way for low bookcases suited to serve as tables and to hold volumes of abnormal size. Like Browning's rats—

> came tumbling
> Great books, small books, lean books, brawny books,
> Brown books, black books, grey books, tawny books,
> Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
> Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
> Families by tens and dozens.

They overflowed into the vestibule, they ran along the passage into the billiard-room; this involved the disappearance of the billiard table. Prizes were offered for the discovery of possible new spaces for bookcases. Often pondering, as he did, how best to benefit his fellow creatures, how to bring together readers who had no books and books who had no readers, gradually the thought evolved itself in his mind into a plan for the permanent disposal of his library. A country home for the purposes of study and research, 'for the pursuit of Divine learning,' a centre of religious life, a resident body of students, men of studious mind and habit, unfitted by various causes for active life or the turmoil of great cities.

But so sceptical were most of those to whom he confided his plan, as to the need of such a home of learning, divorced from city life and conditions, that he resolved cautiously, tentatively to feel his way; to run no risk of wasting money over stone or bricks and mortar, to erect a temporary iron building for the housing of his library, to furnish a temporary house for the reception of the students. In 1889 two large iron rooms, lined with felt and pine, were erected, with six or seven smaller ones to act as studies, on the crest of Hawarden Hill, and the travel of the books began. Twenty-seven thousand were carried up the hill. Anyone who has himself moved a few hundred books from one room to another in the same house will appreciate the sheer hard manual labour that Mr. Gladstone put into this migration

of his library from one house to another. Each book he took down from the shelves, and each packet he strapped up with his own hands, and no vehicle was ever allowed to leave the Castle without its consignment of book bundles. Arrived at their destination, they were laid upon the floor in the order in which they came, and Mr. Gladstone, unaided save by his valet and sometimes one of his daughters, when home from Cambridge, unstrapped and lifted and sifted and placed the volumes one by one in the bookcases prepared to receive them. His habits 'savoured more of serious handiwork in the arrangement of a library than of lordly survey and direction.' 'And,' he adds, 'what man who really loves his books delegates to any other human being, as long as there is breath in his body, the office of introducing them into their homes?'

The cost of a book, he pointed out, is sanguinely believed by its purchaser to be a thing completed and done with when he places his coins on the counter and receives his receipted bill. But this was a popular superstition. Such payment is not the last but the first in a series of goodly length. Assuming an ordinary purchase, the book, if worthy of prolonged life, must be bound, then it must be placed in a bookcase, the bookcase must be housed, and the house must be kept, and the library must be cleaned, dusted, arranged, catalogued. Yet he considered one shilling a volume a handsome allowance for one part of the process—the housing of the books in a gentleman's library; and acting on the principles he adopted in later life, using bookcases made of pitch pine, devoid of all carving or ornament, he ended by calculating it could be done at a penny a volume.

Often had the anxious problem come into his mind, the over-population of the world, not by people but by books, the over-pressure not on subsistence, but on space. Twenty thousand volumes were annually pouring into the Bodleian, forty thousand into the British Museum. Every year, he calculated, even at that period, nearly twenty years ago, half a mile of new shelving was required.

> And whatever [he said] may be the rate of growth now, it is small in comparison with what it is likely to become. The key of the question lies in the hands of the United Kingdom and the United States. They, with their vast range of inhabited territory and their unity of tongue, are masters of the world. When Britons and Americans are fused into one book market, when artificial fetters are relaxed, and printers, publishers, and authors obtain the reward which well-regulated commerce would afford them, then let floors beware lest they crack, and walls lest they bulge and burst from the weight of books they will have to carry and to confine.

A decent burial he ventured to suggest—not cremation, but interment—for books unsuitable for daily companionship; among these, finding in them little sociability, he would have included his *Hansards*.

But at all events he was resolved, by the strictest economy of space, by placing the maximum of volumes in the minimum of room,

o postpone as far as possible the evil day when the world would be hoking with its over-population of books. His objects were three— conomy of space, ease of accessibility, and arrangement by subject. The bookcases project at right angles from the wall; each contains hree faces, the shelves are fixed, and so accurately are their height and depth adjusted to the length and breadth of the books, that, back to back as they stand, the smallest waste of space is scarcely liscernible to the minutest examination. Between the projections, unless occupied by windows, the wall spaces are also used for shallow bookshelves, so that each recess is a three-sided book-lined compartment. Fixed shelves he found most conducive to the vital purposes of compression. To begin with, they contribute to the strength and firmness of the bookcase itself, as they hold the parts together. Then it is a great matter, in addition to other advantages, to avoid the endless trouble and the misfits of movable shelves, the weight, the tightness or the looseness, the weary arms, the aching fingers, the broken finger-nails, not to mention the murderous temper and *à quoi bon?*—always to discover the books are too large for the space, or the space too large for the books. And, moreover, there is not so much variety in the sizes of books as might be imagined from a superficial acquaintance with them. Octavos now hold the field; more and more are they considered the classical size; the octavo, with some exceptions, is now professionally the library edition. By much careful reckoning and measurement of sizes, shapes, numbers of his books, and the proportions in which the various sizes required accommodation, Mr. Gladstone reached an accurate knowledge of their requirements. He allowed that here and there, by way of exception, a single movable shelf may be introduced to meet occasional imperfections or miscalculation in the computation of sizes.

Having now dealt with his first two objects, economy of space and ease of accessibility, we reach the third and most important—that of arrangement; whether to distribute the books by alphabet, by author, by subject, or by size. Mr. Gladstone settled on distribution by subject. 'Yet subjects,' he said, 'are traversed by promiscuous assemblages of works, both by sizes and by languages.' For a catalogue he recommended alphabetical arrangement with well-chosen subdivisions. Among others, he pleaded for individual authors as centres of subdivision, not only for Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, but for Johnson, Scott, Burns, and whoever and whatever represented a large and manifold humanity. But in settling for distribution by subject, he owned it must in some degree be controlled by size. A friend suggested to him that five classes would suffice: Science, Speculation, Art, History, and lastly Miscellaneous and Periodical Literature. This apparently simple method of classifying lands the librarian in innumerable difficulties. The bounds of Speculation are

limitless, the diversities in Science would render sub-classification imperative.

The 'ologies are by no means well suited to rub shoulders together, and Sciences must include Arts, which are but country cousins to them, or a new compartment must be established for their accommodation. And how to cope with the everlasting difficulty of 'Works'? In what category to place Dante, Petrarch, Swedenborg, Burke, Coleridge, Carlyle, Macaulay, or a hundred more? Where is Poetry to stand? It must take its place—the first place without doubt—in Art, for while separated from Painting and her other sphere-born sisters by their greater dependence on material form, they are each and all profoundly united in their first and all-enfolding principle—which is to organise the beautiful for presentation to the perceptions of man.

Here he lays down one of his favourite axioms, imbibed from Lessing. In the *Laocoon* Lessing had, as Mr. Gladstone felt, promulgated for all time the definition of Art—*i.e.* the defining by analysis the limitations of Art, and the fruitful principle that, each art being subject to definite conditions, only by obeying its laws and recognising its limits can the artist, whether painter or poet, architect, musician, or novelist, accomplish great results. Bourget has said the same thing —it is easier to write fact than fiction. In the former there is no limit; nothing is too extraordinary, too unnatural to be occasionally true in fact. But in fiction the writer is held fast in the bonds of the normal and the ordinary. The author who does not wish to court failure 'must trudge humbly along the old thoroughfares where the pavements are trodden and worn by the feet of other pilgrims now gone to their Eternal City—that City which no by-way ever yet reached.' A sense of harmony, of fitness, in literature as in other matters, is one of the rarest of Heaven's gifts. This was the secret of Mr. Gladstone's boundless enjoyment of Walter Scott: the presentation to mankind of, not the ugly, the unnatural, the cruel, the base, but the lofty, the beautiful, the ideal. Now and then he would find a novel of our own day that fulfilled his sense of harmony. *The Minister's Wooing*, by Mrs. Stowe, is one of these; *John Inglesant* is another. But this is a digression, and we must not be drawn by the fascination of the subject from the main purpose of this paper.

Enough has been said to make clear Mr. Gladstone's principles in the arrangement of his library. We have touched on his main design as to its use. In the old temporary structure he had stored nearly 30,000 volumes, divided, roughly, into two sections—Humanity and Divinity:

The negative movement of the age [he wrote) aims at establishing a severance between the Christian system and the general thought of the time; its history, philosophy, physical science, poetry and literature at large. But no enlightened Christian will admit that our Christianity was intended to be an isolated thing, standing apart from all other conditions of our life. The comprehensiveness of Creation and of human nature are a perpetual lesson to us, teaching that we

should aim at nothing narrower than a Christianity which is to cover the whole ground of our complete existence. This is our charter: and we cannot consent to its mutilation or contraction. We assert the right of the Gospel to associate with every just influence over the whole sphere of our nature and its functions. In the right cultivation and retention of them all God is to be glorified.

To 'improve and maybe perfect our means of maintaining the harmony between Christian knowledge and all other knowledge' was his aim. 'The especial purpose that I have in view is this sacred marriage, so to call it, between the grand process ordained for the recovery of our nature from sin, and its healthy general development.' This passage illumines the two words—Humanity and Divinity.

In 1894 the first students took up their temporary abode in the adjoining house, and the first Warden selected by Mr. Gladstone was the son-in-law who lived under his roof. In this happy and harmonious arrangement there was the signal advantage of constant and intimate intercourse and consultation; the best opportunity of imbibing from the founder his ideas, hopes, and aspirations for the development of this 'home of learning.' The most important work started and completed by Mr. Drew was the Catalogue, which it took him two years to carry out. It was made on the card system, and is a cross catalogue, each book being at least twice inscribed, by its author and by its subject. So long as the buildings were temporary, the secondary purposes of the Institution could be fulfilled—viz. 'to provide retirement with means of study for persons, especially clergy, employed, and desiring temporary rest.' These objects, secondary and auxiliary, as Mr. Gladstone describes them in his trust deed, so far, then, have been gained. But the main purposes have also been partially fulfilled by the resident Wardens.

In 1898, on the death of the founder, the Committee formed for the National Memorial came to the conclusion that part of the money subscribed could hardly be more appropriately spent than in the erection of a permanent building to hold Mr. Gladstone's books. The sum of 10,000*l.* was offered to the Trustees and accepted by them. In 1899 Mrs. Gladstone cut the first sod, and the Duke of Westminster, on behalf of the National Memorial Committee, laid the first stone of the Library. The service of dedication was read by the Bishop of St. Asaph in the presence of Mrs. Gladstone and her family, the Rector of Hawarden, chairman of the Trustees, and other friends and neighbours. The foundation-stone, which is of green granite, on the southern side of the Library, bears this inscription: 'In this building, erected to his memory by a grateful nation, is preserved the library of WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE, who, eminent no less as a theologian than as a statesman, established this foundation for the advancement of Divine learning. This stone was laid in the presence of the Lord Bishop of the Diocese by the Duke of Westminster, K.G., Oct. 5, 1899. G. C. JOYCE, Warden.'

On the 14th of October, 1902, St. Deiniol's Library was formally opened. It is a striking edifice in a striking situation, and forms, with the ancient church in the background, a group of buildings that cannot fail to arrest the eyes of passers-by. Built of red sandstone, its internal arrangements are harmonious for its purpose. Two halls, with galleries above supported by pillars, form the main feature. The woodwork is all oak. Semi-privacy is obtained here in the nooks formed by the bookcases, and there are besides other private rooms for studies.[2] In Lord Spencer's inaugural speech comment was made on the inadequacy of the sum set aside for the yearly purchase of books, and he observed that forty times the amount then spent was laid out on the Althorp Library now at Manchester. 'But I am confident,' he added, 'that when this work is known, the largeness of its aims, the spirit of toleration with which it is marked, assistance will come which will carry out the work in a manner worthy of the name with which it is associated.' Gaps there undoubtedly are, and contributions to the Library would be of great value. Three hundred pounds a year was the sum suggested by the founder as a minimum. For this purpose, and for the maintenance of the Institution as a whole, he endowed it with 30,000*l*. Roughly speaking, 60,000*l*. has been devoted to the scheme—40,000*l*. by Mr. Gladstone himself, 10,000*l*. by the nation for housing the books, and the remainder by his sons and daughters for housing the men; the latter constituting their joint memorial to their father. A short list of books,[3] either very difficult to find or too expensive for the sum available, is appended, in the hope that some among the readers of this Review might be able and willing to supply some of the existing deficiencies.

In 1904 Mr. Gladstone's family undertook the task of completing the group of buildings, by erecting a permanent Residence for Warden and Students. This house is now approaching its completion, and with its opening will arrive the real opportunity of fulfilling the main design of the founder. As to the methods of fulfilling that design jointly or severally—whether in training men for Holy Orders, or affiliating itself to some community already in working order, or whether by a resident body of men, studying, learning, working for Christianity by writings, or by active participation

[2] Anyone wishing for either temporary or more permanent residence should apply to the Warden, St. Deiniol's Library, Hawarden, who would supply all information as to the very moderate terms, regulations and privileges, &c.

[3] *Rymer, Foedera. Corpus Inscriptionum Semiticarum. Corpus Inscriptionum Latinarum. Henry VIII.: Letters and Papers, Foreign and Domestic*, vols. i., iii., ix.–xix. Rolls Series; *Giraldus Cambrensis*, vols. v., vi.; *Year Books of the Reign of Edward I.*, year 21–22; *Leechdoms, Wortcunning, and Starcraft*, vol. iii.; *Gesta Regis Henrici Secundi Benedicti Abbatis*, 2 vols.; *Chronica Magistri Rogeri de Houeden*, vol. ii.; *Memorials of St. Dunstan; Henricus de Bracton, De Legibus et Consuetudinibus*, vols. i.–iv. *The Annual Register*, from 1846 to 1900; *The Chronicle of Convocation (Canterbury)*, from 1895; any volume of the *County Histories* being issued by Messrs. Constable; Library Edition of Ruskin.

in the ministrations of the Church, or by courses of lectures and instructions in different parts of Wales—Mr. Gladstone, while contemplating these several methods of attaining his purpose, left the choice open to the Trustees, always provided it be 'deliberately judged by them to be required for the better fulfilment of the main design.'

Lord Spencer, when opening St. Deiniol's Library in 1902, referred, in terms of reverent admiration, to the example Mr. Gladstone set in uniting the spirit of toleration for the principles of others with his own deep spiritual convictions, and specially in not desiring to limit the benefits of the Library to men of his own creed. 'It is true,' said Lord Spencer, 'it was his pious hope that neither the buildings nor the books should be used for purposes hostile to the Church.' Mr. Gladstone realised, as do all who possess definite religious convictions, that there can be no more vital mistake than to try to water down the historic Church of England to suit the susceptibilities of those who hold different views, to make her into a huge jelly-fish without form and void, giving way to pressure from each and every side in turn. The love of freedom, which in Mr. Gladstone amounted to a passion, was deeply rooted in his belief in law and discipline. 'Freedom is the flower of slavery,' as has been finely said by a writer of our own day.

To a member of the Unitarian body, Mr. Gladstone wrote in 1865:—

> I am, as you know, one altogether attached to dogma, which I believe to be the skeleton that carries the flesh, the blood, the life of the blessed thing we call the Christian religion. But I do not believe God's tender mercies are restricted to a small portion of the human family. . . . I was myself brought up to believe that salvation depended absolutely on the reception of a particular and very narrow creed. But long, long have I cast those weeds behind me.'

'Tolerance,' says Mr. Morley in commenting on this declaration, 'means reverence for all the possibilities of truth; it means acknowledgment that she dwells in diverse mansions and wears vestures of many colours and speaks in strange tongues . . . it means the charity that is even greater than faith and hope.'[4]

A distinguished Nonconformist, speaking on behalf of his brethren at the opening of the Library, said that though 'he represented a branch of the great Christian family to which Mr. Gladstone did not belong, there was no man who had so little sympathy with Nonconformist opinions who yet appealed more strongly to the Nonconformist heart. When the question of voting a grant to St. Deiniol's Library came before the Gladstone Memorial Committee, there were some members [he said] who feared that the Nonconformist section might be staggered by the idea of a purely Anglican Institution being assisted out of that particular fund. But,' continued Dr. Guinness Rogers, himself a member of the Memorial Committee, 'you don't understand Nonconformists. We don't object to sympathise with men in their own opinions

[4] Morley's *Life of Gladstone*, vol. ii. pp. 186, 187.

and beliefs . . . It was the men who fought most strongly for their own conscience who were most ready to respect the consciences of others.'

'It is my earnest desire,' wrote the founder, 'that the hospitality of the Institution should be as far as possible available for persons beyond the pale of the Anglican Church.' Not a school, not a college or a free library, in the ordinary sense, but a home for mental and spiritual refreshment and research, open to thinkers of every class, even to those to whom the gift of faith has been denied, earnest inquirers, seekers, searchers after the truth that is divine. A spirit of reverence, a love of truth, sympathy with the aims of the founder, this is all that is demanded of its visitors. The founder hoped that the Library 'would not be used for purposes hostile to the Church of England.' This is expressed in the trust deed. But for 'the advancement of divine learning' he looked specially to the resident community. And the type of men that undoubtedly he had in view, and to whom he in the first instance offered the Wardenship, were men residing and working in religious bodies already existing and in working order, men who by the example of their lives and the fruits of their labours, by their learning, their teaching, their writings and their ministrations, would form at Hawarden a living centre of religion, and would do for their own generation what Pusey and Stubbs, Lightfoot and Westcott had done for theirs. Mr. Gladstone saw that in an age when the negative tendencies of thought were seeking to dethrone Christianity from its true predominance over the intellectual and moral development of humanity, it would be good to revive something of the methods of the wise of old. By their lives that predominance had originally been won, by their austere experience they had shown it could best be sustained by the spiritual discipline of the consecrated life, inspired and strengthened by corporate devotion and aspiration. In the words of the greatest Christian philosopher[5] of our own day—a writer who pleads for some such recovery of the ancient spirit in dealing with our own moral problems—'And this lesson we need not scorn to learn from what larger minds in calmer ages thought out with prayer and fasting, we whose minds are weaker and whose lives unquiet, and who seldom fast or pray.'

MARY DREW.

[5] J. R. Illingworth, author of *Bampton Lectures, Divine Immanence, Reason and Revelation, Christian Character*, &c.

POSSIBILITIES OF PEASANT OWNERSHIP IN SUSSEX

I WRITE as a Conservative, rather than a Radical, certainly not a Whig, in home politics and a landlord, but with a strong twist in favour of land-reform, especially in the direction of peasant ownership, if such possibly can be revived by any favour of Parliament. I write, too, as essentially in this matter a Sussex man. I am no patriot in the modern sense—I mean no imperialist—hardly a nationalist about black manufacturing England. But I have a passionate love for my native county with its green oak woods, its deep clay fallows, its sheltering hedgerows, its ancient forest wastes, and that 'chain of majestic mountains,' its South Downs. These are more to me than all the British Colonies put together, and India and the rest of the Empire over seas. I love also the Sussex farm folk and indigenous peasantry, so patient of their labour, so able of their hands, so intelligent in their traditional agricultural work. It makes me angry to think that they are disappearing from the parishes where they have lived and ploughed and reaped since the days of the Heptarchy, pushed out of them by changed economical conditions and the pressure of unintelligent and harmful laws.

At the same time, in owning myself Conservative, it must not be suspected of me that I am a mere tariff-reformer in disguise. I do not believe in any nostrum of protection as either possible or desirable in England, certainly not as the coming cure for all our rural misfortunes. No import duty on wheat, were it an eight-shilling one, could, without other far more important changes, keep our peasantry at home, and though it might benefit landlords it would not help us much towards a wider distribution of the land, and it is in this alone that I see a possibility of any large new prosperity. On the other hand I am still less of a land-nationaliser, the opposite extreme in land politics. A study which I made many years ago of the agricultural condition of India, where the system of State-ownership is carried to its extreme results, has convinced me that of all fallacies of reform this is the most hopeless of good. In India we see one sole universal landlord, the State, like all States, deeply in debt and in constant

want of money; unable, except here and there, to devote any capital to improvements; unwilling to remit rent to tenants in arrears, and raising the assessment at short intervals wherever the value of the land has been improved, however little, by the occupier's labour. It is, in fact, a shameless rack-renter, with the result that its tenants are, of all tenants, the poorest in the world. The spectacle presented by the naked and starving Indian ryot is a complete answer to land-nationalisation as a philanthropic scheme. The Indian State, moreover, is a universal absentee landlord, and like all absentees without bowels of compassion. Its collecting agents are not allowed to have bowels, being promoted and commended, not according to the prosperity of the district they administer, but according to the revenue they raise. They are, in the eyes of the peasantry, mere engines of authority, constantly changing, as their advancement hurries them from post to post, and so intangible; the ministers of an unseen, implacable fiscal power, pledged to severity, unable, if they would, to spare them; impersonal, unapproachable, whose names even they seldom learn to know. The State, then, in a word, is of all landlords the worst, as the State tenant is of all tenants the least enviable. I should be the last person to advocate land-nationalisation as a cure for our rural evils. Had it been a desirable thing we may be quite sure that we should have found it established ere now in France, Belgium, and Switzerland, all highly productive countries enjoying free institutions and able, if they would, to adopt new systems. But that form of socialism has not commended itself to any of them, and we may therefore dismiss it from consideration amongst ourselves.

Having said this much, by way of clearing the ground and showing my personal bias, I will go on to state what the exact condition is of agricultural things with which, in Sussex, we have to deal.

Sussex is a typical English county of the purely agricultural kind. It is without industrial centres, without mines, without manufactures. With the single exception of Brighton, an excrescence of West End London confined to a few miles of sea coast, it has no first-class town. From east to west, a distance of seventy miles, and from north to south, a distance of thirty, it is a succession of cultivated fields interspersed with breadths of oak wood and hazel copse, with ample hedgerows surrounding each enclosure and well watered, if not by streams, by ponds sunk in the clay soil. Such, at least, is the special character of the Weald, its central and most important area; an ideal country, one would think, for peasant ownership and small tenant holdings. And so, too, until a quite recent date it was. Even to-day the holdings in the Weald are small, farms of a hundred acres being about the average size, while those of sixty and fifty acres are far from uncommon, with even such small

tenancies sometimes as of twenty acres. Here and there the yeomen owners of such plots may still be found, and the peasant proprietors of mere cottages and gardens all their own. There are, therefore, in our county the physical conditions still existing of rural prosperity and an agricultural population which is not yet extinct or wholly divorced from interest in the soil, and which, under favourable circumstances, might easily be retrieved from its decline. There is no necessity with us so far of repeopling the land with immigrants from London or the north. The curse of the Scotch farmer has not yet invaded us, with its mechanical cultivation, its divorce of capital from labour, its hatred between farmer and farm-hand. The day labourer in the Weald may still, under fortunate circumstances, rise to be tenant of the fields he has ploughed. There is no class barrier to shut him out, nor the financial impossibility raised against him in so many counties of farms of a thousand and two thousand acres.

Beyond the Weald, to the north of it, lies a narrow strip of ancient forest land, a region of poor soil, as poor as any in England—Ashdown, Worth, St. Leonard's Forests, once populous two hundred years ago, in the days of the iron industry, but having little more now than a residential value joined to facilities of sport, its only productive industry. Even timber grows on it unkindly, and such portions of it as were cleared fifty or sixty years ago are for the most part lapsing once more into waste, farmer after farmer having lost his money in its too hungry soil. South, again, of the Weald we come to yet another region, that of the South Downs, separated from it by a narrow belt of fertile green sand much inhabited. Here, on the Downs, quite other conditions prevail, those of wide sheep runs, many-acred farms, and sparsely inhabited plains, lightly tilled, but growing more and more productive as they slope to the sea coast. The strip between the Downs and the sea is the most fertile land of any in Sussex, with the exception of the water meadows which spread themselves out where the local rivers meander to the shore. It is a land of high farming and large holdings, but suited, too, for market gardening, and is so to a growing extent employed, having a multiplicity of seaside watering places as local markets for its produce.

Such are the physical features of the county, features by no means unfavourable to high rural prosperity, and just such as have adapted themselves to the small culture we find on the opposite shores of the Channel in France. I am no pessimist in my view of agricultural things, and I cannot believe but that with reasonable laws, and regulations relaxed of their new rigour, the age of gold for our peasantry might come again. The causes of their decline, though complex, are not so mysterious but we can understand them and, if we will, apply a remedy. I will take them in as logical a sequence as the case permits.

Land Tenure

I cannot honestly say that I find any complaint in Sussex of the existing system of land tenure. I mean that the demand for freehold ownership of the lands they occupy hardly exists among our farmers, while even for small plots of land it would be easier to get yearly tenants from among the peasantry than purchasers at however low an agricultural price. There are several local reasons for this. In the first place I think it may fairly be said that needy and oppressive landlords are rare in the county. Rack-renting, except on a very few estates, has never been in fashion with us, and certainly of late years rents have been so extremely low, with a tendency to become still lower, that the farmer has little inducement to invest any part of his capital in freeing himself of so light a liability. He would sooner have the freedom, which a low-rented tenancy gives him, of changing his holding than be tied to it by absolute ownership. The feeling is on the increase, and manifests itself to the extent that yearly tenancies, even by substantial farmers, are now sought in preference to leases. On the other hand there is little risk for him, if he desires to stay on, of receiving a notice to quit. The times are not such as to tempt landlords to dispossess a good tenant for a mere whim, or for any fanatical reason, political or religious. Were he to indulge in such petty tyranny he would speedily find his acres unlet, a burden on his hands. What, however, is the chief local reason for contentment with the present system is that, unlike, I believe, the whole of the rest of England, we have in Sussex, by immemorial custom, a well-established rule of tenants' compensation for unexhausted improvements. This, by itself, has been sufficient to differentiate our agricultural case from that of our neighbours, and, as I will presently show, has operated, in these hard times, to the benefit of both owner and occupier. Hence the satisfaction felt.

All, I believe, that the law can do to help us in connection with land tenure is to free us from the absurd difficulties thrown in the way of transferring freehold land from seller to purchaser, where purchase is desired. The complicated inquiries necessary for the proving of titles, the multiplicity of documents, requiring the intervention of lawyers at every step of the conveyance, with corresponding excessive charges, are a real hindrance. For this purpose a general land registration office is urgently needed, such as exists in nearly all other civilised countries, where estates or parts of estates could, on payment of a simple fee, change hands, as it were, across the counter. It is, indeed, exasperating to think that, even in so backward a community as that of Egypt, large properties can be bought and sold in this expeditious and inexpensive way, in an afternoon, and at the cost of a few shillings, while in England the conveyance of a mere cottage and garden takes weeks to complete, and almost as many pounds.

ι Egypt, fifteen years' free occupation is a sufficient title to owner-
ip, and gives the occupier right to have his land registered as free-
eld property, when no more form will be required for its transfer
ıan a witnessed signature on stamped paper, affixed at the office.
like manner leases should be freed from the high charges now
gally imposed upon their drawing up, the expense attending every
ransaction between landlord and tenant being a serious difficulty
here small holdings are concerned.

Compensation for Improvements

I have explained that in Sussex we have an immemorial custom
or unexhausted labour and improvements. The custom arose, if I
m not mistaken, from the peculiar soil of the Weald, a stiff clay of
ery little natural value when put for the first time to the plough,
nd requiring much work and dressing to give it its fertility. At the
me time the value put into such soil remains long by it, and, when
roperly treated, carries heavy cereal crops, especially wheat. Thus
he goodness of the land is more the tenant's than the landlord's, and
is has been always recognised. The custom is, at the end of a
enancy—and it matters nothing whether the notice is given by tenant
r by landlord—a valuation is made of all the labour done in the last
ear, the fallows tilled, the manures spread, and the crops sown,
s well as of the yet uncarted manures, the hay and straw stacked,
nd everything else that the tenant would have turned to money if
is tenancy had been continued. If there is a successor ready to
ucceed to the tenancy, the incoming and the outgoing farmers name
ach a valuer, who between them appoint a third as arbiter in case of
isagreement, and the amount agreed on is paid by the incomer to
ie outgoer. The landlord, however, is in the last resort liable, and
hus the farmer who quits is sure of his money. The advantage of this
rrangement is easily seen. To the farmer it is a guarantee against
ss by arbitrary eviction, for the landlord will think twice before
arting with a good tenant to whom he will be liable to pay several
undred pounds. To the landlord it is an almost certain pledge that
ie land will be left well cultivated, for the price awarded by the
aluer, generally a farmer himself, is pretty sure to be above rather
ian below the value of the improvement. But for this custom,
Vealden farms would run the risk of rapid deterioration, for the
oodness is all on the surface of the soil.

I hope that when the matter of compensation for improvements
s discussed in Parliament, these points will be dwelt on, for they are
ıost important. As to other proposed improvements, such as the
lanting of orchards, drainage, and the erection of farm buildings,
see no objection to compensation on the same plan, if any means
an be devised by which it can be awarded intelligently. It is, of

course, easy to get local valuers for fallows and dressings, for they are visible to the eye, and are generally understood; but both orchard planting and drainage are capable of doing harm to the land if injudiciously undertaken, and opinions would certainly differ as to the real value of new buildings to a farm. It would be unfair on an incoming tenant, or failing such on the landlord, to charge him for fruit trees planted for the outgoing tenant's whim on unsuitable soil, and still more for expensive fatting sheds out of proportion to the size of the holding. Some means, however, could doubtless be found of adjusting this difficulty, and I am certainly in favour of extending the range of compensation wherever it can reasonably be done. The talk about the evil which would be thus created by a dual ownership is all nonsense. Dual ownership of a kind there will always be as long as land is leased, and in Sussex the duality, emphasised by our special local custom, has proved a double blessing.

Fixity of Tenure

As already shown, fixity of tenure is not at all a popular demand with us. The existing Sussex farmer prefers his freedom to go or stay, and cares exceedingly little for a guarantee against disturbance which he already practically possesses. In truth, none of these legal questions so much debated by land reformers have much application to Sussex circumstances. They are hardly at all connected with the rural depopulation we deplore, and as little do they point to the remedy we seek.

Subdivision

Personally, I am much in favour of the subdivision of large estates. I think it a misfortune politically that land-ownership should be vested in so few hands as we see it in England—to say nothing of Scotland—as tending in our day to restrict the voting power which country interests ought rightly to maintain against the towns—and, be it noted, the two interests are on many points at conflict. I consider it, too, agriculturally undesirable that any one man should be lord of more acres than he can personally and very closely oversee, perhaps even than he can personally occupy. Thus I am sure that the aggregation of estates in various parts of the kingdom, all in one person, is of benefit to no one, including the owner, while even in a ring fence it is difficult to see the advantage to any man of property exceeding a very few thousand acres. With the best intentions in the world, an owner who is obliged, by the size of his estate, to leave its ordering to an agent, risks incurring the responsibility of injustice and even of agricultural mismanagement. Agents are always a little tempted to rack-rent for their professional credit, and especially where, as is sometimes the case, they are paid not by a fixed salary,

but by a percentage on the rent roll, a most pernicious system. I say this, although in Sussex the largest estates have the repute of being perhaps the best managed; but we have for our good fortune almost no absentee owners, while our great resident lords have nearly all of them valuable properties elsewhere, whose income enables them to be generous to their tenants at home. In other counties, however, these conditions are reversed; and I think some limit might fairly be encouraged to the size of freehold ownerships. Perhaps the best means would be by readjusting the death duties so as to put pressure on owners to divide their estates at their death. The death duty is a progressive one, calculated at present on the total of the property left by the deceased. Would not the object of subdivision be obtained by calculating it in the case of land progressively on the value inherited by each legatee? Such an adjustment of the death duty would certainly encourage large landowners to divide their properties, and might be arranged to operate down to the precise point at which subdivision is economically desirable. This would be a better way than that adopted a century ago by the Code Napoleon with the same object, and would avoid the results, social and national, now acknowledged as so injurious in the Code.

Beyond this plan of gradual subdivision for the freehold ownership of large estates, lies the more immediately practical possibility of subdividing tenancies. Here the difficulty lies less with the existing landowners than with their tenants. It would obviously be a hardship inflicted on the good farmer of a hundred-acre farm to take from his occupation a dozen acres here, and a score more there, with which to start peasant holdings. Yet, as a rule, such would be the necessity, rendered the more oppressive because it would be certainly just the best or most convenient fields which would be claimed for the new tenants. Subdivision would have to wait its opportunity and be effected as tenancies fell in. And this brings us to the main question of our inquiry: Are peasant holdings economically possible?

Peasant Holdings

In Sussex, as I have said, there were formerly a number of small holdings in the Weald of less than twenty acres, worked on purely agricultural lines, some by freeholders and others by yearly tenants. A few still survive, but for the most part they have disappeared, the fields composing them being now incorporated into the neighbouring larger farms. The reason of their abandonment has been mainly the increased expense of living, joined to the fall in agricultural and woodland prices together with other discouragements, some of them legally imposed, to which I shall presently allude. What, however, is certain, is that under present circumstances there are in the Weald no new applicants for holdings of such small size. The

actual occupiers of them perhaps do not move away from the homes where they were born, but their sons are unwilling to continue the tenancies after their deaths, and in cases where they are freeholders, the small properties are almost invariably sold either to the chief local squire or to some Brighton shopkeeper who fancies he would like to have a bit of land for residence in a picturesque neighbourhood. As separate agricultural plots maintaining each a peasant family, they thus cease one after the other to exist.

On the other hand, south of the Downs we find small holdings distinctly on the increase. Here the better quality of the soil, with the advantage of a ready market in Brighton, Worthing, and the other south-coast towns, is favouring every kind of garden industry, and tenants are found who, for small plots, will give as much as 4*l.* and 5*l.* yearly rent per acre, and make a good living out of it. I have heard, under very favourable circumstances, of as much as 60*l.* worth of garden produce being sold off a single acre of such land within the twelve months—a fact which shows the direction schemes of new peasant ownership might take even now with a chance of being successful. The same thing, I believe, is to be seen in the neighbourhood of great towns in most other counties, notably in the neighbourhood of Portsmouth and Southampton, but it is an essential condition of success that a good soil should be joined to very easy access to a really good market. Vegetable garden produce cannot be grown to a profit on our stiff clays, nor even on the better soils in-land, far from a railway station or country market.

There remains to us then, for the far larger part of the county, perhaps for nineteen-twentieths of the whole, no other resource, if we are to re-establish on it peasant holdings, than to encourage other small rural industries, if such can be found, suited to the local circumstances. It is a great misfortune for the Weald, a country much interspersed with woodlands, and provided everywhere with broad hedgerows, that within the last thirty years the value of every kind of woodland produce has declined even more rapidly than that of corn. I see, while I am writing, an article in your April number of this Review, by my friend and Sussex neighbour, Mr. Wilberforce, explaining how this has come about, so I will not repeat it here. But the fact is one of great significance as adding to our local economical trouble. Time was, when, as Cobbett pointed out, the Weald was a fortunate land for the poor to live in. With a soil not too rich to have been put wholly under the plough, or grabbed by the high-farming squirearchy, there were many small ways of eking out a living for the cottager besides regular field labour, timber to be felled and flawed in spring, underwoods to be cut, hurdles to be made, roofs to be thatched, hedges to be trimmed, ditches to be cleared, to say nothing of the plentiful windfalls of wood for the cottage hearth, and the broad strips of grass by the waysides where cows could be grazed and

geese reared free of hire. It was by the help of these advantages that the cottage freeholder and small peasant tenant of a few acres lived. Nearly every one of them had an industry apart from the tilling of his own fields to keep him employed, especially in winter time, when the land was lying idle. The secret of his prosperity lay largely in this fact; and to the failure in recent times of one after the other of all these side-sources of income his vanishing presence may now be largely traced. Nearly all the little industries I have named were skilled industries transmitted from father to son, and the knowledge of most of them is already almost lost. Some, like the art of thatching, have been killed by the district councils and fire insurance companies; others, like the art of woodcraft, by competition, and the substitution in so many directions of other substances for timber. The use even of wood for burning is almost abandoned with the decay of the old cottages, and the erection of new ones with coal grates. Faggots, once so prized, lie rotting on the ground, because there is no space of open hearth where they can be lighted, so that with their disuse half the value of the hedgerows has been lost. Cows may no longer be grazed by the waysides. Sanitary rules interfere with piggeries. Geese may not wander. Not a cottage may be rebuilt in the old inexpensive way, or without the intervention of the district surveyor, and in a style needing an architect and a contract with a town builder. We start thus in our attempt to revive peasant holdings heavily handicapped as compared with the less civilised past. All that remains for us is to make what use we can of modern appliances in aid of the land for agriculture proper, joined with such few minor rural industries as still are possible.

Milk and Chicken Farming

I have made a calculation that, on an average, in the Weald, a family can live by plain, unaided agriculture on a holding of less than twenty acres. A man can dig about ten rods a day—that is, an acre in sixteen days—so that all the land he can cultivate by his own unaided spade labour would be about five acres. But the cereal crops grown on five acres will not keep a family according to present prices and the present scale of living, and he is obliged to look to other sources of profit than cereals alone. The most obvious of these are the milk and chicken industries. Our clay soil, if properly laid down and well dressed while maturing, makes excellent meadows, and the sheltered character of the fields and the abundance of water are specially favourable to dairy work. That, therefore, is an industry likely to help us. The principal drawbacks at present, and it is a complaint very generally made, are the excessive railway charges for conveying milk to London, our chief market, and, again, the risk of loss to the producer through the dishonesty or insolvency of middlemen. Both these impediments

to success might probably be removed by the Board of Agriculture, if it were so minded. The railway charges, I suppose, could be reduced by Act of Parliament; while, as to the middlemen, it would seem not very difficult for milk markets under public guarantee to be established in the chief urban centres.

The question of chicken and egg farming is more complex. To carry on this industry successfully, much intelligence is required, and very constant care. By itself, I doubt whether it can produce good results; but taken in connection with a small agricultural holding, of eight to ten acres, and managed by the women and children of the family, while the man works the land, it could even under present conditions be made into a livelihood. One thing, however, stands absolutely in the way and must be changed before chicken farming can become at all a general industry. I say it with regret, but without hesitation, chicken farming and fox hunting cannot exist together, and if we want the one, we must not maintain the other. Chicken and egg farms fail principally in Sussex because, to escape the depredation of foxes, the chickens cannot be let run freely in the fields and hedgerows, where, to a large extent, they should pick up their living. Shut up in wire enclosures their cost in feeding is too great. The fox is a wide night-roamer, and cannot be dealt with locally, as is the case with other vermin, by help of trap or gun or poison. Personally, I love the fox, as I do all wild creatures, and should be sorry to lose him as an ancient inhabitant of our woods, but he cannot be made to stay in them, and has an irresistible craving for domestic fowls. Until, therefore, he ceases to be preserved by landowners, it is useless to talk of our competing in Sussex with the chicken industries of France, where the fox finds no quarter. The kindred evil of excessive game preserving also needs dealing with, though for this form of sport less drastic measures than prohibition would be needed. Pheasants are easily retained at home, and seldom wander far from cover, and never by night, and it would probably be ample protection for the peasant farmer were he to be given the right, as already he has it for hares and rabbits, of killing them on his own holding. This would be a more effective plan, I think, than compensation for damage, a difficult thing to work, and one entailing much loss of time on the poor man, and risk of legal charges. It would leave him, too, the option, if he chose it, of coming to terms on a money basis with neighbouring game preservers, and so of increasing his income. The pheasant industry is far too valuable a one economically in Sussex to be unnecessarily sacrificed altogether.

Agricultural Education

All these matters are, however, of subsidiary importance to what we have now to consider, the possibility of reforming the existing

system of country education, which, with its compulsory character, is the true determining cause of the decline of our rural life. Here we come to the very kernel of the agricultural case, and unless legislators are prepared to deal with it on lines quite different from those now laid down, we may as well cease to talk of land reform. The decay of our villages will go on each year at an accelerated pace and in another generation will have completed its work of depopulation.

The various Education Acts of recent times have all been based upon a common error. The thought underlying them has been that all children, both in town and country, shall receive the same primary education and with it an equal opportunity of such intellectual development as their brain is capable of and so of rising in the world. In order to attain this end a high standard of schooling has been made compulsory throughout the kingdom, schooling suitable, perhaps, as an introduction to the highest spheres of education, even that of the Universities, but imposed without regard to the special line of life the child is intended to follow. In the towns, where, on the one hand, there are multiform openings to young ability in the shape of trade and skilled employment, and where, on the other hand, unskilled labour is of the simplest kind, the idea may be a sound one, nor will I argue here whether or not it has been attended with success. What, however, I am quite certain of is that, in the training of our country youth to agricultural progress or even to a maintenance of such agricultural knowledge as was possessed by the less lettered generation of their fathers, the education forced upon them these last thirty-five years has been a complete and lamentable failure. It seems to have been overlooked by those who framed the scheme of board school education that, whatever may be the case with other trades and occupations, agriculture is an art acquirable only by early training and practical teaching out of doors, a traditional knowledge handed down from father to son through many generations, and which no oral instruction in class, still less book learning, can give. If therefore a boy is to be a working agriculturist in after life, it is manifestly the worst possible form of education to keep him from the fields and compel his attention to matters wholly foreign to them for the best learning years of his boyhood. The case needs only to be stated to be understood. And the experience of the last three decades has amply confirmed its truth. Rural education cries out before all other evils for reform. I will venture to suggest what should be done, for it is always best when denouncing error to suggest a remedy.

My scheme of educational reform for country parishes would be as follows: I accept it as a principle that the State has the right to insist on universal education and so that primary education should continue to be compulsory; and I quite agree that, being compulsory, it also should be gratuitous. If parents are forced to send their children to school—and to a countryman this implies a loss

of his children's valuable services—he of course should be relieved of all school fees for doing so. Moreover, I am in line with those who say that such children, if kept away from their meals at home, should be fed at the public expense. This is but justice; cost what it may, the cost must be met. It is, however, altogether unnecessary that such elementary schooling should be prolonged for more than at most four years—say from the age of eight to twelve, or, better still, seven to eleven—for all that need be taught by books as a preliminary to success in agricultural life would be the usual reading, writing, and arithmetic, with some easy method of bookkeeping and, perhaps, a rudimentary knowledge of such simple practical science, chemical or other, as should be of use in rural life. All this could certainly be learned by the dullest boys in four years and taught by the least intellectually competent of teachers, while it would have the advantage of avoiding the religious denominational difficulty, so great a source of bitterness, in a course too elementary to bring in religion under any form. These four years passed, the boy would be returned to the fields, a boy still and young enough to begin his agricultural training with a fair start. To keep a boy after the age of twelve at history and other intellectual work is to spoil him for ever for the plough. I am sure I am speaking the universal opinion of my county when I lay this down as a maxim of rural experience and its disregard as the chief source of its agricultural decline.

Nor is educational reform in the country less necessary for girls than boys. The small cultures of rural France, its universal peasant farming, its paying vegetable and poultry enterprises—does any one suppose that these could prosper as they do if the women of the family did not work with their hands? In France, in Belgium, in Switzerland, in Holland, every woman shares the labour of the fields—and therein lies the secret of their agricultural success. To make peasant farming other than an economic failure there must be no idle mouths in the cottage. Man, woman, boy, girl, all must take their share in the outdoor work, according to their strength. Otherwise there will soon be hunger within. And our present provided schools in Sussex? What do our country girls learn in them? A mass of pleasant, useless knowledge, admirable if they are to be only the ornaments of rural society, of some advantage perhaps if they are to attain the rank of shop assistants, barmaids at restaurants and railway stations, lady telegraphists, lady typewriters, occasionally it may be the idle wives of professional men, far more often helpless waifs fluctuating between domestic service and the streets. They are taught to dress nicely, to be scrupulously clean, to have pretty manners, to read aloud, recite poetry, sing—who knows, dance?—all delightful things adding to the amenity of life, but none of them such as can possibly help them to fill honestly the family stocking on a miry farm down in the Wealden clays. How shall a young person educated in delicate ways

thus tramp through the farmyard slush to feed the pigs? How shall she drive the cows in in the rain? How haggle at market over halfpence for her fowls? How spoil her complexion in the hayfield, her hands with rough work, harvesting? Our Sussex girls and wives used to perform all these unladylike duties willingly, as the girls and wives of the French peasantry do to-day. But now they will have none of them. Already half the cottage pig-byres stand empty in our lanes, because the housewife is too dainty to put her hand to the feeding tub—too delicate to wet her feet. A nation cannot have it both ways. Either there must be a class of men and women allowed to grow up hardy enough and rough enough to do the country work, or the fields must be left derelict, converted to the purpose of rich men's pleasure, the only one left to them. And that is precisely what is happening all over rural England. No! The compulsory education of girls should, equally with that of boys, be restricted to a few intellectual essentials helped on by the teaching of a little quite plain needlework and of as much cookery as can be practically taught. This should be given gratis by the State. More than this the parents or the members, if they be so minded, of the various religious denominations must be left to provide for older children at their own voluntary cost. There could be no hardship in such a plan, and our dwindling agricultural population would have a chance of being saved for the fields they are now taught by law to despise. It is a preposterous sign of the times that the young women in our villages, some of them, rather than be at the pains to cook a plain dinner, will dish up tinned meat and vegetables as a sufficient labourer's meal.

My conclusion from all this is that land-reform, if it is to be confined to improvements in land tenure, whether in the direction of land nationalisation, dual ownership, subdivision, or what you will, cannot arrest the rural decline and is more likely to make things worse than better, and that it would be a truer national economy to leave things as they are, with the country districts drifting into the condition of a continuous pleasure ground, serving all classes from the great manufacturing cities for health resorts and places of week-end amusement and the rich for opportunities of spending their money on amateur agriculture with the help of amateur rural dependents. I still see, however, the possibility of a better and, as I understand it, more patriotic way, that which I have sketched, in which the ancient fields and villages of England may be saved from their agricultural decay and be made once more prosperous and fully peopled. Only is it possible to convince our reformers, most of them townsmen and with townsmen's views of our rural needs, that the reforms they advocate are mainly acad mic and that salvation lies in quite other directions?

WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT.

EURIPIDES IN LONDON

In art as in politics, 'back to Aristotle' is a golden rule. Living at the end of the greatest creative era that the world has known, and summing up the whole Greek experience with a judgment worthy of that which he judged, Aristotle has left a criticism of life and literature that has permanent value for all ages. The Greeks in their lives aimed at what was intrinsically valuable and beautiful, in their poetry grasping the universal, they 'saw life clearly and saw life whole,' and in their criticism they established what is of abiding import in art. 'We are all Greeks,' said Sir Henry Maine. Would that we were. For though our institutions and our philosophy have their foundations deeply laid in the principles of their civilisation, yet their clearness of outlook on life and their intuitive grasp of the beautiful are lost possessions. Lost, too, their innate sense of measure and proportion, their apprehension of the aim and limits of each form of art, of its proper function, and its appropriate pleasure. The modern world seeks in music the pleasure of drama—witness the overtures of Wagner and the symphonic poems of Strauss—in drama the pleasures of spectacle, the lecture, or glorified pantomime, witness our reproductions of Shakespeare, the plays of Bernard Shaw—and musical comedies.

It is in drama that the Greeks attained to their most consummate perfection, and it is perhaps in drama that we have most thoroughly departed from their standards and lost sight of their principles. Nobody would deny that in many ways we have progressed beyond their standpoint; our drama is freer, its stage is broader, it deals more intimately with life, it takes its characters from a wider circle, and it analyses them more closely. But at the same time it has lost its place as a spiritual and intellectual force, it has become an entertainment for the eye, a diversion for the jaded mind, and it no longer purifies the emotions or raises the mind. It prefers the low levels of light comedy and farce and the stagnant marshes of musical comedy to the higher ground of tragedy or the airy regions of fancy; it is prosaic in spirit as well as in form; its satire keeps close to the ground, and its realism represses any flight of the imagination.

In France and Germany some still strive along a higher way,

but in England the desire of the playwright to tickle the senses and provoke laughter, and the love of the audience for spectacle and entertainment, seem between them to crush serious effort or lofty aspiration. Even the plays of our great Elizabethan dramatists are perverted and distorted so as to become either poetical melodramas or spectacular fantasies. Shakespeare to-day is mainly 'dressed for show'; Marlowe and Webster are not played at all, and since the Elizabethan age England has produced no tragedy that has lived on the stage.

We cannot restore the spirit of the old Greek dramatists, but lately, at the Court Theatre, by the help of Mr. Gilbert Murray, we were able to breathe their pure air, and contrast it with our own foggy atmosphere. The run of a Greek play at a London theatre is a noteworthy fact. In Paris a translation of Sophocles' supreme tragedy, the *Œdipus Rex*, is included in the répertoire of the Comédie Française. But England has not hitherto recognised the works of the 'Tragic Triad of Immortal Fame' as living art. It is true that Cambridge University triennially provides a performance in Greek of a comedy or a tragedy; that Oxford fitfully follows suit; that Mr. Benson has taken round the country a compressed—a very compressed—version of the Orestean trilogy of Æschylus, and that the experiment of playing an English translation of Euripides' plays at a few *matinée* performances was successful at the Court Theatre last year. But all these productions may be considered academic or tentative. It was not till last month that a management was found daring enough to try such a play for a continuous run.

To what may we ascribe this new venture? Partly, I think, to the excellence of Mr. Gilbert Murray's work as translator; he is not only a brilliant Greek scholar, but he is also a poet, and a dramatic poet. Many an English reader must welcome his version of Euripides as Keats welcomed Chapman's Homer.

> Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
> When a new planet swims into his ken.

Yet the excellence and vividness of his translation would hardly have commanded success on the stage, were it not that Euripides responds to a desire of a considerable class of playgoers, which is not satisfied by the modern theatre. It is a desire for emotional arousal, for the real tragic pleasure; and for this we have to turn to the simple poetical tragedy of the Greeks.

It is remarkable that at the same theatre there should be played during one fortnight a tragedy of Euripides, and during the next a play of Bernard Shaw. For they represent the extreme species of the dramatic genus, and the pleasures they afford are radically different. Euripides exhibits drama in its most elemental form, and it is as true now, after the lapse of two thousand years, as it was when

Aristotle said it—that he is the most tragic of all poets. Bernard Shaw, on the other hand, presents drama in its most disintegrated condition, converted, not to say perverted, to an intellectual entertainment, become a peg on which to hang epigrams and startling half-truths, proclaimed openly as a discussion on social philosophy and political follies. People flock to his plays, to be amused or instructed on the topics of the hour, or in the hope of picking up concise views of life in its social, political, and religious relations. It surely is not for an entertainment of this character that they go to hear the *Electra* or the *Hippolytus* of Euripides. Not that these plays lack intellectual subtlety—and, indeed, they were once powerful instruments of ethical culture; but what has been called their 'true inwardness' has to-day little interest in the theatre; they represent for us human nature, not at any particular period or place, nor as marking a particular form of civilisation or religious development, but in its universal aspect and in situations which, by their inherent grandeur and sadness, have power to move the emotions and excite sympathy. To adapt the words of Aristotle, the drama of Euripides is a poetical representation of a complete and typical action, whose lines converge on a determined end; through pity and fear effecting the proper purgation of these emotions. These last words reveal the essence of tragedy and its specific function. 'Each art ought to produce not any chance pleasure, but the pleasure proper to it,' and the pleasure of tragedy is to arouse pity and fear for noble characters in misfortune, and give relief to these emotions, and thus to move the spectators to a larger sympathy and a nobler outlook on life.

While much of the perfection of Greek tragedy, both as a work of art and a spiritual force, can no longer be fully realised, it still retains this supreme value; and the drama of our own days, though it appeals more immediately to our transient interests and feelings, though its satire and its cleverness come home more readily, and though its spectacular effect is more striking, yet, for the most part, lacks the pleasure which Aristotle has marked out as the peculiar property of tragedy and the pre-eminent merit of Euripides. The nearest counterpart to the effect of a Greek play is to be sought not in the drama proper, but in an opera of Wagner, which, with its combination of music, drama, and dancing, and its glorification of national heroes and religious myths, approaches both in spirit and form tragedy of Euripides. The resemblance between the two may be closer, for Dr. Headlam has recently suggested that the use of the various lyric metres in the choral odes of the Greek tragedians was governed by a principle similar to the *leit-motif*; each metric phrase represented a particular mood or idea which is announced by its introduction or repetition. Be that as it may, the Greek tragedy, like Wagner's opera, produced its emotional effect by a combination

of music and drama, and had as its subject a story hallowed by national and religious feeling.

In modern representations a Greek play is necessarily shorn of much of its ancient glory. The sunny hillside, with its bright landscape, once the scene of its performance, is replaced by a dark theatre. We do not even attempt to reproduce the combined dignity and grace of the Greek dance, which was an act of worship as well as a thing of beauty. The ancient music to which the words were wedded would move us no longer, even had we a record of it; and neither the modern settings of Parry or Stanford, which are used at Cambridge, nor the more solemn chanting with which the choral odes are rendered at the Court Theatre, can supply the effect of what is lost. How powerful it was is evidenced by tradition. Browning has preserved the story of the Athenian prisoners in Sicily, who won their liberty by singing to their masters the *Alcestis* of Euripides; while it is related in Plutarch that, after the surrender of Athens, the Peloponnesian leaders were deliberating whether to destroy their proud rival or not, when they chanced to hear a captive singing the Parodos of the *Electra* of Euripides, and straightway they were all softened towards the city which had produced such a poet. The beauty of the words we can still feel, but the double beauty of words and music combined, which so powerfully moved the rude Lacedæmonian conquerors, we cannot realise, nor do the words to-day carry the thrill of religious awe with which they were once invested.

For Greek drama was more than a supreme form of art; it was also a religious service and an act of worship, invested with a sacredness and reverence to which the modern theatre is a stranger. In Athens art and religion, the worship of the gods and the pursuit of the beautiful, were fused together, and the fruit of this union was seen in the brightness of ceremonial, in the grandeur of sculpture, in the nobility of poetry. The characters of a Greek tragedy interpreted as well as represented life; they were raised above the common type of mortals because they embodied both the national and the religious ideal. They commanded not only the sympathy that is felt for splendid artistic creations, but also the reverence that is owed to the heroes of the race. To us they can appeal only by their humanity, by their universality, their truth to the broadest types of manhood and womanhood.

There is another aspect of Euripides which we may apprehend, but which we cannot fully appreciate. We call our dramas 'plays,' and the very name suggests that we look to them rather for entertainment and amusement than for ideas and ideals. To the Athenians the tragedies of Euripides were important instruments of religious education and moral culture. It was in the theatre at the yearly festivals of Dionysus that the problems of life and morality were raised and expounded. The poet was also the preacher, and the

prophet; he had to deal with the questionings propounded by a view of the divine government that had outgrown the conception of the gods embodied in the national myth. While forming his drama out of these myths he had so to interpret them that they should harmonise with the religious outlook of his audience. We have our problem plays to-day, but our playwrights seem to find no other problem in life than that of marriage. Of that they never weary, but other subjects of thought are not considered fit themes for drama. Far different was it with Euripides. Now making his characters speak for him, now through the chorus uttering his reflections on the story which he is telling, he deals continually with great moral and religious issues, some of them peculiar to his own, some common to all ages.

Without accepting in detail all Dr. Verrall's theories about Euripides' plays, which he interprets as subtle attacks on the polytheistic beliefs of the people, it may be said that the representations of the *Hippolytus* and the *Electra* leave a vivid impression of an attempt to throw discredit on the superstitions about the gods. The religious purpose is so apparent as to mar at times their dramatic excellence. 'The last scene of the *Electra*,' to quote the words of the late Professor Jebb, 'is equivalent to an epilogue by the dramatist who, in effect, addresses the audience as follows: "I have now told you the story in my own way, adhering to the main lines of the tradition, but reconciling it as far as possible with reason; and now, having done my best with it, I feel bound to add that it remains a damning indictment to Apollo and a scandal to the moral sense of mankind."' It may be admitted that such an epilogue disturbs our sympathies; the poet, as it were, intrudes his own moral conceptions which are not in perfect harmony with those suggested by the story which he has treated. So far is it true that Euripides' attempt to put new wine into old bottles involves a flaw in his artistic excellence, and causes the closing scene of some of his plays to be a step from supreme pathos to something like an anti-climax. The modern audience demands of the dramatist a happy ending, and to that end dramatic truth is made subservient to a popular providence. An Athenian audience—or rather religious custom at Athens—while permitting a wide freedom in the development of the myth, demanded its traditional ending, and to secure this the poet was sometimes called on to sacrifice one of two things—either the perfectly artistic development of his plot or its completely human treatment. In dealing with the story of Agamemnon's house, which, with all its grandeur, is in its elements primitive and barbaric, Sophocles chose the latter way, Euripides the former; and the price we pay for his humanising touch and his high moral purpose is an unconvincing ending.

A tragedy of Euripides, deprived already of its former splendour

as a work of art, of its appeal to our historical consciousness, and of its religious purport, may lose something more in our eyes by reason of two features which were originally considered signal merits, its intellectual subtlety and its chastened restraint.

The Athenians were essentially a dialectical people, and they took a keen pleasure in the formal struggle between two characters of whom one was trying to learn the truth, the other to parry his attempt. Hence the frequent passages of alternating question and answer, each contained within the measure of a line, and continuing till the whole truth has been dragged out bit by bit. This—the favourite method of 'recognition' and discovery—seems to us artificial and conventional, but the Athenians received it with delight. They loved the contests of the intellect no less than the contests of the body, and witnessed the mental struggle in the Dionysian theatre with no less zest than the physical combat in the arena.

In Euripides this passion for dialectic is most strongly pronounced, and he constantly causes his characters to hold debate on a set theme which arises indeed out of the drama, but is conducted with the artifices of a pleader in the court rather than with the free utterance of natural passion. The note of invention is further emphasised because anything that savoured of rant and hysteria was rigidly excluded, for the poet was always held in check by the idea of measure and self-control which was imposed by the religious aspect of his work. Hence the verse at the supreme moments may seem to us schooled and unnatural. Mr. Murray, indeed, in his translation frequently expands the pregnant brevity of the original, feeling, no doubt, that he is thus reproducing the emotional effect if not the Greek spirit of Euripides. Nowadays we demand of the playwright, above all things, directness, realism, and unrestricted outbursts of feeling, and we are largely out of sympathy with the subtlety of Euripides or with that restraint in the expression of passion which is so characteristic of the Greek genius.

It may be a matter for wonder that Greek drama, since so much of its subject-matter and its form is either without meaning to us or no longer appeals to our sympathies, should still be able to delight us; but if much is lost, much still remains. We have the splendid poetry, the fine subject of tragedy, the undying interest in the struggle of noble persons against Fate—above all, the genuine tragic pleasure of being moved with pity and terror for their misfortunes, and of being carried out of our own petty surroundings to sympathy with mankind in its highest types. More than Æschylus or Sophocles, Euripides is the tragic poet of all ages; he is essentially—

> Our Euripides the human,
> With his droppings of warm tears,
> And his touching of things common
> Till they rose to touch the spheres.

Of the two other masters of Greek tragedy Æschylus overpowers us with his tremendousness. Sophocles soars in a world too remote from our own feelings—too ideal. Euripides is the great humanist. The figures of the Greek myths become in his hands real men and women, not the less human because they belong to all ages, not the less real because they are drawn without individual peculiarities, not the less persons because they are also eternal types. The very simplicity of the character and of the action is of the essence of their greatness. Racine and Voltaire transformed Clytemnestra and Phædra into complex beings, and elaborated the simple straightforward structure of their Greek model with the intrigues of modern drama; but by so doing they miss the true tragic effect to which the simplicity of the motive is vital. In Euripides our whole attention is fixed upon the working out of one single struggle; the excitement is centred upon one single deed, each character represents one single purpose, and, let us note, the purpose of the tragedy is entirely attained by dramatic action and speech. Spectacular effect is altogether discarded. Full of import for the present stage are the words of Aristotle: 'Fear and pity may be aroused by spectacle, but they may also result from the inner structure of the piece, which is the better way and indicates a superior poet.'

Dramatic art should produce its effect not by the skill of the carpenter and the scene-painter, as modern representations of Shakespeare would have us believe, but by speech and action. The poverty of stage machinery and of scenic resources was not prejudicial to Greek drama, whereas the skill of the mechanician seems to be the bane of the modern stage. It might be expected to encourage the imagination, to give adequate representation to its flights, but, in fact, it stunts it. 'The world is too much with us.' We cannot be rid of it even at the theatre; there, too, in all its detail it is thrust on us, and while we feel a kind of wonder and some sort of pleasure at the illusion of the senses, we are deprived of the proper pleasure of the drama, which lies in the emotions. In the theatre we ought to be transported to a region where conflicting wills and passions rather than brilliant scenes and gorgeous pageants are the things that command attention. The Greek tragedians had a true instinct for the limits of illusion, and they knew that the truly dramatic effect is not attained by deceiving the senses; it is the feelings and the mind which must be affected, and so not only were they innocent of scenic display, but they even refrained from exhibiting physical violence on the stage. In Euripides' plays the actual catastrophe, to which the story leads up, either takes place behind the scenes or is reported by a messenger. And this is right, for the dramatic crisis is not the actual murder or death which *cannot* be adequately represented, but the determination of the will, which *can* be. It is the paradox of drama that it must finally depend for its great effects on speech, and

not on action. The messenger's account of the catastrophe in the *Hippolytus*, or the cry of Clytemnestra behind the scene in the *Electra*, achieved the tragic end far more surely than would the actual representation of what they describe. We shudder at the report, we might have smiled at the sea monster, and our horror is as great when Orestes enters the tent to kill his mother as if we actually witnessed the murder.

Thus in a Greek play, while the players have no extraneous aid in their presentation of the story, they are not called upon to perform physical impossibilities or to cheat the senses of the spectator by that bastard realism which to-day degrades dramatic art. Hence it is one of the most singular features about the performance of Euripides in London that in his plays one sees finer acting than in any modern piece. Here, if anywhere, the actor and the actress have their opportunity. The story they present and the lines they utter are impregnated with tragic force, which must be entirely expressed by their action and declamation. They move the audience because they are carried out of themselves by the greatness of their parts; they have doffed the masks which once precluded any individuality in the actors' presentation, but they must still sink their own personality beneath that which they represent. So commanding are the creations of the dramatist, so intense the situations of his story. The pleasure of fine acting is certainly one of the attractions of the Greek play, but, to end where we began, the supreme thing about it is the 'purgation of the emotions by pity and fear.' Taking the *Electra* as an example, the famous formula of Aristotle may be thus amplified. In witnessing the tragic fate of Clytemnestra and Orestes we are powerfully moved with conflicting emotions. The pity and terror which their struggles arouse in us cease to be personal feelings; we are lifted out of ourselves and, like the chorus which continually attunes our mood to the development of the story, we seem to be taking part in the action, suffering at the sorrows and rejoicing in the triumphs of hero and heroine. Our emotions are at once relieved and purged of their selfishness, till at last we rise to the full consciousness of the sadness in human life universally, and are deeply impressed by the inscrutable workings of Destiny. At such moments we can realise the meaning of Virgil's lingering line:

Sunt lacrymæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt.

The relief of our emotions, combined with this exaltation, is a pure pleasure, the distinctive pleasure, as Aristotle laid down, of tragedy. It is the pleasure which English drama of to-day, with its tyrannous realism, its tawdry spectacle, its lack of noble subject, of seriousness, of grand passions and of high motives almost entirely fails to provide. It is the pleasure which Euripides, with his simple grandeur of story, his broad humanity, his splendid poetry, and his mastery of

tragic situation pre-eminently gives. Two of our greatest modern poets—Matthew Arnold and Swinburne—have tried to imitate Greek tragedy, but the breath of life was denied them in such altitudes. The power to represent dramatically and vividly noble types of humanity in situations so terrible and so sad as to arouse the sympathy of all ages—this remains the abiding greatness of the Greek tragic poets, and it makes a play of Euripides for us to-day, as it was two thousand years ago, 'a purification of life.'

NORMAN BENTWICH.

ANCESTRAL MEMORY

A SUGGESTION

There are few people who have not at times been startled by some vivid reminiscence, which has suddenly illumined their minds when visiting some entirely new locality, or while viewing some scene which they know they have never seen before. A key has been, somehow, turned; a bolt shot back somewhere within the inner temple of their consciousness; a secret flashed in upon them, a thrill of insight has possessed them, and they feel for the moment a new light has broken over them. Words of amazed recognition rush to their lips, as a full current of new thought is switched on—and they feel they want to say so much all at once, that the effort generally ends in their saying little that is coherent. For an all too brief space, the recollection is there—a concept in the mind's eye, clear and strong, then it fades away, while they desperately hang on to the skirts of the vision. When it is entirely gone, they struggle to recall it as one would recast a dream. No use—it is gone; and the more serious ones realise that there are thoughts without words, as well as songs without words; slumbering ideas; dormant pictures; genius held in bondage, which require but the magic word to call them into active operation.

At other times the vision lingers sufficiently to enable us to get hold of something fairly definite; we are on firm enough ground to say 'I have seen all this before. I recognise that hill and those ruins; beyond that hill there is a village; the end of that lane will bring us to the main road,' and we pass on to give further details of what the picture brings back to us.

Let me quote from my own experience. Some ten years ago I paid my first visit to Rome. Again and again within the city there came these flashes of recognition. The Baths of Caracalla, the Appian Way, the Catacombs of St. Calixtus, the Colosseum—all seemed familiar to me. The reason appeared obvious. I was renewing my acquaintance with what I had seen in pictures and photographs. That might explain the buildings, but not the dark underground windings of the Catacombs. A few days later I was out at Tivoli.

Here, again, suddenly the whole place and countryside were as familiar to me as my own parish. I found myself struggling with a torrent of words, describing what it was like in the olden days. Up to that time I had read nothing of Tivoli. I had seen no views; only a few days previous to my visit had I heard of its existence, and here I was acting as guide and historian to a party of friends who concluded that I had made a special study of the place and neighbourhood; then the vision in my mind began to fade. I stopped like a man who for the time has forgotten his part, and I could say no more. It was as if a mosaic had dropped to pieces, leaving only a few remaining fragments still *in situ*, and presently these receded from my grasp.

On another occasion I was with a companion in the neighbourhood of Leatherhead, where I had never been before. The country was quite new to me and to my friend. In the course of conversation he remarked: 'They say there is part of an old Roman road somewhere round here, but I don't know whether it is on this side of Leatherhead or the other.' At once I said 'I know,' and led the way with certainty in my mind that I knew where we should find it, which we did; and there was the feeling that I had been on that road before riding, and that I had worn armour. Such incidents have caused me from time to time to pursue this subject among my friends, and quite a number of them can quote similar experiences. To the west, 3½ miles from where I live, is a Roman fortress in an almost perfect state of preservation. A clergyman called upon me one day and asked me to accompany him there for an examination of the ruins. He told me he had a distinct recollection of living there, and that he held some office of a priestly nature in the days of the Roman occupation. One fact struck me as significant. He insisted on examining a ruined tower which had bodily overturned. 'There used to be a socket in the top of it,' he went on, 'in which we used to plant a mast, and archers used to be hauled to the top in a basket protected with leather from which they picked off the leaders among the ancient Gorlestonians.' We found the socket he had indicated. I urged him to publish many things he told me that day, but he shook his head. 'The time is not ripe,' he replied.

A lady I know, by no means of the hysterical order, told me that whenever she sees a rose she cannot keep back her tears, and on the hottest day they will cause her to shiver with cold. There is the feeling too as of impending disaster. Yet there is nothing in her life, past or present, in which roses play a prominent part, and it has been quite of the humdrum kind. I have met both men and women who immediately faint at the sight of blood. Another friend is always seized with the choking sensation of drowning when he is on the sea.

Have you ever felt on seeing a place for the first time that you have been there before? This is a favourite question of mine, and in quite 30 per cent. of the answers I get something which bears directly on the theory of a Racial Memory. A few, from fear of ridicule or mis-

understanding, prefer to pass the question, and it is not always easy to break through the English reserve, but I could give some very interesting answers. I merely quote sufficient to illustrate what species of phenomena have caused me to give attention to this subject, and to endeavour to find an explanation.

These phenomena differ altogether from those sudden flashes of memory that are conjured up, when one hears some old familiar song, some half-forgotten strain of music, or catches sight of a face in a crowd. Our attention is suddenly focussed on what has formed part of a former vision, and the other parts begin to emerge from obscurity and very quickly we recall the whole occurrence, and know it to be an actual experience of our present existence, which for the moment we have forgotten. Careful observance of such mental processes has enabled us to reduce such laws to a few general principles to be found in any ordinary manual of psychological science. We reconstruct, and the incident is there fixed as regards time and space.

But the phenomenon to which this article calls attention is a sudden sensation that some time in our life we have been somewhere—seen the whole picture, and taken part in a story connected with it. At the same time we know we cannot have been there before; we can account for every year, and for that matter every day of our present life, and it does not include Tivoli and the surrounding country.

And this strange thing—this haunting as of a pre-existence, is not exceptional; it is not new; it is not limited to poets or dreamers or to those whose minds are supersensitive. From the very dawn of history it has haunted the minds of men, given food for thought, and shaped itself in all kinds of speculation.

In common with other forms of mysticism it had its cradle in the East, where it had its philosophers and poets. In the subtle metaphysics of the Brahmins, and in the noble morality which has its home under the shadow of Buddha, it stands out precise and clear as an ultimate fact which requires a theory, and it would appear a religion, for its due expression. It was grafted into the theology of Egypt; it laid hold of the mind of Plato, who discusses it under the term [1] *anamnēsis*—reminiscence of former existence or of things once known and seen. Among the Jews the Pharisees had explained it by a doctrine that the virtuous have power to revive and live again (Josephus, *Antiq.*, XVIII.). In the New Testament John the Baptist is regarded by some as the Re-incarnation of Elijah, and the disciples of the Christ on one occasion asked whether a certain man born blind

[1] ἀνάμνησις. Aristotle (*De Memoria et Reminiscentia*) distinguishes between memory *μνήμη*, the passive faculty of retention, and reminiscence (*ἀνάμνησις*) the power of active research or recall. Modern writers class them as *spontaneous* or *automatic* memory, and *voluntary* memory or the power of *recollection*.

Hamilton confines the name memory to the *retentive* or conservative faculty of the mind, whilst under the *reproductive* capacity he includes both reproduction and recognition.

was suffering for the sin of his parents or for some sin of his own. Under the forms of Transmigration, Metempsychosis, Re-incarnation, such phenomena were discussed among the early Church Fathers, some of whom decidedly believed that pre-existence was the explanation of such phenomena as I have mentioned. Schopenhauer, Lessing, Hegel, Leibnitz, Herder, and Fichte have dealt with it. Of English thinkers the Cambridge Platonists regarded a previous existence as the only answer to the questions which such incidents raise, and in this shape it has become familiar to us through Shelley; and Wordsworth says:

> Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting.
> The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
> Hath had elsewhere its setting,
> And cometh from afar.
> Not in entire forgetfulness
> And not in utter nakedness,
> But trailing clouds of glory do we come
> From God who is our home.

In every line of research we are bound, sooner or later, to stumble upon an ultimate fact, for which no reason is assigned at all, if we keep clear of religion and revelation. Here is an ultimate fact, the basis of which is memory, and it is in memory, rather than in any new theory of things, that we have to look for the solution. In the doctrine of Re-incarnation it seems to me we have wandered away from the subject, and then approached with a specially devised net to capture the main facts, rather than allowing them to speak for themselves. I ask, is there not such a thing as ancestral memory? That a child should present certain features of his father and mother, and reproduce certain well-known gestures and mannerisms of his grandfather, is looked upon as something very ordinary. Is it not possible that the child may inherit something of his ancestor's memory? That these flashes of reminiscence are the sudden awakening, the calling into action of something we have in our blood; the discs, the records of an ancestor's past life, which require but the essential adjustment and conditions to give up their secrets? If so, then we have in ancestral memory a natural answer to many of life's puzzles, without seeking the aid of Eastern theology.

Whether we believe in apparitions or not, this world is a haunted one. Our thought-world is full of deep undertones that roll in upon us from the past. As we lay our ear to the din of the present, we find its accompaniment to be the immeasurable murmur of the ages, as the voice of many waters. The commonplace expressions, the ordinary words we use, are blocks of mind-stuff, wrought into their present state by the ponderous mace of time, and cast and recast in many brains.

And the mind of man is a haunted one. Far-away generations of ancestors have cut deep the channels of our memories until what was once a volition is now an involuntary movement. We say a man

as formed certain habits, but how often they have been formed for im in the dim past.

As I walk along a dark lonely road, my ears are on the alert, I lance to right and left, I look over my shoulder. Where did I learn his habit? May it not be the memory-disc giving off its record? y savage ancestor learned by long years of experience to be specially n his guard in a lonely place, and in the dark. When my indignation is thoroughly roused, I find my hands clench, there is a tightening f the lips, the teeth are more plainly visible, and the whole attitude suggestive of making a spring. Here is a trait of early man, who athered himself together, and sprang upon his enemy to rend with ooth and claw. I have often noticed that when people use the word offensive' it is accompanied by a quiver of the nostrils and an nvoluntary movement of the nose. The imagination is still haunted y that piece of very offensive carrion which my primitive ancestor, with a prejudice for raw meat, found too strong for him, so strong hat his nose rejected it at once. People, when describing a horrid ight, often shut their eyes momentarily and firmly, or shake their eads as if to drive away, or in an effort not to see, something disgreeable.

I put my face [says Darwin] close to the thick glass plate in front of a uff-adder in the Zoological Gardens, with the firm determination of not tarting back if the snake struck at me; but as soon as the blow was struck, my esolution went for nothing, and I jumped a yard or two backward with stonishing rapidity. My will and reason were powerless against the imaginaon of a danger which had never been experienced.

The inheritance of habitual gestures is so important for us that I ladly avail myself of Mr. F. Galton's permission to give in his own words this remarkable case:

The following account of a habit occurring in individuals of three conecutive generations is of peculiar interest, because it occurs only during sleep nd therefore cannot be due to imitation, but must be altogether natural. The articulars are perfectly trustworthy, for I have fully inquired into them and peak from abundant and independent evidence.

A gentleman of considerable position was found by his wife to have the urious trick, when he lay fast asleep on his back in bed, of raising his right rm slowly in front of his face up to his forehead and then dropping it with a rk, so that the wrist fell heavily on the bridge of his nose. The trick did not ccur every night, but occasionally, and was independent of any ascertained ause. Sometimes it was repeated incessantly for an hour or more. The entleman's nose was prominent and its bridge often became sore from the lows which it received. At one time an awkward sore was produced that was ong in healing, on account of the recurrence of the blows.

Many years after his death his son married a lady who had never heard of e family incident. She, however, observed the same peculiarity in her usband, and one of his children has inherited the same trick.

In the course of the ordinary day we shall have made, if we pause o consider, thousands of movements; have gone through various

processes, and without a mistake, because of what we call habit. I am washed and dressed, and I am almost unconscious of the process of either. I cannot say that I actually willed myself to wash and dress, and it is because each brain cell has so learned its lesson that it can repeat it without consulting us. Some subdivision of machinery has been created within the conscious self, which performs its work automatically, and enters so far into our nature as to become hereditary. In the same way we may become so accustomed to a certain place and locality that the impress of it may be handed on and become part of our descendants' heritage.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, in his *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, dealing with the same problem, says: 'All at once a conviction flashes through us that we have been in the same precise circumstances as at the present instant once or twice before.'

On more than one occasion in my ministration as a clergyman, I have heard a man on his death-bed say: 'I feel somehow that all this has happened before in my life. I know it hasn't, but I keep on trying to remember what it is.' Deep in the recesses of memory lies buried some impression of which the present is a reproduction.

We dream of things which we have never experienced in our waking moments. I remember a very realistic dream. It was a battle, and I was in a regiment of cavalry that received an order to charge. The whole scene is vividly before me as I write, and, were I an artist, I could sketch the face of a man who rode by my side. I can feel the throb of eagerness, the thudding of the horses' hoofs in the mad rush, as we quickened our pace, to get to closer quarters with those we were pursuing. Suddenly the squadron of men in front opened, wheeling off to the right and left, and we were looking into the iron throats of a masked battery. They opened fire upon us—a moment after the ear-splitting thunder, and I was in a hell of smoke, dust, blood, and metal; every piece seemed to sing a war chant of its own. Then I awoke, and I was shouting 'God! I never knew it was anything like this.' Here surely is something experienced by an ancestor which has descended from generation to generation, and taken its place in my collection of impressions.

I think very often our dreams are a jumble of ideas—often an incoherent jumble, but still ideas that we have inherited, and that dreaming is largely a kind of free play of what I have called ancestral memory.

While the dream lasts, it is very real to us. We start on a journey, we fall among thieves, we tumble over a precipice, we are thrown out of a conveyance, we experience all the fright and inconvenience of such incidents. What is the explanation? Here I submit the dreamer, with his will for the moment in abeyance, becomes the instrument on which the mental impressions handed on to us begin to play. That they are images of adventures in the life story of some forebear brought into relation with us through the avenues of a *sub-*

consciousness which has always held the records of such deeds. That while the ordinary objects of life and the outer world are perceived through the senses—co-ordinated under the conditions of normal consciousness—there are ancient soul or race memories; and the feelings and visions which they recall belong to an inherited order of consciousness, which is less individual, less local than the ordinary one. Ecstasy, and all that the term implies, spiritual vision—inspired utterance—second sight, would then indicate the passing out from the ordinary consciousness into the racial or spiritual, with its various powers, of which I emphasise ancestral or race memory.

Have we not got here, too, a theory which explains a large class of apparitions, the evidence for which it is easier to ignore than explain, and so we prefer to shrug our shoulders and pass them by? Take the common form of ghost story. A sees the ghost of one B, whom he subsequently identifies, say from the family gallery of portraits, to be an ancestor. Some member of his house, I should say back in the centuries, did actually witness such a scene, did see B come in as A saw, only the original witness saw B in the flesh at such a moment, under such conditions that a great impression was made upon him, and this impression was handed on to a later scion of his house to be preserved in this racial consciousness.

The theory of an ancestral memory, I maintain, is a reasonable proposition, and as a working hypothesis will be found useful in the solution of many puzzles that confront us daily. If the memory cells of our ancestors were the collected photographed impressions of their experiences, and these cells in the process of photographing were subjected to some subtle change in physical structure, then that these negatives of impressions should be handed on to posterity is not difficult to understand and accept. That these negatives may be broken, blurred, indistinct, obliterated, is to be expected; but at the same time some of them may be passed on intact, possessing the potentialities to which I have called attention.

The great discoveries of this new century will, I venture to think, be made in the direction I have indicated, and if the result of this paper is to stimulate fresh thought on a strange problem in which we are all compelled to be interested now and again in our lives I shall be more than satisfied. There is a wealth of material lying ready to hand, if only we could get people to throw aside some of their reserve, and compare notes. In that vast region of mystery which surrounds us, the data connected with this subject offer more than the usual amount of encouragement, and to push back the circumference of that which encloses us as far as we can, I take to be the duty of the scientist; and the desire to do so, a factor in the cosmic scheme for getting the best out of us; for every mystery is a great possibility.

FORBES PHILLIPS.

'THE LAW-MAKING MANIA'

THE most conspicuous fact to be noted as to modern legislation is the volume, the variety, the rapidity of the output. It is immense, and it is steadily growing in most parts of the world. Of the making of laws there is no end. In spite of admirable digests and handbooks, and all the modern machinery for rendering knowledge accessible, there is, and must be, great difficulty in making oneself acquainted with the statute law; a difficulty to be met only imperfectly by increased specialisation. This is true of the enactments of one's own country. How can one hope to have, I will not say acquaintance with the details, but a conception of the character and tendencies, of the prodigious mass of legislation which is being turned out almost everywhere with a rapidity unknown in other times? It has been computed that 'there are some three hundred law-making bodies in the world having a jurisdiction approximating that of our State legislatures'[1]—a statement perhaps a little exaggerated but not very wide of the mark. In the British Empire are, according to a low computation, some sixty-five legislative bodies (some computations would put the number very much higher), while in the United States there are about fifty. There are the Parliaments of Italy, France, Germany, Austria, Hungary, not, to be sure, so productive as ours, but all of them active, and pressed by demands for greater activity, to which they must sooner or later respond. I note that the Acts of the Reichstag are being published in forty volumes. The Eastern world, which until lately lived by custom, is in this respect no longer idle. Under our rule India produces legislation with copiousness which at least equals that of most Western countries. Japan has, since she adopted Western habits, been legislating with much activity, and on a large scale; and China seems likely to have before long a Parliament which will no doubt do in this respect as other Parliaments have done. It is not easy to draw a distinction between sovereign and semi-sovereign legislative bodies and others with limited powers. But, thinking of assemblies with powers akin to those of the legislative assemblies in British possessions and colonies, we shall not be far wrong in saying that there are throughout the

[1] Dr. Whitten, *Bulletin of New York State Library*, 1902, p. 8.

world more than 200 to 300 legislative bodies hard at work. The prospect is menacing. If Tacitus's saying still holds good—*republica corruptissima plurimæ leges*—we seem to be in a bad way.

First as to legislation by our own Parliament. The Session of 1905 was unusually barren, and yet there were thirty-six public Acts, extending to about 100 octavo pages. As to the whole British Empire, the review of legislation which appears in the *Journal of the Society of Comparative Legislation* mentions for 1903 about 1,900 Acts and ordinances. Next as to the United States, with some fifty State legislatures, let me cite what Mr. Gilbert says as to the legislation of 1903:

> The legislatures of Iowa, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Mississippi, Ohio, Vermont and Virginia meet biennially in even numbered years, and did not therefore convene in regular sessions, but the legislatures of Ohio and Virginia met in extra-session. The net result of the labours of the legislatures during the year was the enactment of more than 14,000 laws and resolutions, of which more than 5,400 were general and the remainder were local or private.[2]

In 1900–1901 the number of laws passed was 14,190, of which 5,480 were general. 'North Carolina leads in the number of laws passed during 1903 with 1,203 enactments. The legislature was in Session sixty-three days, turning out an average of twenty laws a day.' 'There were enacted in 1899 4,834 general and 9,325 local, special, or private Acts, making a total (hardly to be entitled to be called a grand total) of 14,159 laws in the States alone.'[3] In the review of legislation for 1903, Mr. Rawle, the President of the Bar Association, stated that forty-four legislatures had been in Session, and that 9,293 Acts, covering 17,734 pages, were enacted.[4]

I quote the words of Mr. Manderson in his address as President of the American Bar Association:

> The law-making mania is in evidence from the fact that there were introduced in the Senate 4,961 bills and in the House 12,226. Of these were enacted 197 public and 729 private bills. . . . (As to the State legislatures), the evils of over-legislation, the passion for law-making continued with unabated force, bringing in its train the ills of paternalism, dead-letter statutes, with disregard, dislike, and even contempt for law.[5]

It is sometimes said that there is in this country a decline in the volume of legislation; and at first blush this statement might seem to be true of England. For example, it is pointed out that there were, in 1803, 129 public Acts and 119 local and personal Acts, while in 1905 there were only thirty-six and 245. Such figures are deceptive.

[2] *Bulletin of New York State Library*, p. 35.

[3] Address by Mr. Manderson, President of American Bar Association, 1900, p. 215.

[4] *American Bar Association Report*, 1903, p. 265.

[5] *American Bar Association Report*, pp. 201, 212. The late Mr. Godkin, computing that the States of the Union had in one year turned out 15,730 Acts and Resolutions, remarked: 'Nothing like it has been known in the history of the world.'—*Atlantic Monthly*, viii. p. 45.

The Session of 1905 was exceptionally barren. Compare the output in the early years of a modern Parliament with the production of a Parliament one hundred years ago, and the former would be found to be much the greater of the two. Besides, there is now much subordinate legislation to all intents and purposes equivalent to statutes. There is, for instance, a large body of delegated legislation; municipalities and corporations being invested with authority to make by-laws. There is also a system of provisional orders—substitute of Acts of Parliament—which are employed on a great scale. Lastly, and this is a prodigious agency, there are many general Acts which dispense with the necessity of passing particular Acts—measures which economise Parliamentary energy and lighten its load. Among these are the Companies Acts, which render unnecessary private Acts once passed to incorporate companies. To this class belongs the Divorce Act. But for the improvements which have been made in the machinery of legislation, the Statute-book might be ten times the size which it is.

In this country are many murmurs against the exorbitant burthen of legislation. In the United States there have been not only murmurs but practical attempts to reduce the production. It is interesting to watch the efforts being made to stay the hands of the legislator. One device much adopted in America is to cease to have annual Sessions. In the life of Mr. Simon Sterne, who, among his many other public services, did much to purify and reform legislation, it is said:

> The profound distrust of the results of legislative activity had become such that the most popular remedy for existing evils was that of biennial legislative sessions. The desire for these arose from the widely diffused conviction that the legislative session was on the whole an evil, and to diminish the activity of that evil by one-half would be to confer benefit upon the community.[6]

Mr. Sterne, in a letter to Mr. Roosevelt, then Governor-elect of the State of New York, said: 'A vast mass of undigested matter, unfortunately having the force of law, is every year dumped upon the community to work out its mission of evil.'[7] Mr. Sterne added:

> One national, thirty-eight State and eight territorial law factories, in the more densely-populated and richer States of the Union, the annual coming together of the law-making power is regarded with apprehension, and its

[6] Pp. 146, 147.

[7] P. 146. These are examples of the complaints: The writer of an article in the *Yale Review*, with the title of 'The Abolition of Legislative Assemblies,' says: 'Even with closure a legislature, as at present constituted, is almost as bad a means of getting laws made as could possibly be devised' (iv. p. 121). Here is another testimony to the same effect: 'The Congress of the United States and six States meet every year; the sessions of thirty-nine legislatures are biennial. The meeting of any of these legislative bodies is awaited by many sensible and intelligent citizens with uneasiness and with alarm, and final adjournment is generally welcomed as a relief from serious

adjournment is followed by a feeling of relief on the part of those members of the community who do not actively engage in politics and who pay the taxes.'[8]

Here is another dictum to the same effect:

Whether we look at the constitutions which the people adopt and the rules of the House of Representatives, or listen to the common speech of men, we find that the faith in the representatives of the people on which our Government was founded is gradually weakening.

One writer describes the outlook thus:

A growing distrust of the legislature is evidenced in the constitutional history of almost every American State. What this will finally lead to, it is impossible to foretell. If it continues unchecked, the State Legislature will fall, like the City Council, to decay, impotence, and general uselessness.[9]

This dissatisfaction has led to the adoption of three measures: the abolition of annual sessions, the imposing of a time limit to the sitting of legislatures, and the use of the referendum or initiative, or some other form of direct legislation. The first expedient has been freely adopted. Only some six States now have annual sessions—New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Georgia, and South Carolina. Alabama has gone further; among the first to adopt a biennial session, this State subsequently adopted a quadrennial session. The time limit is also much used.

In the forty-five States and the three territories of Arizona, New Mexico, and Oklahama, only eleven permit their legislatures to sit without limit of time. The remaining thirty-seven fix forty days as the shortest, and ninety days as the longest period that the infliction may exist.[10]

There has been in some States resort to another expedient to check legislative activity—I mean direct legislation, the institution of the Referendum, which South Dakota adopted in 1898. Oregon adopted the Initiative and Referendum Amendment submitted in June 1902.

Business once left to State legislatures is largely done by State conventions, which sanction amendment of the State constitutions.

anxiety.'—Francis C. Lowell, *Atlantic Monthly*, lxxix. p. 866. 'A number of years since one of the foremost of American writers upon the political and economic history of the country called attention to the growing sentiment of fear with which business men regarded the convening of Congress in legislative session. . . . In the time which has intervened since this fact was first noted, it cannot be said that the business world has become any more reconciled to the recurring sessions of legislative bodies.'—Hon. J. H. Echels on 'The Menace of Legislation.' The late Mr. Godkin wrote: 'The democratic world is filled with distrust and dislike of its Parliaments and submits to them only under the pressure of stern necessity. . . . Nearly every State has taken a step towards meeting the danger by confining the meeting of Parliament to every second year. It has said, in other words, that there must be less legislation.' 'People are beginning to ask themselves why legislatures should meet even every second year; why once in five years would not be enough.'

[8] *North American Review*, 1883, p. 158. See also *American Law Review*, 1906, p. 216.

[9] Mr. Reynolds in *Yale Law Review*, iv. p. 289.

[10] *American Bar Association Report*, 1900, p. 213.

While amendment of the Federal constitution is practically out of the question, amendments of State constitutions are tolerably easy. State conventions meet rarely, and are said to be effective. I find strong expressions of approval of the former as compared with the State legislatures; praise of them as means of escaping 'the pernicious influence of lobbyists, and admission of the 'tendency towards taking over laws in bulk from a convention, instead of small lots from a legislature.'

I need scarcely say that the copious production, the yearly supply to which the country and others are accustomed, a result of the spread of this Parliamentary system, is abnormal and exceptional. It has a recent origin. It prevails over a limited area. Even in Europe this agency has been at work for but a short period. To define its exact duration would necessitate entering into details as to the distinction in constitutional history between *statute*, *loi*, *règlement*, *ordonnance*, '*gesetz*' and '*verordnung*.'[11] It is sufficient to say that in this country there has been for three or four centuries—some would put the turning-point in Edward the Third's reign—Parliamentary government with all its facilities for legislation. For more than a century they have existed in Congress and in the State legislatures of America. But on the Continent this form of legislative activity has been of short duration. Until the French Revolution there existed in Europe no real legislatures, such as we know, except that of England. I have sought but failed to find exact information as to the volume of law-making in ancient Greek communities. There is no reason to believe that, measured by modern standards, it was large. Monarchies and aristocracies were for obvious reasons not called upon to enact, and rarely did enact, a multitude of laws; they had other ways of securing obedience. They certainly were under no obligation to enact laws at regular intervals. The world has until recently, even in civilised periods of history, made sparing use of legislation of any kind. That which is habitual to us, the daily bread of modern communities, was rare. Even the most active legislators, Charlemagnes or Alfreds, did not indite for their subjects as many words as modern sovereign assemblies indite pages. Written legislation of any kind has, until a comparatively recent period, been rarely used, and generally only in a crisis of the life of States. The bulk of men have lived and died, the world has moved on, without legislation and subject only to custom, slowly formed and slowly disintegrated, the custom of their village, family, city, tribe, the deposit left by ages of experience. Even when the custom was called law, its author was unknown. It was wisdom flowing from a nameless source.

There has been until recently no central authority imposing its

[11] Schröder's *Lehrbuch*, p. 22; Stubbs, ii. 407, 585; Gavet's *Source de l'Histoire des Institutions*, 188.

will over a large territory as to the minutest affairs of life. The substitute for laws—at best only outside regulations—were customs and usages voluntarily adopted by those who observed them. For gradual accretions, the usages of trades and guilds, particular groups, races, and localities, built up gradually, are substituted swift conscious operations. Sir Henry Maine's famous contrast between the past, the age of status, and the present, the age of contract, is not quite true. The real contrast is between the age of custom and the age of legislation. It is matter for reflection, a fact fraught with immense consequences, that 'the fabric of habit,' the unconscious formation of customs and usages, are not what they once were in the lives of Western communities, in fact, count for infinitely less than they did. What is scarcely less important is that for the first time legislation works unchecked. In the past, in the Middle Ages, for example, there was something to look up to, something higher or more sacred than written law; there was the authority of the Church, or the vague power of the Emperor, or some fundamental constitution, or natural law supposed to be supreme over the legislature. Above the law-giver of to-day is nothing. Can the respect, nay, reverence, for law which once existed as something divine or half-divine survive unimpaired when it is a commodity manufactured with amazing rapidity, and often turned out crude and unrefined ?

All these statutes and ordinances are in a comprehensive sense literature; mediocre literature, bad literature if you will, but still literature of a sort, the record of a nation's strongest desires, among the best evidence of its character; not the least valuable part of its history. They are also among the oldest parts of our literature. No other nation has a statute book comparable to ours—none so ancient, none so large, none so continuous and with so few gaps. There exists elsewhere nothing as a historical record like 'the statutes at large.' Their earlier pages are older than some of our cathedrals. In its entirety the collection gives as strong a sense of a historic past as Windsor or Westminster Abbey. Conceive Parliament as an author. It has been more prolific than Dumas or Scott; an author whose literary life extends over centuries; one who made his first attempts before Chaucer, and his latest along with the novelist of the last publishing season.

It is the fashion, at present here and in America, to speak slightingly of the value of this mass of statutes, to regard them in the main as futile and inept, ambitious failures and excrescences on the national life. Herbert Spencer, in particular, has stated with cogency this view. But, granted that many of these statutes were never applied or applied only imperfectly, and that some of them were no more than aspirations, failing to accomplish what their authors contemplated, they are at least the deliberate expressions

of dominant opinions and aims.[12] What is not unimportant in the life of the individual—the striving after better things, the making of resolutions—cannot be unimportant in that of the aggregate. That which is the necessary condition of moral growth, the sign of vitality in the former, may be such in the case of the latter. With perpetual movement in beliefs, habits, and ideals, it is hard to see how such legislation can be avoided.

It is in a sense true that each age has its own particular form of legislation. The prefaces to the Tudor Acts have the majestic cadences, the apt choice of words, common but never vulgar, of the Elizabethan writers. Read, for example, the preamble to the Act to restore to the Crown its ancient jurisdiction, ecclesiastical and spiritual, and abolishing all foreign powers repugnant to the same, the stately preamble to the statute for the restraint of appeals, or the Act concerning Peter's pence and dispensations. They are in harmony with the best prose of the best time—with the language of the Prayer-book and of the translators of the Bible, for example. Every student of constitutional history knows that at first the judges drafted the Acts of Parliament, following the words of the petition and the King's answer, both of which were, as a rule, concise.[13] Eventually came a change for the worse. With the development of conveyancing statutes began to take the form of the conveyance of the time. In the eighteenth century the language of statutes became cumbrous and swollen; the legislature made use of long strings of operative words, even as did those who then drew deeds or wills.

At present one is struck by the fact that legislation is wonderfully imitative. Men make laws, as bees make cells, of one pattern. The philanthropic legislation of Dakota is a little less finished, with more gaps for the judge to fill in, than our own. A French Act is generally shorter than an English one, the language simpler and more direct.[14] We can understand why Stendhal said that he read the Code Napoléon to improve his style. Generally the statutes of an American legislature differ from others; they are drawn by amateur draftsmen. But the type is much the same. Legislation is, to use an engineering expression, being standardised. It is the Westminster pattern which is preferred and copied. In truth, wherever legislation is the product of a popular assembly, there is a probability that it will take much the same form. The Parliamentary type will most likely be based upon compromises; it will recognise exceptions and qualification to a much greater degree than the laws of a sovereign who is responsible to none but himself. It will generally be evident that the passing of the statute has been preceded by

[12] See *Herbert Spencer et la Philosophie de la Vie*, *Revue des Deux Mondes*, 1904, xxii. p. 830.

[13] Clifford's *Private Bill Legislation*, i. 322.

[14] See Sir Courtney Ilbert's *Legislative Methods and Forms*, p. 224.

negotiation, and that it is the resultant of conflicting forces. It is not fanciful to say that a student of comparative legislation finds at least three types; the clear-cut type of the ruler, be he Emperor or Pope, or a group of oligarchs, who need give no reason other than *sic volo sic jubeo*, the language of Moses, Hammurabi, and the Twelve Tables; that of the legislation of rulers who desire to conciliate their subjects and who justify their actions; and lastly, the Parliamentary type, the outcome of compromise.

So far singularly few and imperfect attempts have been made to master, to reduce to order, to classify, to make reasonably accessible this ever-growing mass. The lawyer has here done little to help the sociologist, and the latter has done less to help himself. To begin with, there is a lamentable want of a useful terminology. Even for legal purposes the recognised distinctions are limited and imperfect. Some of these are, in all but a legal point of view, useless. Jurisprudence distinguishes statutes as civil and criminal, as declaratory and enactive, or as federal state legislation. Bentham introduced the terms coercive and discoercive laws, the latter being the revocation in whole or in part of a coercive law. Some of these terms have not taken root, and they do not help us much to an idea of the contents of this ever-growing mass of legislation, or indicate its social tendencies, or classify it according to the functions which it performs, the objects which it has in view. At present it is impossible to compare with exactness the legislation of different countries. A classification corresponding to the great objects of legislation is urgently wanted. There have been, I admit, a few very imperfect attempts to arrive at such a classification as is desired. Some of these are mentioned below.[15] A system of classification

[15] Here is one proposed classification: (1) Legislation creative or constructive; (2) Legislation preservative or conservative; (3) Legislation as to the machinery or administration for carrying out the objections. See also Holland's *Jurisprudence*, p. 326. Here is another suggested basis of classification: 'In the progress of legislative control, three general stages may usually be recognised. In the first, the main idea is to overcome, dissipate, or destroy inimical forces; in the second, so to control and direct them that they may become beneficent instead of harmful; and in the third, so to concentrate and organise beneficial forces that their effect is enormously increased. The first is protective and repressive, the second reformative and preventive, the third positively productive; the policeman and the prison are typical of the first; the reformatory and the asylum of the second, and the school and the library of the third. The extent to which the first has been supplanted by the second and third is the best index of political intelligence, and of the degree to which legislation has become scientific.' Here is further attempt of a similar kind: 'Dans les lois, comme dans les faits, et comme dans les idées, on s'attache d'abord à démolir l'ordre ancien de la société, puis lentement, peu à peu, et de plus en plus, on s'efforce à fonder sur les lois l'ordre nouveau conçu dans les idées, et déterminé, ou commandé, ou conditionné par les faits' (Rapport by M. Charles Benoist, *Sur le Code du Travail*, p. 71). See also *American Bar Association Report*, 1897, p. 312. These are obviously imperfect divisions. They tell little as to the great objects of legislation. In this country something has been done by the Society of Comparative Legislation to master the mass of legislation. The Société de Législation Comparée has for

which would enable comparisons to be made with intelligence or safety is a pressing task for jurists and sociologists.

I may point out certain marked tendencies in our own legislation and in that of other countries. Foremost among them here and elsewhere is the tendency, sometimes open and direct, especially of late, to restrict the operation of contract or, as it is sometimes phrased, to limit the autonomy of the parties. It takes many forms. It creates whole classes of persons who are regarded as abnormally weak, if not irresponsible. The idea of equality before the law—once a dominant idea in the legislation in Western countries—becomes fainter. The exceptions were once few. Lunatics were, for most matters, at all events, regarded as incapable of contracting; minors were so for some; and expectant heirs were in certain circumstances unfettered. Now the list of such classes is much enlarged. The borrower cannot bind himself against the money-lender; the Court enables him to break his word. He who gets a bill of sale finds it inoperative unless it satisfies certain conditions. Farmers are protected against themselves. The Irish tenant is encased in legislative armour against his weaknesses. The expanding field of labour legislation contains many such provisions. Workmen and seamen, factory operators and miners, cannot contract themselves out of many provisions established for their benefit. In several European countries the working day of grown-up men is limited by statute. Railways and many corporations are subject to restrictions from which they cannot be released by contracts. It would seem as if, instead of the age of status being over, we were rapidly returning to it. Hegel said that in legal restriction lay true freedom. It is the present working creed of most legislatures. The demand for democracy was once all for equality. De Tocqueville could write: 'Democratic nations are at all times fond of equality, but there are certain epochs at which the passion they entertain for it swells to the height of fury,' as in the America which he described. That is not the universal opinion there to-day. The opposite is nearer the truth. Let me cite the words of an eminent American lawyer speaking with the conservatism natural to his profession: 'It cannot be denied that, in the end, the equalities of right and opportunity work out, in some instances, the widest inequalities and the rankest injustice, and that good men are sick at the sight of them.'[16] That love of equality, once a veritable passion, is pronounced deceptive, and *privilegia* in the interest of particular classes abound. Perhaps in much of this is a groping after a new conception of freedom, not merely

many years been engaged upon this work. So also has the Internationale Vereinigung für Vergleichende Rechtswissenschaft in Berlin. It has been suggested that there should be an International Bureau of Comparative Legislation which would collect the materials.—*Rivista di Legislazione Comparata*, September, 1903.

[16] Mr. Woodworth, *American Bar Association Report*, 1897, p. 246.

nominal liberty of choice, but emancipation from the domination of circumstances which make that liberty inoperative.

Akin to this curtailment of the region left entirely to contract is the rapid multiplication of statutory regulations as to admissions into professions. The door into them is no longer open. Everywhere legislatures are yielding to the demand for restrictions upon the free entrance into professions requiring skill and calling for trust on the part of patients and others. Doctors, lawyers, nurses, teachers, and scores of others are more and more required to prove their fitness. Such restrictions do not apply merely to the so-called learned professions. In Pennsylvania no one may carry on the business of plumber or house draining without having passed an examination. So as to dentists in Louisiana and accountants in Maryland. In Connecticut, Maine, Michigan, and Texas embalmers must be certificated. In Connecticut it is not lawful to carry on the trade of a barber unless the applicant has obtained a certificate of registration, passed an examination before a board of examiners, established to their satisfaction that he is of good moral character, and that he has served his trade for three years, is possessed of competent skill, and has a competent degree of knowledge of the common diseases of face and skin; and similar laws have been passed in several other states.[17] The State of Colorado requires commission merchants to procure a licence before engaging in their business. While unions are closing manual employment to the non-unionists, the open door tends to close not only in the liberal professions, but many others. The justification of these restrictions is sometimes (to quote an eminent American lawyer) put thus:

> Government is confused with the social state, while in reality it is but one of many organs for the attainment of the ends of the social state. Government employments are public because they intimately affect the general welfare, but many so-called private employments affect the general welfare in equal measure. This is practically recognised in the numerous laws rapidly being adopted for regulating admission to the practice of law, medicine, dentistry, pharmacy, and veterinary medicine, and providing for the examination and licensing of embalmers, barbers, horse-shoers, engineers, electricians, and public accountants.

I experience a difficulty in describing a third tendency. I might call it, without seeking to disparage it, emotional legislation, because it is generally prompted by strong feeling; the spectacle of some wrong, the discovery of some hardship, the murmurs of importunate petitioners. I might also term it occasional or fragmentary legislation, because it takes short views, deals only with parts of a subject and does not study it all round. I might illustrate this from our own statute book. It is more evident, however, in the legislation of young communities. This characteristic may be due in part to an

[17] Mr. E. Wedmore, *American Bar Association Report*, 1901, p. 226.

indisposition to take trouble. But it is, I am satisfied, connected with another tendency. Legislatures are feeling their way; there is a disposition to legislate, not in pursuance of any settled principles—in plain English, to make experiments, to put in force enactments with no clear certainty of confidence as to the consequences. There is the feeling that, if it is easy to enact a law, it is easy also to repeal it; and this facility encourages attempts of a kind hitherto unknown. This tendency is, of course, most marked in new communities. The statute book of Dakota, for example, swarms with laws which are new departures—what may be called frontier or pioneer legislation. But Dakota does not stand alone in this respect. A fool, Erasmus Darwin said, is a man who does not make experiments. There is not much of this kind of folly. I note a further tendency. There is a marked distrust of punishment in all its forms, a growing disbelief in its efficacy, and a steady growth in the humanising of the criminal law. Punishments are everywhere milder than they were; the tendency is for the repressive part of law to decline. Even where the letter of penal enactments is unchanged, penalties are applied with less severity. Such laws as the *Loi Bérenger* are being everywhere passed. There is, too, a freer exercise of the prerogative of mercy. Everywhere there is evident a perception that the criminal law is a rude, half barbarous, imperfect method of attaining its objects. What seems to be in conflict with this, is while one part of criminal law diminishes in importance, another expands. If punishments are milder, there are many more of them. The legislature creates every year new offences. Penalties are multiplied. Almost every new statute of any length prohibits conduct hitherto legal. A very large and a growing proportion of persons in gaol are there for the non-payment of fines imposed for offences morally not very reprehensible. The neutral ground of action, the field of conduct over which the individual may range at will, is gradually contracted; political freedom in these days meaning very much the power of imposing restrictions all round.

I touch here a point not so obvious as some of those which I have mentioned—that is, the increase in legislation for the protection of interests of society hitherto neglected, or left to the care of the individual, and against evils once supposed to be inevitable or deeply rooted in human nature. And so there is legislation for the promotion of health and education, culture and amenities of life, and of a more equitable division of wealth; measures in search of what has been called 'organic justice.' To some degree the many failures of modern legislation are due to the fact that it seeks to go deeper than did punishment; it would get behind the particular offence; it would touch the causes of crime, disease, pauperism, and inefficiency; it would reform—to speak the language of another age, it would convert—instead of punishing. The fact that no man lives or works alone, the

interdependence of all in every community, is more and more recognised. While parts of the field once occupied by legislation are being abandoned, while there are no longer statutes against or in favour of particular creeds, minute attention is given to matters as to which the individual was once his own master. There are periods in which legislation is mainly restrictive or conservative; it seeks to maintain the existing order or practices. There are also periods of creative or formative legislation; the object is to form a new order; to accomplish rapidly and by process of law what was once the work of time, revolution, turmoil, and civil war. And all the world over, wherever Parliaments exist, we are, for better or worse, in the full flood of such legislation.

JOHN MACDONELL.

THE SALONS AND THE ROYAL ACADEMY

It has become of late years a part of the cant of art-criticism to speak with a kind of contempt of the vast collection of paintings in the Old Salon, as representing only the vulgar or Philistine aspect of art, the manufacture of realistic subject-pictures, and to contrast with it the higher aims of the New Salon, as representing the use of painting for the purpose of artistic expression only. It is an inept generalisation, only apparently justified by the fact that, at a first glance, the vast spaces of the Old Salon do present a very large proportion of pictures which are realistic and anecdotal. But there has never been any year, and this one least of any (and I have seen every annual Salon since the secession), when it would not have been possible to pick out of the Old Salon a larger number of pictures of high excellence both in conception and execution than could be extracted from the New Salon; nor has there been any year (and this one least of any) when there would not have been found on the walls of the New Salon pictures which, alike in conception and execution, could only be regarded as monstrosities or absurdities, such as neither the Old Salon nor our own Royal Academy would have admitted on to their walls. Both institutions, the butt of critics who can recognise nothing in art outside of their own narrow convention, have at least the merit (the Royal Academy more especially) that they have kept up a standard of execution, and do not admit unfinished works or crude experiments. Experiments are often desirable and helpful, but they are a means, not an end; they are for the studio, not for the exhibition. The great name and the severe and learned art of Puvis de Chavannes no doubt for some years shed a lustre over the New Salon; but the secession, in the first instance, originated in nothing higher than a jealousy as to the award of 'recompenses'; that it arose out of no intent to create an exhibition of more æsthetic and less prosaic tendencies is obvious from the sole fact that among the most prominent of the secessionists were Meissonier and M. Carolus-Duran, two of the most matter-of-fact and prosaic among the eminent painters of the day. The secession has been a bad thing for French art—for French painting at all events (sculpture is hardly affected by it), because it has led to a further increase in the immense wall-space of the annual exhibitions,

and consequently in a demand which exceeds the supply of good work, both exhibitions lowering their standard (and that of the New Salon seems to be low indeed, to judge by some examples) in the rival effort to fill their wall-space. The west wing of the Palais des Beaux-Arts contains a fine set of rooms, but it would have been better for the annual exhibitions had it never been built; its existence seems to establish the second Salon as a kind of concrete fact, and furnishes an architectural excuse for prolonging a schism which were much better cancelled and forgotten.

The great scale of the Palais des Beaux-Arts, like that of its predecessor the old Palais de l'Industrie, has this advantage, that under a Government that is liberal in its commissions for great decorative paintings for public buildings, there is opportunity for artists to exhibit such works in a general exhibition where they can be seen by many who would not be likely to see them in their permanent position in the Hôtel de Ville, perhaps, of a provincial town. At the Royal Academy there would be no space to exhibit paintings on so great a scale, even if they existed; but as the English Government and English municipalities do not trouble themselves to give commissions for decorative paintings in public buildings, the space is not supposed to be required. There is no doubt, on the other hand, the consideration that paintings executed in an atelier and capable of transmission to the Salon exhibitions are not so likely to harmonise with their surroundings as if they were painted, in the ancient fashion, direct on the walls which they are to decorate; though it may be presumed that the painter studies the building itself and its actual lighting before setting to work in his atelier, and perhaps has better facility for elaborating his work there than *in situ*. And what are, properly speaking, 'decorative paintings'? The word has come, practically, to have rather a different signification with the French from that which a quarter of a century ago was supposed to attach to it in this country, when it was generally (by those who attached any meaning to it at all) taken to signify a subject treated flatly in one plane, somewhat after the manner suitable to stained glass or mosaic. French practice, as well as English conviction, has extended its limits far beyond that, and indeed, it has become rather a commonplace in this country to hear from artists that *all* pictures are 'decorative' if they are worth anything—*i.e.* that all must be well composed in their lines. But that is merely using one word in two different meanings. There is a distinct difference between art decorative and art pictorial, and French painters recognise it in practice if not in theory. A decorative picture is one which is so far removed from realism in detail, and so far governed in its composition by a certain severity of line, that it will take its place as something subordinate to and in harmony with the architectural framing, instead of being so insistent in its character as to impose itself upon the atten-

tion as the principal or dominant work of art in itself. The French are rather fond even of decorative landscape, a perhaps rather questionable form of art, though fine results have been got from it; and it practically means landscape treated with a certain severity of line and not too much insistence or aerial perspective. It is not a mere question of absolute realism; the landscapes of M. Harpignies are not realistic, but they are not decorative; they are *pictures* and have their own life apart from their surroundings.

The Old Salon contains works which illustrate more than one system of treating decorative paintings on a large scale. The large gallery at the top of the main staircase contains, as usual, two or three of these large official commissions for public buildings, two of which, neither of them quite of the highest class, illustrate rather curiously two very different principles of treatment. M. Delacroix' 'La Vie des Champs,' for the Salle des Fêtes of the Hôtel de Ville of Solesmes, is decorative rather in line and composition than in execution; the flat horizon line of the long field divides the picture into two strongly marked horizontal bands, the lesser one the sky, the broader one the harvest field (to take the dividing line along the *centre* of the height would of course be fatal), and this treatment binds together separate groups of figures spaced at pretty equal distances, representing 'La Moisson,' 'La Voiture' (*i.e.* the haycart), 'Les Glaneuses,' &c. It is no such view as you could see in any field; it is a constructed symbolism. M. Roussel-Géo, in his picture for the Council-room of the Town Hall of Ivry, 'Le Lendemain de la Prise de la Bastille,' takes a different method; he paints a joyous and excited crowd in a Paris street, realistically as to action and grouping, but keeps it all in very low and delicate tones, the street houses which form the background being only faintly indicated. The composition is, in fact, rather too tumultuous in its lines for decorative design, but the low key of colour just saves it; had it been coloured realistically, it would have dominated the room instead of keeping its place as a decoration. But the great decorative work of the year is that of M. Henri Martin, who has a long gallery to himself for his two great pictures for a room in the Capitol at Toulouse. M. Martin adopts the method of parallel lines of composition, showing on one wall the river bank, the river, and a row of the buildings of Toulouse on the opposite side, painted in rich warm tones as if lighted by the evening sun; on the bank walk various figures in somewhat shabby costumes, who are supposed to be portraits of eminent men who were natives of Toulouse; this was *de règle* in the commission for the picture, and probably not much according to the fancy of the painter. On the other wall we have the hayfield and mowers, the sunlight streaming past the stems of the trees, and a background of richly wooded hills forming another nearly level line; there the figures are charming, and the whole effect beautiful. Both pictures are in that *pointelliste* method

which M. Martin has made his own, with the paint laid on in ridges, producing (at the proper distance) a peculiarly rich effect of texture. Beneath the large paintings are hung nearly ninety brush and crayon studies for the figures and different portions of the landscape, the whole room making a remarkable exhibition of the work of one man. Toulouse seems to be varied enough in its tastes, however, for in another room we find a ceiling picture for the Capitol by a painter of a very different school, M. Debat-Ponsan, who undertakes to illustrate the streams of the Garonne and the Ariège pouring down from the Pyrenees to water Toulouse; accordingly we have the rocks and a torrent, and two remarkably robust naked nymphs leaping down the rocks, one with a water pot in her hand and another with one on her head; one can hardly see it without thinking of Wordsworth's naïve stanza about 'Louisa,' declaring—

> That she is ruddy, fleet, and strong,
> And down the rocks can leap along,
> Like rivulets in May.

Whether the painter meant us to take it seriously is not obvious, but one can hardly do so. And figures on a ceiling painting are a mistake, unless they float irrespective of standing-ground; otherwise, one never knows which way up to take them. A decorative painting of another type is shown in M. Quost's very charming panel for the Ministry of Public Instruction (which includes Art in its province); this is simply decoration, with no allegorical meaning: a long panel cut by a pilaster near each end, along the top of which are symmetrical festoons, along the bottom a growth of bright flowering plants on one plane but of irregular height, and behind these, painted in very faint tones, a wooded background and an architectural balustraded terrace coming round from each side in perspective to meet in the centre. As a bit of decoration the effect is very pretty; the artist exhibits also two smaller panels of the same type. Another class of decorative painting, a cartoon for execution in Gobelins tapestry, by M. Toudouze, shows how well that artist understands design for tapestry, a kind of medium which will not bear any approach to realism; it must be rather a pattern than a picture. The subject is 'Le Combat de Trente'; the rich border forms a lofty arch, the space within which is filled with a kind of mosaic of knights on horseback, interspersed with shields and banners—a symbolism rather than a picture, and exactly suited for tapestry.

The purchases by the State and the Paris Municipality out of the Salons (apart from the special commissions for decorative pictures) are amusing; the choice appears to be mainly dictated by the desire to find pictures with a moral lesson; thus out of the New Salon the Municipality purchases a poor painting by M. Lagarde, 'Vers la Guerre,' troops crossing a bridge, to stimulate heroic patriotism;

and the State buys a commonplace work, 'Peines de la Vie,' an interior with a hungry workman and the sick wife in bed, to teach compassion for the poor; but with what possible object did the State purchase M. Rochegrosse's great brutal (and brutally painted) canvas, 'La Joie Rouge,' a troop of naked mounted savages flourishing daggers and riding over and killing women? Admitting the undeniable vigour of drawing, the picture is a discredit to modern French art both in its sentiment and its violent and crude colouring; yet here is a paternal Government actually encouraging this type of sensational painting, by a painter who has done and could do better things. Those who remember 'Le Jugement de Paris' and 'Les Grâces Florentines' will hardly think that fine and learned painter M. Gervais has altogether done himself justice, either, in his riotous canvas 'Les Centaures,' representing the high-handed conduct of these biform guests in carrying off the ladies at the marriage of Hippodamia; it is *a tour de force* of drawing and foreshortening, but cold in colour and rather hard in texture (which certainly was not the case with the 'Jugement de Paris'); the shouting centaur on the left is a powerful figure, but realistic centaurs on a large scale are rather too impossible beasts to appeal to one, and on the whole it is splendid talent expended on a subject hardly worth it. Among other more or less notable pictures, M. Béroud has repeated his experiment of last year in showing the new Rubens gallery at the Louvre filled with figures out of the master's pictures, by painting an imitation of Veronese's 'Marriage at Cana,' peopled by personages out of the most celebrated pictures of the Renaissance painters, accompanied by the figures of some of the painters themselves; the colour is rich and harmonious, though the experiment is one of a kind which will do very well once, but is not worth repeating. An experiment more to the point has been made by M. Zwiller in painting an imitation of Henner as a tribute to the memory of that idyllic painter—'Les Nymphes d'Alsace venant rendre un dernier hommage au Maître qui les immortalisa'; nude long-haired nymphs in a twilight landscape, the tomb of Henner in the foreground; really a very good reproduction of Henner's manner, even to the rather inky tone of the shadows. And M. Robert-Fleury has produced a really powerful and pathetic historical picture of Marie Antoinette waking in prison on the day of her execution, the soldier on guard yawning behind the screen, the unhappy queen crouching on the bed, her face grey with horror. It has been objected that Marie Antoinette was too resolute and heroic a character to have given way in this manner; but there is a difference between holding a brave front before your foes and wrestling with the terror in secret; to my mind the picture is both true and tragic. Perhaps the figure of the Queen is not quite satisfactory in foreshortening. One would have thought the State might have found this picture worth purchase, but possibly it was considered as implying a slur on the sacred

Revolution, or as too much calculated to arouse monarchical sympathies.

In fact, when one has got over the first impression of the multitude of commonplaces, if one can hold out against becoming *blasé* of canvases and proceed patiently to discriminate, there are plenty of really fine pictures to be picked out of the Salon, some of which would make their mark at once in the Academy, though losing some of their effect in the crowd of the Salon. There are, indeed, the horrors, obvious and blatant, which there is no eluding altogether. M. Lalire's enormous hashes of nudes, some thirty feet high, have disappeared from the walls of the large gallery which they used annually to embellish; but alas! as we find in another room, M. Lalire has not disappeared, it is only that he is (presumably) getting old and cannot accomplish such a large acreage of nudity. There are such things as the infinite vulgarity of M. Gorguet's large ceiling for the Mairie of the Tenth Arrondissement, a set of Pierrot figures with Chinese lanterns, 'La descente de la Courtille'; and in the New Salon M. Roll's dingy scrawl of a nude figure, not even properly foreshortened (what is so really clever a painter about to prostitute his brush in this way?), and M. Denis' worsted-work landscapes with nude figures looking like boiled lobsters; and one may again be thankful that we have an Academy which would at all events hang none of these things. As to the objections of your æsthete, that many of the better and more reasonable works are paintings with a purpose other than purely artistic—paintings to illustrate a phase of life or to point a moral, the reply is that painting is an art of very wide application and very varied powers; it is something more than pattern-making; there are various reasons for painting a picture, which are by no means mutually exclusive; for all of which there may be a valid excuse. M. Brisquot's clever picture, for instance, of the heads of the readers at the bookstalls on the Quai Voltaire, is a little page out of everyday Paris life which was well worth illustrating. A mischief, no doubt, of the large wall-space available is that French artists will paint *genre* pictures which are far too large for their subject and aim—M. Balestrieri's 'L'attente chez l'Editeur,' for instance: a lifesize group in a publisher's waiting-room, including an orphan girl, a man who will commit suicide to-night if his interview fails, a long-haired Lucien de Rubempré with a marvellous new poem; the picture is both clever and pathetic, but it would have done its work equally well on one quarter the scale. There are many other examples of this want of sense of proportion between size and subject. See what such a really masterly painter as M. Bail can do, for instance, with his small picture 'La Laiterie,' perfect in colour, lighting, character in the figures, and a technical finish which preserves the exact balance between realism and crudeness; what could this possibly gain by being magnified to life-size? And in the New Salon look at M. Guillaume's little picture, 'Le

Réveil.' Figures of 'Maids 'mid nozzings on' rising from their couches in some country in which *robes de nuit* have not been introduced, are, as everyone knows, common objects at the Salon—too often common in every sense; but in this *spirituel* little work M. Guillaume has got poetry out of a hackneyed subject; his charming little figure is a lady, not a mere model; the whole is pervaded by a most delicate harmony of colour; the picture is about twelve inches square, and I am not sure that it is not the best thing in the whole of the New Salon.

Many more pictures are worth mention than there can be space for here. Among some that cannot be passed over are the two by M. Chabas, in one of which he has repeated on a larger scale his effect of last year of nude children in calm shallow water, showing very broadly treated reflections and lights; the other, 'La Nageuse,' shows a girl swimming in the sea, her figure half seen through the water (the refractive effect of which is very well given), her bright face above it; the whole thing is so fresh and charming that it raises an involuntary smile in every spectator. In a very different way M. Clairin's 'L'Ame vivante des Siècles Morts'[1] is worth looking at; one of those paintings with a far-fetched allegorical meaning which one sees more often in a French than in an English exhibition, and which shows both imaginative power and some very clever painting. In Gallery XXI. M. Hébert gives proof of a remarkable versatility in his two pictures, one of them an ecclesiastical picture of the Virgin and Child painted in a somewhat antique manner, beautiful and solemn in colour and expression; the other a singularly bright and lightly handled cabinet portrait of a lady; whether this extreme divergence of aim and manner in two pictures almost side by side argues a want of artistic conviction may be, of course, a question to be asked. Mlle. Dufau's decorative painting for a room in M. Rostand's house, nymphs and black swans in a park landscape, is a fine piece of colour, notable also for the manner in which the birds are kept in their place in the scheme; you can recognise them for black swans, but they are not painted black. M. Pieters' 'Intérieur Hollandais' is an excellent *genre* picture in the manner of Israels, but on a larger scale; and M. Lorieux' 'Jeune femme écaillant un poisson' is a small picture of somewhat similar type, masterly in style and pictorial unity of treatment. Among the pictures worth a note in the New Salon M. Auburtin has a large decorative picture, 'Orphée,' purchased by the State with more judgment than it has shown in some other cases. M. Béraud has made a bid for popular applause in a clever picture of the official dispersal of a nunnery. M. Friant, usually an exceptionally good painter of real-life pictures on a small scale, has been beguiled by a Government commission into executing two

[1] This is the picture numbered 387, not 386 as in the Catalogue the numbers have been misplaced.

large allegorical pictures, violent in design and heated in colour, which do not advance his reputation. M. Ménard's two decorative landscapes, 'Terre Antique,' are fine in composition if heavy in colour; M. Koos contributes a fairly interesting decorative painting of building operations, under the title 'Mens agitat molem,' which reminds one of the last line of Sylvestre's sonnet on 'Architecture'—

La matière ployée à l'esprit triomphant:

M. Roll's 'Dragon' is a fine life-size equestrian figure, and his 'Journée d'Eté' a charming little idyll; M. Picard's 'Femme dans une Loge' is a fine and *spirituel* head; M. Perret's 'Sainte Geneviève aux Champs' looks like Gleyre come back to life again; and M. Morisset's 'Le Répos' is a fine nude study in a technique which has the effect of removing it somewhat from the plane of realism, and rendering it more of a study than a mere representation.

A word, on two sides of the question, in regard to the 'conscientious nudes' by which every Salon is extensively peopled. The majority of English people, I believe, are under the impression that these are a proof of the inherent immodesty of mind of French painters. They may be assured that, unless in a very few exceptional instances, this is not the case; the motive is for the most part simply an artistic one: the desire to prove their mastery in the most ambitious and difficult problem in painting.[2] But there is something to be said on the side of the judicious spectator, also. The nude figure, as the representation of abstract humanity apart from the temporary incidents of costume, is really the very highest medium of expression in art. But to realise its power in that sense it should be treated in an abstract or poetic manner. Modern civilisation has dictated that the unsophisticated figure should not be exposed to view; possibly modern civilisation is somewhat too prudish on that point; but the custom being so, to paint a nude figure amid all the paraphernalia of a modern furnished interior, as if unexpectedly caught *en déshabillé*, is a procedure which has in it a touch of vulgarity, which the cleverest painting may palliate but does not altogether excuse. Painters do not like to be told so, but they will find that a number of not unreasonable people will be of that mind. The difference between the realistic and the abstract may be illustrated by comparing some of these very undressed ladies in the Salon pictures with a group by a Dresden sculptor, Herr McLean, in the New Salon—the only piece of sculpture there of much importance. It is called simply 'Homme et Femme,' and represents a young wedded pair asleep together, in frank nudity, hand in hand. Sculpture is, or should be, a more

[2] A passage in Marie Bashkirtseff's *Memoirs* might enlighten people on this point. It shows that an ambitious girl artist was as anxious to succeed in a female nude as any painter of the other sex could be; in other words, that the question of sex has little or nothing to do with it.

abstract art than painting, and here there is not a touch of realism in any surroundings or accessories; there are none; the figures are the abstract ideal of man and woman. No doubt, if this were exhibited in London there would be a cry raised that it was 'improper,' and religious persons would write to the *Times* to demand its removal; so difficult is it to get people to distinguish between the realistic and the abstract. It is no more improper than Milton's

> These, lulled by nightingales, embracing slept,
> And on their naked limbs the flowery roof
> Showered roses, &c.

Here, again, we take the side of the artist; but it is all a question between the realistic and the abstract in the use of the nude figure: a point whereon both artists and laity should exercise a little more discrimination, from their several points of view.

Portraits are numerous in the Salon this year, and generally of high quality, though too often characterised by a certain hardness and over-finish of detail. One of the most remarkable of this class is M. Chartran's sumptuous portrait of the Maharajah of Kapurtala, clad in a gorgeous Oriental uniform and seated in an equally gorgeous chair or throne, which together offer a great opportunity for the painter. M. Flameng's portrait of 'Madame C—— et sa fille' is another example of what may be called the portrait *de luxe*, over-brilliant, and rather heated in colour. A better and more free and broad style is represented in M. Humbert's portrait of a lady, in which something of the tradition of Gainsborough reappears, as well in the treatment of the sitter as in the manner in which the landscape background is lightly but effectively sketched in, sufficiently to fill in the pictorial effect without distracting the attention from the figure. The besetting sin of some of the finest and most popular of the French portrait-painters is the general brilliancy and over-elaboration of accessories, which tends to render the work a kind of *tour de force* of execution in which the likeness becomes a secondary consideration. The simple directness of portraiture of men, of which we have some fine examples in the Academy this year, is exemplified in M. Calbet's excellent and characteristic portrait of M. Injalbert, the sculptor; and there is a remarkable portrait of a lady (probably Russian) seen seated and in profile, by a Russian artist, M. Jastrebzoff, which has very high qualities both of colour and character, and is in its class one of the best works of the year.

No class of picture suffers so much from the crowding of works in the Old Salon as the landscapes. The more insistent of the figure pictures are naturally far stronger and more glaring in colour than the landscapes, and seem to kill them; and in contemplating landscapes one wants, more than with any other class of painting, to separate one's attention from material surroundings, in order to take in the

scene with the absorption of mind of a solitary spectator before a real scene in nature. Hence, though one knows that the French are still at the head of the world of landscape-painting, it is difficult to realise this on a hasty inspection of the Salon. The New Salon is far more favourable in this respect, through being less crowded; and comparatively small, tenderly felt pictures, like those of M. Iwill, can be appreciated there, but would be almost killed out of recognition in the Old Salon. M. Iwill has this year devoted himself to Venice, in pictures on a little larger scale than is usual with him, and sends six beautiful works, of which 'Canal Santa-Croce' is the finest. The New Salon boasts also of two fine landscapes by M. Lhermitte; otherwise, landscape there is not important. It is in the Old Salon that the grandly built up works of the powerful landscape-painters are found. M. Harpignies has one picture only, 'Le Ruisseau,' in his noble style, which seems like Constable with a more refined sense of distances. Of M. Didier-Pouget's two large works, hung one over the other in the large gallery, the upper one is his favourite effect—'Bruyères en fleurs: le Matin'; a high foreground with heather, and a valley beyond misty in the morning light; it is becoming a little *toujours perdrix*, but what a power there is in it, and what a sensation it would make at the Academy! His other work, 'Lever de Lune sur l'Etang,' does not quite escape the charge of hardness, and his moon is too large —a common fault with both French and English moons. If landscape-painters would only ascertain what angle the moon really subtends in the arc of the sky (a matter of scientific mensuration), and settle how many degrees their scene includes, they would reduce the dimensions of their moons considerably, in most cases. M. Simonnet exhibits a fine winter woodland scene. Some beautiful smaller landscapes by MM. Sebilleau, Dupré, Cagniart, and many others, are scattered about; and one very powerful one by an artist new to me may be named, 'Tempête d'équinoxe à la Hogue,' by M. Moteley: a dark mass of dilapidated seaside cottages put in with great force, and the fury of the sea visible through a gap beyond; as wild and real a storm picture as one could see. And there are two really fine sea pictures (a line in which the French do not usually excel): 'L'Océan,' by M. Jamar (a Belgian artist), a coast scene with a grey cruel sea running in; and 'Désemparé,' by M. Tattegrain, who, since he painted his preposterous 'Sauvetage en plein Mer,' must have treated himself to a gale in the Channel, and discovered that waves in a gale do not run in a succession of smooth, glistening slopes at the same angle; he is a little sensational still, but it is real sea this time, and puts one to chanting one's 'suave mari magno' in good earnest.

And the sculpture—the crowd of imaginings 'in the round' that fill that splendid sculpture hall, unrivalled for space and lighting—how does that shape? Well, French sculpture of late has had its ups and downs, and this is not one of its great years. There is no work

that strikes one at once as representing the highest that sculpture can achieve—a great thought expressed in perfect form; sometimes there have been half a dozen in one year. And yet—and yet, on returning to the Academy sculpture rooms, one feels in rather a tame atmosphere in comparison. Perhaps the spectacle imposes partly by its very multiplicity, its extraordinary evidence of a wide struggle of artistic effort. It is a year of monuments, not all of the best; but M. Dubois' monument to Fromentin, painter, writer, and almost one may say soldier, with its broadly draped bust and an Algerian trooper rearing his horse by the side of the stele, is a fine heroic work. M. Mercié contents himself with an armoured standing figure of Jeanne Darc (whom the French persist in calling 'd'Arc,' as if she had been a great lady),[3] sweet and pious in expression, but not remarkable. Two works may be mentioned in which sculpture is used to give expression to an important thought. One is M. Cordier's 'Le Doute,' a nude youth seated, with puzzled expression, addressed by a sneering old Voltairean personage who is shaking his faith with sarcasm; it is a very finely executed group, and attracts great attention; there is always a little knot of people before it. The other is M. Guilloux' 'La Nouvelle Muse,' the Muse of Music, grouped with a muse of the older art, seated on a fragment of a Doric column; the 'Nouvelle Muse' looks forward and upward in a glow of aspiration (though in fact Music at present is rather in the position of De Musset, with a great career behind her); the group makes a fine pyramidal composition. Among other noteworthy works are M. Michel's 'L'Automne,' a noble partially draped figure half stooping to pick up an apple; M. Peyre's 'Offrande à Venus,' a group of three female figures in an alcove before a statuette of Venus; M. Suchetet's 'Le Rêve de Psyché,' a rather sketchy but beautifully composed group; and (among realistic works) M. Fremiet's characteristic seated statue of Rude, pipe in mouth, contemplating a model of his terrible winged genius on the Arc de l'Etoile; and M. Lefebvre's 'L'Hiver,' represented by a life-size figure of a dear old lady, her hands in her muff, about to descend the snow-covered steps; it is not the proper thing for sculpture, but it is so charming and lifelike that one forgives it. In the sculpture hall the State is at its old trick, purchasing M. Landowski's 'Les Fils de Caïn'—a bronze group of a nude shepherd, a ragged-bearded and nude old bard, whose lyre serves him partly for the covering which he very much needs, and a half-nude miner, walking along in a row—not for its beauty, for it has none, and shows no sense of composition whatever, but because it is a kind of sculptural homage to the proletariat.

If but a minor space is here left for the Royal Academy, it is after all only in proportion to the relative scale of the two exhibitions, and those who care to read these remarks may not have had time to visit the Salon, whereas the Academy is easy of access. No more

[3] Balzac, it may be noted, writes it 'Darc.'

at the Academy than at the Salon can this be called a great year; there is no picture which is a success of the first order, for Mr. Sargent's powerful portrait group of four American University professors in their robes may be considered only a comparative success in dealing with a subject which is pictorially too sombre in effect. Coming from the Salon to the Academy one has the impression of being in an atmosphere of more artistic refinement; if there are many uninteresting pictures, there are none that are absolutely offensive either in subject or in crudeness of execution, and the proportion of good pictures is larger than in the Salon; but in making this admission one must remember that the actual number of works exhibited is much smaller. On the other hand, the strongest things in the Academy, excepting in portrait, are weak compared with the strongest things in the Salon; the best in English art seems on a smaller scale, not only in material size but in scope and aim, than the best in French art; it is the Arc de l'Etoile compared with the Marble Arch. Moreover there seems, and especially in landscape, a curious diversity of aim; an absence of a recognised ideal which is what a well-known French critic probably meant when he said 'Il n'y a pas une école anglaise, mais il y a une peinture anglaise'; the distinguishing character of the English school being, in the opinion of M. de la Sizeranne, that it has no 'school.' It may be replied, however, that this strongly marked individualism in English painting adds to the interest of our exhibitions, if it argues a want of solidarity of purpose in English art. Two of the most important figure pictures of the year, Mr. Abbey's 'Columbus' and Mr. Brangwyn's 'Venetian Funeral,' for instance, represent such different ideals as to the method of representing facts that it is difficult to realise that they come from painters of the same country (for Mr. Abbey may be considered now to be practically an English artist). Both are what may be called decorative pictures, for that is the defence of Mr. Abbey's flamingoes, which play the same part in his background as the red spears did in 'Gloster and Lady Anne,' only they are somewhat disturbing to the eye from their hard and insistent solidity, and suggest the idea of the whole picture having been intended as a wall decoration, or as a cartoon for a tapestry panel. Mr. Brangwyn's picture seems to be the result of an intent to emphasise all the elements of colour in a scene full of colour, grouping the objects which produce the colour, painting them in a most full and powerful manner, but almost ignoring the effect of perspective; it is not a representation of the scene, but of the colour of the scene. As a painter's experiment, however, it is a remarkable work, and would hold its own anywhere; but it is naturally 'caviare to the general.'

Figure pictures of high interest are scarce at the Academy, and two of the best of them are weighted by falling far short of the painter's professed aim, or at all events of his professed subject. If Sir L. Alma-

Tadema had only been content to call his really beautiful work simply 'A Love Scene,' or even 'A Greek Flirtation' (and the latter title would have fitted it very well), one could have admired it simply as a thing of beauty in colour and design; but to tag it with a verse of that most tender and pathetic of love-lyrics, 'Ask me no more,' is only to show how incapable the painter was of realising the feeling of the poet. Let anyone who can realise it read that verse, with its immortal third line:

Let the great river take me to the main,

and say if he does not experience a revulsion of feeling on being invited to accept this pretty Greek lady turning away her head with a kind of self-conscious smirk, as an illustration of it. If it be (as is very likely the case) that the picture was painted first and the verse merely selected to give a title to it, we can only reply that a great poet is worth better usage than to wring catalogue tags out of him. Painters, some of the best of them even, need a higher literary and mental culture if they are to lay hands on these sanctities of song; every Academy catalogue is full of instances of it: misquotations, misapplied passages, wrested from their higher meaning. And why should Mr. Waterhouse give the title 'The Danaïdes' to a graceful painting of red-haired mediæval-looking young women complacently filling a picturesque brass vessel, from the spout of which the water visibly runs out before their eyes? Of course he never seriously intended to represent the Danaïdes, but why reduce a great and terrible antique legend to a joke, merely to make a catalogue title? Look at M. Hannaux' marble 'Danaïde' in the sculpture hall of the Salon, fallen in hopeless anguish over her water-jar, and say if the French sculptor has not intellectually the best of it, besides having produced a finely modelled figure. It is in this intellectual perception of a subject that French artists often show so much to advantage in comparison with their English brethren; they seem to read and think more, or their works produce that impression; at all events they usually take a great subject seriously. Among the best pictures of the year are two which hang next each other, and which illustrate with almost dramatic force the wide range of the art of painting. Mr. Henry's 'The Blue Gown' is simply an artist's picture of effect, a 'chose vue' (in Victor Hugo's term); a bright-haired girl in a blue dress relieved against dark panelling, and some well-painted bric-à-brac as accessories. The whole object of the picture is simply the enjoyment of colour and composition; a moment of happy effect perpetuated on canvas. Next to it hangs Mr. Crofts's picture of Napoleon and his staff at La Belle Alliance at dawn on the morning of Waterloo, and that unhappy peasant roped to the orderly dragoon's stirrup, whom we have met with in a former picture by the same artist. As a piece of realisation of history this is admirable,

and the contrast between the masterful face of the great captain and that of the terrified peasant, cap in hand, endeavouring to satisfy his formidable questioner, is about as good a piece of character as we have seen in painting. Is this an inferior line of art to Mr. Henry's picture, because it revivifies history instead of seeking only pictorial beauty? There are plenty of critics at the moment who will tell us so. Well, it is a curious question; there are two sides to it. If it be asked which demands the higher intellectual power, the production of an admirable picture of effect, or the study of character and documents to bring a momentous personality and scene of the past before us as if we had seen it, most people would say unhesitatingly—the latter. Yet there is the point to be considered, that if Napoleon and Waterloo ever cease to be interesting, then Mr. Crofts's picture would lose much of its interest, whereas Mr. Henry's 'Blue Gown' would have just the same value as now. At all events, both efforts are equally within the legitimate aim of painting considered in reference to the present moment; and we may certainly congratulate Mr. Crofts on one of the most successful of his long series of war pictures.

Among less important figure pictures Mr. Young Hunter makes a success with his figure of the lady in the crimson dress in 'A Song without Words,' and Mr. Ælfred Fahey's 'The Conception of the Cross' is a picture with an idea in it, expressed in a manner which exhibits both fine composition and colour: both of them elements which are a little deficient in Mr. Sims's pretty fancy of a children's picture, 'The Land of Nod.' In Gallery IV., the picture by a new artist, Mr. Craig, 'The Heretic,' is remarkable for the careful study of the different figures and faces in a crowded scene, and the powerful delineation of the countenance of the heretic herself, a very notable example of intense facial expression, though the whole work is rather confused in composition, or the absence of it. Mr. Edward Stott's 'Washing Day' is an example of a special class of picture, in which a very ordinary incident is made the vehicle for what may be called an abstract study in composition. Mr. Tuke, in 'The Pearl,' has deserted his bathing lads for bathing girls, and makes a pretty study of nude figures, to which he has wisely refrained from giving, as in some previous studies of models, an idealised title which they would not bear out. There are remarkably few nudes in the present exhibition, possibly because they are supposed to be unpopular with the English public; Mr. Melton Fisher, in his 'Belle au bois dormant,' has managed to instil some poetry into the figure and render it something more than a mere study of a model; so has Mr. Mouat Loudan in his painting of a nude lady in a garden, with the motto, 'O world, as God has made it, all is beauty,' in regard to which I overheard the naïve comment (in a lady's voice) 'Of course one never enjoys a nude picture, it makes one so uncomfortable; but how beautiful it is!'

That is very characteristic of the English attitude of mind on this head; some pictures in the Sálon might well make ladies 'uncomfortable,' but there is nothing in the Academy that should do so, if people would only understand that the world of real life is one thing, and the world of art another. Mr. La Thangue's pictures form a kind of class in themselves—the study of the effect of brilliant sunlight, obtained mainly by a very full and strong painting of the objects on which the light falls; 'Selling Chickens in Liguria' is a remarkably forcible little work of its kind, but it is a method of sacrificing everything else for one predominant effect, and it may be questioned whether the artist has not carried this a little too far, forcing the effect beyond what it will bear. But at all events Mr. La Thangue is never weak, and his pictures furnish a remarkable instance of that element of strong individuality in English painting which has been before referred to.

This is a good landscape year—for the Academy (for the country of Turner and Constable is no longer strong in landscape); there is a good deal of beauty of sentiment, but little power; even taking one of the less important French landscapes of the year, there is not a thing in the Academy which in force of effect could stand against M. Moteley's storm picture before referred to. The sense of composition is very marked in Sir E. Waterlow's landscapes, which are all satisfying in respect of this most important quality, too often wanting in landscapes which, like Mr. D. Murray's, seem only transcripts of nature and not pictures at all in the true sense of the word. The two strongest works of the year are perhaps Mr. Aumonier's 'The Top of the Common' and Mr. D. Farquharson's 'Eventide,' paintings in which the sentiment of landscape is conveyed in a style which is nevertheless not 'sentimental'; Mr. Farquharson's larger painting, 'Birnam Wood,' has too much of the trail of scenic effect over it. This and other landscapes, charming enough in a way, remind one of Clough's advice to his friend Shairp, 'Take a course of the *Inferno*, it will burn some of the rosewater out of you.' That is what English landscape-painting wants, to have the rosewater burnt out of it; it runs too much into prettiness.

The most important work in sculpture, in regard to conception, is Sir W. Richmond's Gladstone monument, showing the two figures side by side, with a winged angel whose bowed figure takes a form like a breaking wave above their heads. The details of the pedestal are very interesting, but seem to want a little fining down in the architectural sense. Mr. Brock's bronze fountain panel for the National Memorial to Queen Victoria is a really grand piece of relief sculpture, and, though only a decorative panel of Nymph and Triton, in point of style dominates everything else. Sir C. Lawes-Wittewronge's 'Death of Dirce' occupies the centre of the octagon with what seems rather a weak and unnecessary variation on a famous

antique group. There is always, in the present day, a high standard of execution in the sculpture exhibits—the progress of English sculpture during the last quarter of a century is something to wonder at; but there is rather a want this year of works which have a special interest of subject and treatment; there are so many things that one seems to have seen before, or something very like them. One always looks to Mr. Oliver Wheatley for an example of sculpture in its most sculpturesque form, the embodiment of a simple abstract idea in a finely modelled figure; but his relief panel, 'Pax,' is not so satisfying as some of his former productions. Mr. Clemens's prone figure of 'Eurydice' has both fine form and poetic expression, though it is a work rather graceful than strong. Mr. A. J. Leslie has given a new and graceful reading of 'Narcissus,' a standing figure with a fine and *spirituel* head posed as if looking straight down in a vertical line; and Mr. Reynolds-Stephens exhibits what will no doubt be a popularly attractive group—a quasi-allegory of Queen Elizabeth and Philip making moves at chess, with warships for 'pieces'; it is original and interesting, but it belongs to the element of *genre* rather than to the true province of sculpture—the suggestion of abstract idea through abstract form.

The most important exhibit in the Architectural Room is Mr. Norman Shaw's grand drawing for the rebuilding of Regent's Quadrant in monumental stonework, in place of Nash's well-intended and by no means unsuccessful 'compo' architecture; a design which ought to interest all Londoners, as affording a pledge that one of the few bits of grandiose street architecture effects in London is not to be destroyed by the Philistines of building speculation, but to arise, like the Phœnix from its ashes, finer and more monumental than before.

H. HEATHCOTE STATHAM.

SOME WOMEN-POETS OF THE PRESENT REIGN

'EVERYBODY wants to write poetry nowadays,' grumbled a publisher to me lately, 'and nobody wants to buy it.' Certainly there is in the verse-market at present what would be called in other financial circles a slump. Of the ephemeral magazine verse there is apparently no end either to the supply or the demand, and it cannot be denied that some of it is quite extraordinarily good in spite of its slightness. I have before me half a dozen volumes of poetry written by women of the present day—they contain much that is charming—much, too, that deserves to rank as real poetry, and had they not been drowned by the great chorus of singing voices I am inclined to think that one or two of these writers might have found a niche, not too obscure, in the Temple of Fame. It were too much to expect that England should again give to the world a poetess of such lasting power as Elizabeth Barrett Browning; and we have, amid a host of singers, no star to set beside that one in the literary firmament.

Perhaps it is indeed because to them their art is a less serious thing than hers was to Mrs. Browning. In that tender dedication of her poems to her father she tells him that he was a witness 'how if this art of poetry had been a less earnest object to me it must have fallen from exhausted hands before this day.' With limited experience, with an enclosed life that until well within reach of her fortieth year knows no parallel save that of Heine and his 'mattress-grave,' she was content to let all the sapped energies of her life, all her education, her extensive reading go to the nourishment of her art, with the result that she stands alone, without rival. Her work will survive—it owed nothing to passing fashion. Who can question the enduring quality of the *Sonnets from the Portuguese*? They must always remain as the final expression of a woman's pure, ideal, passionate love. They are also curiously free from the marring sentimentality which characterised so much of the verse of that period.

They have my heart and life in them [she writes of her poems]; they are not empty shells. Poetry has been as serious a thing to me as life itself, and life has been a very serious thing. . . . I never mistook pleasure for the final

cause of poetry, nor leisure, for the hour of the poet. . . . I have done my work so far as work, not as mere hand and head work, apart from the personal being, but as the completest expression of that being to which I could attain.

And that is precisely where it may be said that the modern woman has fallen short—that she has not taken her art with sufficient seriousness. Indeed, many of these writers have not been content with poetry alone, but have contributed largely to the ephemeral prose—the articles, essays, and novels of the day. At no time has woman laboured under so few restrictions as at the present; she may follow in reason what career she will. We have only to look back some fifty years to realise what a change has come in the world's attitude towards the problem of the independence of women. We see the Brontë sisters furtively publishing their incomparable work under pseudonyms that might induce their publishers to believe that they were men. We see them calling at distant post-offices for these publishers' answers lest the guilty secret of their authorship should leak out. An elderly lady, known to-day as the author of many novels, told me that when she first began to write, in her teens, more than forty-five years ago, her mother, upon discovering the manuscripts, severely reprimanded her and forthwith destroyed them! A few years later, when she married, she once more took to her pen, thinking that with marriage greater liberty would be vouchsafed to her, but her hopes were vain. Her husband was as shocked when he discovered the nature of her occupation as her mother had been, and a second holocaust was made of the precious manuscripts. For thirty years she did not write a line, and it was only when well advanced in middle life that her first book saw the light, and was rewarded with an immediate popularity. Clearly, then, it was in those days considered scarcely *comme il faut* for a woman to write! But at the present time women enjoy a very large measure of intellectual freedom; they are even encouraged to write from their earliest years, hence we have that disagreeable and unchildlike person, the 'child-poet.'

But if the present day is destitute of any great name in the list of women-poets we have, it must be acknowledged, a host of minor singers among whom a very high order of poetic fancy and delicate diction prevails. It is, perhaps, a result of the educational equipment of to-day that the technique and form are often so excellent. There is in many of them a sadness without sentimentality. While often resembling each other, as is almost always the case among contemporary poets, they are without any slavish following of bygone methods, and we find few heedless echoes of Browning and Tennyson among them.

Perhaps the greatest charm of their verse lies in its grace of modern language. In the last fifteen years there seems to have sprung into

being a certain well-defined language in poetry and prose, which in default of a better word we must call style. Not always altogether free from preciosity, it is, at any rate, technically admirable, and at its best will survive as the definite expression of the English language in the early years of the present century.

Among so many names the selection of a few presented some difficulty, and I have restricted my choice to those who are still living and whose work has been published in the present reign. The one who stands somewhat alone, and apart, to my thinking, is Miss Ethel Clifford. It is little more than three years since her first slim book of verse, *Songs of Dreams*,[1] was published, but it at once arrested the attention and admiration of the critics. Her passage to recognition was curiously swift—it is not often a young writer meets with such spontaneous praise, especially at a time when 'everybody wants to write poetry.' There is in her work a strength—a very fine womanly strength—which arrests one in nearly every line she writes. She went back to nature, to the woods, the wet, wild winds, the growing grass. There was little trace of the pessimism that so disfigures the work of many modern writers. Instead she showed a classic gladness for the things of earth. She made, it is true, no attempt to touch the heights of love and passion that were voiced in the *Sonnets from the Portuguese*. Indeed her work is curiously passionless, often impersonal, as of one unawakened to the graver issues of life. But in her own sphere she is astonishingly, wonderfully forceful. Nothing could be more tender than the delicately wrought dedication to her mother of her first volume:

> Do you remember how at Airolo
>   I made a posy of the white and blue,
> And thought 'Such lilies Mary has in Heaven,'
>   And brought them to my best-belov'd—to you?
>
> Dear as I brought the best at Airolo,
>   The lilies shining with the morning dew,
> So with the best of these the song I make—
>   I bring them to my best-belov'd—to you!

Her intense love for nature, which permeates nearly every line she writes, is tenderly expressed in her little poem, *The Last Hour*:

> O joys of love and joys of fame,
>   It is not you I shall regret;
>   I sadden lest I should forget
> The beauty woven in earth's name,
>
> The shout and battle of the gale,
>   The stillness of the sun-rising,
>   The sound of some deep hidden spring,
> The glad sob of the filling sail,

[1] *Songs of Dreams*, Ethel Clifford (John Lane, 1903).

The first green ripple of the wheat,
The rain-song of the lifted leaves,
The waking birds beneath the eaves,
The voices of the summer heat.

But in *Cain's Song*, which contains some of her finest and most original work, it is expressed with a note of almost passionate defiance :

Outcast am I, but the earth fertile and kindly
Stretches beneath me. The sun sets in the west
Golden and red, and I see it while Abel sleeps blindly
Deaf to the rain, and I hear it ! Lord, which is best ?

Branded am I, but the deer, russet and sable
Still are for quarry. And I hunt not in vain.
Mine is the triumph of storm and the gladness of rain, but Abel,
Nothing he knows though his face is upturned to the rain !

In Ishmael, too, the same spirit inspires her :

Isaac sits behind his fire,
Eating meat and drinking wine ;
In the shelter of his tent
Hath he dreams as rich as thine,
Where the purple mists and blue
Weave a veil that God looks through ?

When with swift unsandall'd feet,
Thou the springing turf dost tread
In the passion of the chase,
Long'st thou for the leaven'd bread ?
Wouldst thou sleep the scented night
Where the stars are hid from sight ?

Of sadder things she writes with much charm and restraint. One would like to quote in full her well-known poem *Vale*, and a *Song of Victory*. But neither of them is so beautiful as *The Dark Road*, which appeared in her second volume, *Love's Journey*.[2]

There is no light in any path of Heaven,
Every star is folded in dark sleep ;
The clouds hang heavily, the moon is hidden,
How will she know the road her soul must keep ?

She did not ask for heavenly palaces,
A little human home was her desire ;
The intimate, close touch of human hands—
To love and watch beside a human fire.

As tears will be remembrance in her heart
If she recall her lamp's familiar light,
And as a sword vain pity in her heart
If she should hear her children's cry to-night.

[2] *Love's Journey*, Ethel Clifford (John Lane, 1905).

Ah Mary, Mother, stand by Heaven's gate
 And watch the road for one who comes to find
In loneliness and fear what Heaven holds
 To comfort her who leaves the earth behind.

I like, too, that rather Swinburne-like little poem, *The Harp of Sorrow*:

Sorrow has a harp of seven strings
And plays on it unceasing all the day,
The first string sings of love that is long dead,
The second sings of lost hopes buried;
The third of happiness forgot and fled.
Of vigil kept in vain the fourth cord sings,
And the fifth string of roses dropped away.
The sixth string calls and is unanswered,
The seventh with your name for ever rings—
I listen for its singing all the day!

That her verse has the true lyrical quality is attested by the fact that much of it has been set to music.

Amongst other writers who, like Miss Clifford, have been content to rely upon poetry as the solitary expression of their art is Miss Olive Custance (Lady Alfred Douglas), some of whose verse was first published in the Yellow Book, that production of the nineties which, while procuring fame for so many of its contributors, was yet destined to prove a financial failure. Some half-dozen years ago Miss Custance published her first volume of collected poems under the title of *Opals*[3] and it has since been followed by another called *Rainbows*.[4] I think she has a wider outlook than Miss Clifford, though her forms are less original and lack the peculiar force of her contemporary's work. She, too, shows a very tender, half mystical love of nature, very tenderly rendered in her poem, *Sunshine*:

O Sunshine Spirit, I have seen
Your gold wings spread aslant the green;
Have watched their splendours trail along
The woodland ways where wild flowers throng,
And seen your slim feet slip between
In gardens where tired feet can wade
Through flowers set thick in slumb'rous shade
Your fleeting fairy form has crept
Between the shadows unafraid.

Some of her sonnets are very beautiful, and it has struck me as somewhat strange that the sonnet form apparently finds little favour with the poetess of the day, and this is the more surprising when we reflect that Mrs. Browning with her *Sonnets from the Portuguese*, and Mrs. Meynell with her celebrated one *Renouncement* have shown that it is a form in which it is possible for a woman to take front rank.

[3] *Opals*, Olive Custance (John Lane, 1897).
[4] *Rainbows*, Olive Custance (John Lane, 1902).

In her sonnet, *Bereft*, Miss Custance touches a deep, and in some ways an unusual note:

> Within my heart there stands a vacant throne.
> I set a king there not so long ago,
> The shadow of a man who did not know
> He was belov'd. I sought it there alone,
> This silent image that was all my own.
> But one day someone whispered to me low:
> 'Behold, dear, he is dead whom you loved so!'
> And now the speechless shadow, too, has flown. . . .
> Within my heart there stands an Angel, dumb,
> With large eyes full of tears that never close
> By day nor night, and Memory is her name.

Pathetic, too, in its futile passion, in its grief-stricken abandonment, is her *Death of Pierrot*:

> Pierrot, Pierrot, at first they said you slept,
> And then they told me you would never wake.
> I dared not think—I watched the white day break,
> The yellow lamps go out—I have not wept!
>
> Love, will you never look at me again
> With those rain-coloured, heavy-lidded eyes,
> Closed now for ever? Pierrot, was it wise
> To love so madly, since we loved in vain?
>
> Blue as blue flame is the great sky above;
> The earth is wonderful and glad and green;
> But shut the sunlight out, for I have seen
> Forgetfulness upon the face of love!

We seem to see the grotesque clown-figure with all the comedy blotted out from the white chalked face by the swift tragedy of death. One notices in Miss Custance's work the fastidious selection of the right word—the art of saying much in a few suggestive phrases, the simple directness and spontaneity that characterises them all. There is much charm and gracefulness about her little poem *Masquerade*:

> We dance with proud and smiling lips,
> With frank, appealing eyes, with shy hands clinging.
> We sing, and few will question if there slips
> A sob into our singing.
>
> Each has a certain step to learn;
> Our prisoned feet moved staidly in set places,
> And to and fro we pass, since life is stern,
> Patiently with masked faces.

I find many lines scattered over her poems that arrest one's attention from their truth and haunting beauty—lines such as:

> The Moon has swathed her silver face in wide
> Soft webs of wandering cloud.

> Soft-sheathed in sunshine is fate's sword of pain.

And from her little poem, *In Praise of Love*:

> A singing wonder, ever on the wing—
> A magical, mad mood, too sweet to stay.

The sonnet form has found more favour with Miss Laurence Alma-Tadema than with either of the writers whose works I have quoted above. Many poems in the 'magic metre' are to be found in her volumes, *The Songs of Womanhood* [5] and *Realms of Unknown Kings*.[6] Although she is the author of more than one novel and several plays, it is in the realm of poetry that her chief claim to distinction lies. Writing in a minor key she shows always great delicacy of touch, a tender appreciation of nature. Very charming is her sonnet beginning:

> I will not close the door, O Love, on thee,
> Although I fear thee still. . . .
> But now that I behold
> The earth again, and that my wings are gone,
> I will take refuge simply on thy breast.
> No miracle I seek—no rapturous dawn
> Of an unearthly day: I will but rest
> My weary eyes and lay between thy hands
> These empty fingers that have ceased to clutch
> At stars. Because my spirit understands
> Renouncement thou wilt give, maybe.

Or one beginning:

> When spring awakens, and no spring is there,
> None for the heart, it is a joyless thing. . . .
> . . . The solitary ways
> Are primroseless, and vain the violet days.

It is the frustrate or unreturned love which forms the theme of much of her verse. But even where it is most sad it never lacks a picturesque quality, and is always free from morbid sentiment.

> Hadst thou but willed it—thou that sittest there
> Indifferent—I might have been thy heart,
> I might have been thy crown—I, even I—
> And dragged thee to the summit of the hill,
> Holding thee there; but such was not thy will.
> One year I gave thee of my faith; thine eye
> Was master. Now I shake me free and part,
> Spreading white wings upon the winter air.

Much the same note is sounded in *A Leave-Taking*:

> Where thou art
> I may not be; these eyes must lose their light,
> Silence invade my ear—death, death to all
> That yesterday was very life. . . . I call
> These truths unto my soul—it will not hear,
> But smiles within me still, as one whose ear
> Is held by distant music in the night.

[5] *Songs of Womanhood*, L. Alma-Tadema (Grant Richards, 1903).

[6] *Realms of Unknown Kings*, L. Alma-Tadema (Grant Richards, 1897).

And in *Afterwards*:

Have I not lain
On the hill-tops in the sun? I knew the sound
Of joy's approach; my being memory-bound
Cares nothing for the wind and the hard rain.
All's well! Why should I grieve for you? My part
Was to attain, not to *possess*, your heart.
Therefore I thank you for a day whose grace,
Outliving hope, in bitterness is sweet.

From the heavy ill-concealed pain of these it is a relief to turn to her slight dainty poem, *The Commonwealth*:

Oh, wonder of the hills and sky,
How dear your beauty to my sight!
The winter noon, the sea's delight,
The ruddy moorland far and high,
The pendant larch's silver white,
The golden wind-blown leaves that lie—
How I thank God for all this night!

A few years ago there was published a little book called *Hand in Hand*,[7] by a Mother and Daughter. It is now no longer a secret that the mother and daughter were the mother and sister of Rudyard Kipling. Mrs. Fleming had, it is true, published a novel prior to this; indeed, her contribution to the work in question was a somewhat meagre one, yet possessing an arresting and unusual power. Her sonnet, *Love's Murderer*, though technically imperfect, is a page torn from the very heart of life. It would seem impossible to quote it except in full:

Since Love is dead, stretched here before us dead,
Let us be sorry for the quiet clay;
Hope and offence alike have passed away,
The glory long had left his vanquished head,
Poor shadowed glory of a distant day—
But can you give no pity in its stead?
I see your hard eyes have no tears to shed,
But has your heart no kindly word to say?
Were you his murderer or was it I?
I do not care to ask—there is no need—
Since gone is gone and dead is dead indeed,
What use to wrangle of the how and why?
I take all blame—I take it! Draw not nigh—
Ah, do not touch him, lest Love's corpse should bleed!

The art of saying much in few words is hers, as the following 'uncomfortable' little poem bears witness:

I thought we had a life-time at the least
To spend together,
And so I sat me laughing at the feast
While my love faced bad weather.

[7] *Hand in Hand*, by a Mother and Daughter (Elkin Mathews, 1902).

There would be time to recompense all sorrow,
He should be sad to-day and glad to-morrow . . .
So he set forth unkissed upon his way,
And he died yesterday.

Many mothers of soldier sons must have been touched by her poem *Spion Kop*, with its almost homely pathos:

Young Never-Grow-Old, with your heart of gold,
And the dear boy's face upon you,
It is hard to tell, though we know it well,
That the grass is growing upon you.
Flowers and grass and the graveyard mould
Over the eyes of you, Never-Grow-Old,
Over the heart of you—over each part of you—
All your dear body, our Never-Grow-Old.

Never-Grow-Old, the theft of time,
His daily stealthy robbing,
Is not for you, slain in your prime;
This one thought stays my sobbing.
Never for you the flagging strength,
The warm young heart grown cold;
You earn your child pet-name at length:
We called you Never-Grow-Old;
Kissed curls and called you 'Young Never-Grow-Old

. . . . .

The youngest 'mid the angel bands
That shout among the stars,
And wing to work their Lord's commands
Beyond our prison bars,
God's soldier still through the streets of gold
In your shining harness, Never-Grow-Old.

And on looking through the contribution—no inconsiderable one—of the women-poets of our day it is hard to say why any or all of these writers, of whose work I have tried to give characteristic examples, should have failed to attract something of the immense vogue which has been the meed in times gone by of such writers as Mrs. Hemans and Miss Adelaide Anne Procter. It is possible that had any one of these poetesses lived forty or fifty years ago, when there was less rivalry in the field—when there were fewer people who, to quote the publisher again, 'wanted to write poetry'—they might have achieved a far greater measure of success. But now it is hard to say that one excels above another to any definite degree—that one fails precisely where another succeeds, and *vice versa*. There is an undeniable 'family likeness' about much of the verse, yet no one can say that it is not fresh, original, and in great measure distinctive. Who can distinguish at first sight the works of one of the Elizabethan minor poets from another? There is a fashion in these things. Take, for example, Miss Ethel Clifford's *Last Hour*, Miss Olive Custance's *Sunlight*, and Miss Alma-Tadema's *Commonwealth*. Nature poems all—all, too, delicate,

tender, and spiritual. They are wonderfully alike—the same spirit inspires them—a close, tender, intimate observation of nature seen across the poet's own mood. They belong to our day—they are all in the modern way—who shall deny its charm? But one feels that any of these three writers could have written all three poems!

Much technical excellence, a sense of form, of colour, of the *mot juste*—these are the characteristics of our modern women-poets. If their art is as the art of the miniature-painter, small, restricted, limited, lacking in breadth, it is within those limitations and restrictions a very perfect thing. One may well ask who, out of this chorus of singers, shall survive the test of time? The ultimate assessment of the value—as literature—of this poetry must be left to the decision of future generations.

ISABEL CLARKE.

THE EDUCATION AND TRAINING OF ENGINEERS—CIVIL AND NAVAL

In recent years the necessity for a better organisation of technical education for British engineers has been universally admitted. It has been felt that, while much had been done in the establishment of technical departments at the older universities and in the new universities and university colleges, these efforts had been local, isolated, and to a great extent unsystematic; no general scheme of education and training had been evolved. Foreign countries,—especially France, Germany, Switzerland and the United States—had undoubtedly taken a lead of the United Kingdom in the organisation and development of technical education; with the result that their industries and manufactures, as well as their engineers, had been greatly aided in their competition for the markets and work of the world. In fact it was obvious that action must be taken if British engineering was to maintain the leading position it had attained in the last century, when the striking developments accompanying the use of steam and iron in the construction of railways and steamships, the improvement in means of communication and transport and the application of machinery to manufactures, had been chiefly due to British engineers and constructors. Three or four years ago the position had become critical. It was faced resolutely by those directly concerned. Outside the engineering profession persons who understood the circumstances but partially indulged in dismal forecasts of the decline and fall of British industrial and engineering undertakings: men inside the profession fixed their attention on the means of remedying the unfavourable conditions into which we had fallen by the greater relative advances made abroad in technical education. The subject was discussed exhaustively at meetings of the great engineering societies in 1902-3 both in London and in the chief industrial centres. At first, as was natural, these discussions disclosed wide divergencies of opinion as to the best methods of education and training for engineers. Many of the leading engineers of the present day were trained in a period when systematic technical education in this country was in its infancy, and their own experience naturally influenced their opinions as to the course which should be followed in future. At the

other extreme stood professors and advocates of thorough scientific training who were disposed to minimise the importance of practical experience; in not a few instances these men had little or no practical experience of their own in actual engineering work. Existing interests also had great weight: more especially the wide-spread system of 'premium pupilage,' by which boys whose parents were able to pay considerable sums secured their admission into important engineering works, where more or less satisfactory training was obtained. All these and other considerations made difficult an agreement as to the best policy for the future, and indicated the impossibility of a settlement being reached unless a thorough investigation of the subject was undertaken by a competent Committee of Engineers of recognised eminence in all branches of the profession. The Council of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers gave practical effect to this view in May 1903, by requesting the Council of the Institution of Civil Engineers to appoint such a Committee. That request was complied with, and in November 1903 steps were taken to constitute a Committee on which all the principal British engineering societies should be represented 'to consider and report as to the best method of training for all classes of engineers.'

The societies represented on the Committee were :—

The Institution of Civil Engineers.
The Institution of Mechanical Engineers.
The Institution of Naval Architects.
The Iron and Steel Institute.
The Institution of Electrical Engineers.
The Institution of Gas Engineers.
The Institution of Engineers and Shipbuilders in Scotland.
The Institution of Mining Engineers.
The North-East Coast Institution of Engineers and Shipbuilders.

This list indicates the extent to which specialisation in engineering practice has gone as the needs of modern life have increased. Each branch of engineering has its peculiar requirements which naturally loom large in the view of these who devote their lives to its practice, and which must be provided for in any scheme of training. On the other hand all branches of the profession are closely related and interdependent: they have a common scientific basis, and it is important that aspirants should not specialise too soon or become narrowed in their outlook. The Institution of Civil Engineers, which opens its membership to fully qualified representatives of every branch of Civil Engineering, and only excludes military engineers on the active list, was the body best suited to organise this important inquiry; the response from the kindred societies to its invitation to nominate members of the Committee was both cordial and prompt.

Each of the Institutions except the Civil Engineers nominated

one representative: in several cases the gentlemen selected were at that time presidents of the institutions, and distinguished in their particular branch of engineering. All the members were practical engineers of established reputation and large experience. Three of them occupy professorial chairs in the Universities of Glasgow and Durham and two or three others had in earlier years been professors of engineering, although they had passed into general practice. Three of the members were Fellows of the Royal Society. The Institution of Civil Engineers was represented by its President and by Sir John Wolfe Barry and Sir Alexander Kennedy. The writer, who was President of the Institution when the Committee was appointed, served throughout as chairman. Dr. Tudsbery, the experienced Secretary of the Institution of Civil Engineers, has been intimately connected with engineering education for many years, especially in connection with the system of examinations established by the Institution; he was appointed secretary, and a member of his staff (Mr. Henderson, B.Sc.) served as assistant-secretary. From this brief statement it will be seen that the Committee, whose Report was presented towards the end of April, consisted of men thoroughly familiar with the requirements of modern engineering and with existing means of instruction. The opinions and recommendations of such a body could not fail to command respect if they stood alone: having been based upon a laborious and extensive inquiry which extended over two and a half years. The Report commands even greater respect and authority from the fact that it embodies also the opinions of hundreds of the leading engineers in the United Kingdom, who were consulted by the Committee before the Report was prepared. It was not easy to obtain the opinions of such men, busily occupied as they are in professional and responsible work; but by means of correspondence and the exercise of patience and persistence the end was achieved. Results were tabulated and summarised, and from the analysis certain broad conclusions, which command general support, have been deduced, and form the groundwork of the Report.

It is a matter for congratulation that an inquiry begun chiefly in consequence of pronounced differences of opinion as to the best methods of educating and training engineers, should have resulted in recommendations that command the support of the great majority of British engineers. The Report has been adopted by the Council of the Institution of Civil Engineers, and is now under the consideration of the councils of the other engineering societies. It has been favourably received by the leading engineering journals, and will be of great assistance to parents and guardians who propose to educate boys for an engineering career. Educational authorities will find it of value in arranging courses of instruction for pupils, and there is reason to hope that it will exercise a wide and beneficial influence on the conduct of technical institutions.

The recommendations of the Committee are grouped under two principal heads. First come those relating to *Preparatory Education*; second come those relating to training in the *Science and Practice of Engineering*. The Committee do not favour early specialisation, or the inclusion of handicrafts as school exercises. Boys intended to be engineers should, in their opinion, receive a sound general education, including elementary Latin and modern languages, but no Greek. Drawing should be well taught, and care taken to secure a good knowledge of mathematics, special attention being given to geometrical methods. Elementary physics and chemistry should be included in the subjects of study, but no particular department of science pursued in detail. In mathematics a practical scheme of instruction is preferred, so that boys may be encouraged to express results with such a degree of numerical precision as is compatible with the degree of certainty in the data on which solutions are based. This school-course should be continued until boys reach the age of seventeen, up to which time no specialisation in engineering subjects should be attempted. 'Leaving certificates' are thought desirable, so that boys possessing them, as evidence of sufficient preparation at secondary schools, may without further examination obtain admission to technical colleges, and at once proceed to the acquisition of the special education which these institutions are intended to provide. Incidentally reference is made to the fact that at present our system of secondary education is so defective that boys admitted to technical colleges, as a rule, have to devote their earlier sessions to making good defects in preparation. Consequently the special benefits which these institutions afford are not utilised to the fullest extent; and the teaching staffs, instead of devoting themselves exclusively to technical and scientific instruction, have to occupy much time in dealing with subjects properly belonging to secondary schools. In this respect we are much behind foreign countries, and the improvement of secondary education is a pressing need, not merely in regard to the training of engineers but that of other professions and for commercial and other employments.

Before the Recommendations relating to engineering training are described, it may prevent misunderstanding if a brief explanation is given of the class of boys for whose benefit these Recommendations have been framed. The Committee say that they 'have had in view throughout what may be termed an "average boy" of ordinary ability whose parents are in a position to secure for him a thorough training before he begins his actual professional work as an engineer.' They are careful to recognise the fact that the engineering profession is recruited from other sources, that many of the most eminent men have risen from the ranks by sheer merit, and that others have become engineers later in life, being 'born-engineers' who had no regular technical training. They look forward to a continuance of such

additions to the profession, but think that 'in all such cases men may be trusted to find their way,' so that the concern of the Committee has been with the best general scheme adapted to the 'average boy,' who is to be trained for 'professional work as an engineer.'

The word 'engineer' is used loosely and in many senses. Engine-drivers in charge of railway or road locomotives, marine engines, and stationary engines are commonly described as engineers. So are mechanics employed in engineering workshops, and the great Trades' Union to which these men belong is officially entitled 'The Amalgamated Society of Engineers.' Plumbers, gas-fitters, and workmen engaged on electrical fittings are frequently described by the generic term engineer, with distinctive adjectives prefixed. It need hardly be said that the Committee made no inquiry into the training of such men; although the training of our mechanics and skilled workmen is of great importance to the national well-being, and is receiving the attention it deserves throughout the United Kingdom. Fortunately for us in this department of technical education we occupy a good position, thanks in great measure to the action of the Science and Art Department in the past, and to the Board of Education and local education authorities at present. Working men have excellent opportunities of self-improvement in evening classes at polytechnics, municipal technical schools and other institutions, and these opportunities are being extensively utilised. By means of scholarships and the encouragement given by large employers many young men are enabled to make a career, which brings them into higher and responsible positions; everyone must rejoice that this is true, and that the best brain of the nation is made available for the general good. But all these cases lie outside the scope of the inquiry under review, except that the higher technical education necessary for the practice of the engineering profession must generally correspond, even in such cases, to that suggested for the average boy whose parents can provide for his thorough training.

In the professional sense engineering is well defined in the charter of the Institution of Civil Engineers as the 'art of directing the great sources of power in nature for the use and convenience of man.' The late Dr. Pole traced the term engineer to the old French verb *s'ingénier*, the meaning of which was 'chercher dans son génie, dans son esprit, quelque moyen pour réussir.' There could be no better description of the work of the engineer, who has to grapple continually with new and difficult problems in his endeavour to utilise the forces of nature and bring them into the service of man. This is the task for which the Recommendations of the Committee are intended to furnish the best methods of training for engineers of the future.

Thorough training in both the practice and science of engineering is considered essential. A boy leaving school at seventeen years of

age, and well prepared, in the judgment of the Committee must devote six or seven years to education for professional work. Of this period three to four years should be given to practical training, and three years to scientific study in well-equipped technical colleges. Recognising the impossibility of framing any single scheme that admits of universal adoption, the Committee state the principles that they consider essential. Practical training is to be obtained in workshops, on works, in mines, in offices and at the drawing-board. The manner in which this practical training shall be distributed may differ in various circumstances. For instance, in Scotland the Universities work about half the year and are in vacation during the other (summer) half. There the Committee think that practical and scientific training may alternate. In some instances practical training may be completed before the college course is begun: in others the college course may follow directly after the secondary school, and the practical training may come last. Large employers (like public departments or railway companies) may arrange that practical and theoretical training may proceed *pari passu*. But in every instance both kinds of training must be thorough. Employers and owners of works and factories must give sympathetic assistance to students in gaining practical experience if the training suggested is to be ensured, and the Committee dwell upon the fact and bespeak the sympathy. Facilities of this kind will not merely be of advantage to students, but will benefit those who grant them, and aid the national well-being. In the United States and Germany they are freely given, and there are excellent examples at home of liberality in this respect.

The ideal plan of the Committee, to be adopted when circumstances permit, is as follows: A boy leaves school well prepared in accordance with their recommendations, at the age of seventeen. He then takes a year of practical training in a mechanical engineering workshop. During that time care must be taken to maintain his scholastic acquirements, and to add to his knowledge, if health permits, by attendance at evening classes, or by private tuition and study. This 'workshop-year' coming after school, and at an age when boys can rapidly acquire manual dexterity and gain knowledge of processes and of workmen, would be of great advantage. Then follows the college course of three years. The first year would be devoted to studies common to all branches of engineering: in succeeding years students would specialise in the studies necessary for the branches of engineering they propose to practise. Students of special ability might acquire the necessary training in a shorter time than three years: others might find it desirable to add a fourth year. On completion of the college course two to three years would be devoted to practical training in the work connected with the selected branch of engineering. At the age of twenty-four years the engineer should be equipped for actual and responsible work. Men of special ability

might undertake researches on special subjects when their training is complete.

These are the views of a Committee consisting of men who have themselves undertaken important works involving great difficulties and responsibilities: and the Recommendations are endorsed by hundreds of their professional colleagues whose standing and experience are unquestioned. These Recommendations cannot be lightly set aside; they represent a consensus of opinion amongst leading British engineers, whose desire it is to secure successors trained and equipped in the best possible way for the arduous competition that must be faced. Foreign nations are sparing no pains or expense in similar training for their future engineers, and this country must not lag behind. Foreign employers are alive to the importance of aiding the movement. British employers must be equally alert and sympathetic.

It may be of interest to recall the fact that the reform of technical instruction in Germany grew out of the action of a special commission appointed in 1888 by the *Verein deutscher Ingenieure*—the great German engineering society—to study the question and to offer suggestions for the reorganisation of technical schools. At the present time the approved system of training for a fully instructed German engineer includes education up to eighteen years of age in a secondary school (Gymnasium, Real-gymnasium or Ober-real Schule), then a year of workshop practice, followed by a year of military service, and by four years at a technical high school. For admission to the latter a 'leaving certificate' from the secondary school is necessary. The term of military service depends upon an examination passed at the age of fifteen years. There is practical agreement, therefore, between the German system and that recommended by the Committee as to the interposition of a workshop year after the secondary school course; but it may be stated that the recommendation of the Committee was quite independent of German practice. The age of leaving school is one year less as proposed by the Committee, and there is no year of military service. Consequently the English scheme provides for two or three years' practical training in addition to the workshop year and leaves the student equipped in practice and theory ready for work at the age of twenty-four, when his German compeer completes his college course and still has to obtain his practical training in the special branch of engineering to which he is assigned. As a matter of fact German students generally obtain appointments at low salaries when they leave the Technical High School, and perform certain duties while gaining practical experience, or undertake research work for manufacturers. Men who enter the State service have to serve several years before receiving salaries and are frequently twenty-eight years of age before their training is completed. Such a late period of assuming responsibility and earning a livelihood does not commend

itself to English opinion, nor is it compatible with the circumstances of most engineering students.

France has led the world in the organisation of education: its Polytechnic School has a magnificent record of achievement and the scheme provides for common training in scientific and technical subjects required in all branches of engineering, followed by specialised training for individual branches in 'Schools of Application.' Practical training is consequently postponed until students are twenty-three or twenty-four years of age. This system has been adopted in other European countries. For example at the Zurich Polytechnic School, the minimum age for entry is eighteen years, a high standard of preparation is necessary before admission, the course of study occupies four years, and students are commonly twenty-three years of age before they commence practical training. In the United States the minimum age for entry at technical colleges is sixteen to eighteen years, the standard of entrance examination corresponds to the training of a good secondary school, and the course occupies four to five years. In many cases students enter at a more advanced age, after taking degrees at Universities. Practical training on actual works or in engineering workshops is either taken during college vacations or after college courses are completed. Employers show great willingness to give employment to graduates of technical institutions and afford facilities for technical instruction. At British universities which have engineering departments, and at our technical colleges students now commonly enter direct from school and defer practical training until the completion of their college courses. In some cases a workshop course is taken between school and college, and the writer has been informed by every professor whom he has consulted that boys who have followed this scheme have been, as a rule, their best pupils: his own experience confirms this opinion. In other cases students spend college vacations in engineering works with great advantage, and many leading employers now grant facilities for this purpose.

The Admiralty has had in operation for more than half a century a system of education for its shipbuilding and engineering officers which has given excellent results. Its experience has a direct bearing on the subject now being considered. Schools for apprentices have been set up in the dockyards, and at Devonport a college has been established for engineer students and students of naval construction whose parents can pay premiums. Practical training and school work proceed concurrently for about five years, much in the way that medical students are trained at the great hospitals. Scholarships are given to the most deserving apprentices, who then pass into the Devonport College. The best students from that College are transferred to the Royal Naval College at Greenwich, where they undergo a higher course of training in the science of shipbuilding or engineering extending over three years. In this manner the bulk of the members of

the Royal Corps of Naval Constructors, and many of the engineer officers of the Royal Navy have been trained. The work successfully accomplished for the Navy indicates the merits of this system of training: but it is worth noting also that men trained by the Admiralty occupy no small proportion of the leading positions in the great private shipbuilding establishments of the country, and form an important section of the staff of Lloyds' Register of Shipping which inspects and 'classes' the greater part of the mercantile shipping of the world. Only large employers could adopt a system similar to that framed by the Admiralty. It is satisfactory to know that in recent years action has been taken by some of the great railway companies and by large private firms to provide technical training for their *employés*. The results must be advantageous to both employers and employed.

The writer's conviction after a life-long study of the subject is that for many reasons it is preferable for boys to have a period of practical training between school and college, and to gain a knowledge of workshop practice, materials, machines and workmen while powers of observation and receptivity are keen and unobscured. By association with workmen, keeping regular working hours, following the routine of a great factory and submitting to its discipline, boys can learn much that men five or six years older will never learn. Workshops in colleges do not afford corresponding instruction; engineering laboratories have their recognised value, but the work done in them by students is much more beneficial when it has been preceded by actual experience in engineering workshops. It is sometimes urged that a workshop-year may do harm to boys of seventeen to eighteen by bringing them into contact with rough associates. This is a fanciful objection, contradicted by general experience, by the unanimous opinion of the Engineering Committee, and by the great majority of British engineers. Effect cannot be given to the Committee's recommendation unless employers give the necessary facilities for boys to spend a year in their works, and to pass through the mechanical departments, not as ordinary apprentices who are to be trained as skilled workmen, but as those destined to be professional engineers. The system involves departures from what has been usual, but it would soon become familiar and its merits would be appreciated. Experience in Germany and the United States proves that it involves no disadvantage to employers. When the workshop year was proposed in Germany an inquiry was made as to industrial establishments which would grant permission for boys to enter. In 1903, 520 engine-works, ship-yards, electrical works, iron and steel works, bridge-building and other establishments endorsed the scheme, and 1,750 places were made available for students in private establishments, while the State railway shops were open to many others. This action indicates the importance attached to the system by German manufacturers and engineers, who are

necessarily influenced by commercial considerations and desire to achieve the best results. Many British employers are equally in favour of the plan, and the workshop year should be made possible here without delay if we are to compete on equal terms and to secure the best training for engineers.

The Committee aim at the association of practical training and scientific knowledge in the 'complete engineer.' Under modern conditions both qualifications are essential. 'Rules of thumb' no longer suffice, and scientific methods must be adopted. On the other hand there has been a disposition in some quarters to unduly exalt theoretical education and to depreciate practical training; and as a result some schemes of engineering education have been framed on lines that tended to produce mere teachers of engineering science, who would be much at sea when faced by the problems of actual practice. Between these extremes the Committee indicate a better course of training, but they make it abundantly evident that their object is to produce successors armed at all points for the actual work of the profession, in which the stress of competition grows keener, and the problems to be solved become increasingly complicated and difficult as the years go by.

Engineering Education in the Royal Navy

In connection with the new scheme for the entry and training of naval officers—initiated by Lord Selborne's memorandum of December 1902 (Cd. 1385), modified by Lord Cawdor's statement of November 1905 (Cd. 2791), and explained in detail by a Parliamentary Paper issued a few days ago by Lord Tweedmouth (Cd. 2841)—considerable changes have been introduced into the Admiralty system of engineering education. These changes have provoked discussion and criticism not merely amongst naval officers, but in technical journals, non-technical reviews, and the daily press. Until Lord Tweedmouth consented to make public reports of the Departmental Committees which had dealt with the subject, only the great features of the scheme had been disclosed in official utterances and publications. These particulars, it is true, had been supplemented by unofficial writers, some of whom claimed to have exact information, derived from official sources, in regard to details of courses of study and instruction. Amongst these contributions a series of articles published in the *Times* during February and March last year were conspicuous for fulness of information, and claims to authority and accuracy of statement as to the intentions of the Admiralty and results so far achieved. It is, however, far more satisfactory to have the official Reports themselves, to know exactly what is proposed, the constitution of the Committees, the nature and extent of their inquiries, and the authority attaching to their conclusions. In the

course of recent discussions apologists for Admiralty policy have complained that criticisms have been based on imperfect information or incorrect assumptions. If this were true the cause must be found in the long-continued refusal to give particulars of the Committees or their proceedings; and the point was not yielded until there was a change of administration and strong Parliamentary pressure to obtain publication. Even now other Reports dealing with equally important matters affecting the Royal Navy are kept secret, for reasons that appear altogether inadequate. But it may be hoped that as a beginning has been made in publication, and a return to former procedure commenced, the policy of official secrecy will be abandoned. It has been well said by a writer in welcoming the Departmental Reports just published: 'Publicity is for public affairs as health-giving as fresh air for human beings.' Vitality and tone must deteriorate in the close atmosphere of official secrecy surrounding matters of primary interest and importance to the national well-being.

The Departmental Reports are voluminous, and space fails for dealing with them except in broad and general terms, but in doing so the writer claims to have studied them thoroughly. Their general tenour and principal features have been described by the Director of Naval Education in a lecture given at Portsmouth, by Admiralty authority, on the day preceding publication of the reports. This lecture puts the case clearly and ably from the side of the authors of the new scheme, and Dr. Ewing is in a position to speak authoritatively from his official position and because he has served on the Committees. He has no misgivings as to the new scheme; he believes it 'has come to stay,' and his opinion deserves respectful consideration. On the other hand, men of no less authority, and of greater experience in the engineering profession and in naval affairs, dissent from his conclusions. This difference of opinion exists respecting matters of vital importance to naval efficiency, and it is desirable that the points at issue should be understood. Here attention will be restricted to engineering training.

There is universal agreement that, under modern conditions, all naval officers should receive such an engineering training as will enable them to deal efficiently with the delicate weapons of precision placed in their charge, and with the machinery and mechanical appliances whose intelligent management is essential to fighting efficiency. This principle has been recognised and acted upon for many years in the Royal Navy; its importance has been continuously increasing as the use of mechanical power has developed, and manual power has been less and less utilised. Naval cadets have received instruction in engineering subjects in the *Britannia*, and Admiralty regulations have provided for the attendance and instruction of midshipmen in the engine rooms of the ships on which they served.

Lieutenants who specialised in gunnery and torpedoes have passed through courses of instruction which added largely to their mechanical knowledge, and enabled them to take charge of armaments as well as the hydraulic, electric, and pneumatic machines connected therewith. As electrical power has been more extensively applied—to armaments, ventilation, hoisting ammunition, boats, &c., and to many other purposes—so the responsibilities of executive officers have grown. Modern ships have become 'boxes of machinery'; the necessity for thorough and extended training in engineering subjects has grown greater, and it became necessary to extend and improve the course of engineering education for junior executive officers. Lord Selborne's decision to introduce a revised scheme and to increase facilities for engineering instruction at the colleges at Osborne and Dartmouth consequently met with general approval. Lord Selborne's decision to have a 'common entry' for all officers, and 'common training' up to the time when midshipmen qualify for the rank of sub-lieutenant, was also well received. But in regard to the training required for officers who are to undertake *special engineering duties* there are serious divergencies of opinion. These special engineering duties may be placed in two groups:

(1) Responsible charge of the working, maintenance and ordinary repairs of propelling and auxiliary machinery and boilers in commissioned war-ships: these duties are similar to those devolving on the engineers of great merchant steamships, although in war-ships the conditions of service are in some respects exceptional and demand special care and precaution.

(2) Responsible charge or supervision of the designing and manufacture of machinery for H.M.'s ships, and the management of engineering departments in the royal dockyards. These duties are similar to those undertaken by the technical heads of great private marine engineering establishments.

These two groups may be considered separately. The first has hitherto been assigned to naval engineer officers entered and trained independently of executive officers. Boys have been selected by competitive examination at an average age of about fifteen years; they have been educated at the Royal Naval Engineering College at Devonport for four or five years, during which time they have received, concurrently with their college studies, a thorough training in engineering workshops, on board ships undergoing repairs, and on steam trials. Some of these young officers have also taken courses of a more advanced character at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, before going to sea. Those who have passed assigned standards in practical and theoretical subjects have then proceeded to sea as junior engineers, have served under experienced superior engineer officers, gradually gained experience, and qualified for increased responsibility. The fundamental idea of the system was to secure

both sound education in the science of engineering and a thorough practical training in engineering workshops and on board ships.

Turning to the mercantile marine, the training universally given to engineer officers may be described briefly. Several years of apprenticeship or pupilage are spent in engineering workshops, on building or repairing engines, erecting them on board ships, attending steam trials, &c. Young men who have passed through this practical training then go to sea as junior engineers, gain experience, pass qualifying Board of Trade examinations, obtain certificates, and gradually rise to the highest positions. Practical training is carried further and scientific training not so far as for the naval engineer. As the standard of education has been raised for naval engineers so the numbers of such officers borne in war-ships have been diminished, and they have been supplemented by a class known as 'engine-room artificers'—men whose education and training correspond closely to those of engineers in the mercantile marine. Upon these artificers increased responsibility for watch-keeping and other duties has been placed as experience of their capability has been gained; higher rank has been given to a considerable number of them. In a first-class battleship with propelling machines developing 18,000 horse-power and with a great number of auxiliary engines, there may be five engineer officers only, the artificers being much more numerous. In a first-class cruiser of 30,000 horse-power there may be only five or six engineer officers. The officers, of course, accept primary responsibility, and the artificers work under their orders; but officers and artificers alike possess thorough practical training.

That the system described has worked satisfactorily is demonstrated by the fact that engineers of the Royal Navy have proved themselves capable of meeting the extraordinary demands made upon them in recent years by the adoption of higher steam-pressures, the introduction of new types of machinery, the use of water-tube boilers and other great advances. Their difficulties have been increased by the increase in speeds and engine powers of warships. For instance a cruiser capable of steaming twenty-three or twenty-four knots and developing 30,000 horse-power may ordinarily cruise at ten or twelve knots, and develop 6 to 10 per cent. of the maximum power. Yet she must be kept efficient and ready for maximum performance. The swift passenger steamer of equal power works at full speed from port to port, and in this sense her conditions are less trying to the engine-room staff, because they are uniform. In each class the great development of auxiliary machinery adds to responsibility and difficulty; but in both war and mercantile fleets men have been found who have risen to the demands made upon them. The abandonment of a method of training which has produced such excellent results obviously should only be accepted for strong reasons and with an assurance that the alternative system proposed

will provide equally well for the working and maintenance of the machinery upon which the efficiency of ships absolutely depends.

Lord Selborne in his Memorandum stated that when naval cadets had qualified as sub-lieutenants and were nineteen or twenty years of age, those assigned to the engineer branch would be sent to the Keyham College for a professional course of training, before going to sea as engineer officers. He added: 'It is proposed to make the division into the various branches definite and final; every endeavour will be made to provide those who enter the engineer branch with opportunities equal to those of the executive branch.' Additional pay was promised to the engineers. No one who read the memorandum could have had the least doubt of the intention of the Admiralty in December 1902; clearly it was intended that engineers should specialise permanently, receive a training at Keyham College, and cease to be eligible for the highest commands in the fleet, although they might attain relative flag-rank. This course was intelligible and consistent; it rested on experience as to the best method of training engineer officers who were to be responsible for the management of machinery in H.M.'s ships. The parents of all cadets had to undertake that their boys might be assigned to any branch at the discretion of the Admiralty.

Osborne College was opened in September 1903; the cadets entered were between twelve and thirteen years of age. In November 1905, after two years' work there, Lord Cawdor said in his statement that, as the result of carefully watching the progress of these small boys, 'the Board felt that the experience gained warranted them in instituting a detailed inquiry into the probable future development of the new officer'; and he had appointed a Committee for the purpose. The public now has access to the reference to the Committee, the evidence taken, and its Report. Limiting consideration to engineering training, the important conclusions reached by the Committee, and approved by Lord Cawdor and his colleagues, are as follow: Under the new system of education one class of officer can perform engineering and executive duties; specialisation in engineering duties need not be permanent: in future, the principal responsibility for the management of the machinery of H.M.'s ships may be entrusted with confidence to officers who will take these duties as an incident in their career—just as executive officers now take gunnery, torpedo, or navigating duties—and will be eligible thereafter to resume executive duties and to rise to the highest commands. These conclusions contradict Lord Selborne's memorandum, and involve a departure from the method of training naval engineers which has proved successful in the Royal Navy hitherto; they are also opposed to experience and opinion in the mercantile marine. After a careful study of the Report and evidence no sufficient reason for such a change can be found; several witnesses whose opinions carry weight

were opposed to the new system; the scope of the inquiry and number of the witnesses called in regard to engineering training were singularly limited; and the constitution of the Committee was not such as to make its conclusions representative of the opinions of the naval service and the engineering profession.

A considerable number of subjects, each of first-rate importance and demanding careful investigation, were referred to the Committee; such as the nature and period of specialisation required in engineering, gunnery, torpedo-work and navigation; the officering of the Royal Marine Corps; the mode of recruiting the Royal Corps of Naval Constructors. Appointed in July 1905, it presented an elaborate and argumentative Report on the 18th of August, and made definite recommendations on each subject. Six weeks sufficed for this remarkable performance, and in this respect the record of the Committee is unique. Haste such as this requires explanation; it does not tend to increase confidence in the views propounded. Lord Tweedmouth in a Prefatory Statement (dated 5th May) to the published Reports, remarks in regard to the question of permanent or temporary specialisation that 'no definite action to carry the decision [of Lord Cawdor's Board] into effect 'will be needed for many years.' The first Osborne cadets will have to be specialised about the year 1913. Yet the Committee proceeded as if a decision was urgently needed, called few witnesses, did not find unanimity of opinion amongst these few, and reported on lines which were practically laid down before evidence was taken.

The new scheme of training cadets now takes boys of thirteen years and gives them two years at Osborne, two years at Dartmouth, and six to eight months in a training cruiser. In this period of about four and a half years Dr. Ewing states that the boys are 'to receive a broad and liberal education in the subjects of a modern side at a public school along with a much greater amount of practical science and engineering than any public school could give.' The curriculum is to include also a certain amount of teaching in seamanship and navigation. On board the training cruiser the boys are to continue their studies in certain selected subjects, and especially in navigation, seamanship, and steam engineering. At the age of about seventeen and a half years (when they go to sea as midshipmen) their education is to be so far advanced that they are to give their whole time to acquiring knowledge of professional subjects under the supervision of a lieutenant. Naval instructors are to be dispensed with and scholastic studies such as are now undertaken by midshipmen of about the same age in seagoing ships are not to be continued. According to a writer in the *Times* who claims to have obtained authoritative information: when the cadets leave Dartmouth at least '50 per cent. will have mastered the elements of the differential and integral calculus; all will have done a fair amount of analytical geometry,

trigonometry, and spherical trigonometry, and of course algebra will be well taught.' Further they are to have attained such a knowledge of engineering workshop practice that they will require no further manual instruction, even if they specialise in engineering at a later date; they are to have a good acquaintance with the theory of the steam engine and other engines; and will have listened to lectures on many subjects. Seamanship and navigation have also to be acquired to a certain extent. All this is to be done at the age of seventeen years. When the standard of proposed attainment is contrasted with that of actual attainment by boys of the same age in preparatory and public schools or by cadets hitherto trained in the *Britannia*, the scheme cannot fail to be regarded as ambitious as well as difficult of realisation.

No doubt the appliances and teaching staffs of the two colleges are admirable and well organised. They should be so when the current Navy Estimates show a total expenditure on the new colleges of 106,000*l.*, for the instruction of about 800 boys at Osborne and Dartmouth. One half of this amount will be met by fees paid by parents and guardians; but the estimated expenditure mentioned takes no account of capital expenditure on the buildings and vessels attached to the colleges or the cost of their maintenance. The total number of the naval and civilian staffs at the two colleges exceeds 400, exclusive of nurses, servants, gardeners, &c. Everything has been done on a liberal scale, and nothing omitted which would tend to ensure success in working out the scheme. On the other hand, even the most efficient teaching has its limit of accomplishment fixed by the receptive power of the pupils, and the cadets are after all ordinary boys and not 'Admirable Crichtons.' Their training should aim primarily at producing efficient officers, physically and mentally fit for the heavy duties that will have to be undertaken. Up to date it is said that good health and tone have been maintained, but the strain must be heavy if the programme is carried out, and its full effects have not been demonstrated as yet.

As to the engineering training of the cadets, it need only be remarked that it is to be practically completed so far as workshop and laboratory work is concerned when the boys are at the age which the Engineering Committee of the Institution of Civil Engineers recommend as the minimum age at which such training should be begun. Further, the workshop training is not that of an actual engineering workshop, and boys of the age of the cadets cannot be expected to equal in capacity boys who are much older. The time spent on engineering instruction is said to be nine and a half to ten hours a week. Vacations occupy thirteen weeks in the year. In the four years, therefore, a cadet gives about 1,500 hours to workshops, lectures and laboratory work; which is about the time that a boy keeping the regular hours of an engineering factory would give

in twenty-nine or thirty weeks. All these conditions illustrate the departures of the new scheme of naval training from the system which experienced engineers recommend.

Mr. Robertson (Financial Secretary to the Admiralty), when this matter was raised in the House of Commons, is reported to have said that the report of the Engineering Committee dealt with 'a scheme for the training of youths whose after career and employment would be essentially different from the career and duties of a naval officer.' This is true, no doubt, if the naval officer is to perform what have hitherto been termed 'executive' duties; but if the naval officer is to be in charge of the working and management of powerful machinery, or to be a skilled engineer, then the distinction made by Mr. Robertson does not apply. In brief, the Admiralty scheme of training, while it may be of service to young officers in subsequent performance of executive duties, and as gunners and torpedoists, in the judgment of British civil engineers would not produce skilled and competent engineers, fully equipped to meet their responsibilities.

It is not overlooked that the Admiralty scheme provides that midshipmen during their three years' sea-service shall spend a considerable time (roughly about one-third) in the engine departments of the ships, and this experience will be valuable. But it cannot take the place of thorough practical training, which has been shown by experience to be the basis of all successful engineering work.

One engineering witness of great ability and considerable experience put the case concisely before Admiral Douglas' Committee, when he suggested that midshipmen about seventeen years old might be taken and properly trained as engineers; but he added, 'I do not think a jack-of-all-trades is any good; if he is an engineer, he must be an engineer.' Admiral Douglas and his colleagues consider (and Lord Cawdor's Board agreed with them) that the necessarily limited engineering training given to cadets and midshipmen at the colleges and afloat may be suspended for two years—from the age of twenty and a half to twenty-two and a half years—while they are acting sub-lieutenants and lieutenants. A lieutenant who specialises in engineering at the age of twenty-two and a half years would undergo a course of instruction extending over a year, to include 'practical and observational work at a dockyard and also theoretical work and laboratory practice in testing and experimenting.' Drawing office work, engine design of details, mathematics applicable to engineering problems, applied mechanics, heat and steam, physical science, metallurgy, strength of materials, testing of materials, &c., are all to be made subjects of study and instruction during this brief period. It would obviously be a very 'full' year if this programme were carried out; but at its termination it is considered by Admiral Douglas's Committee, and has been affirmed in Lord Cawdor's statement, that officers would be qualified for appointment as junior engineers and

be able to undertake all the ordinary duties of an engineer officer afloat.' From this conclusion experienced engineers dissent, and the columns of technical journals and proceedings of engineering societies testify to the fact that this feeling is general in the profession.

It is provided in the Admiralty scheme that officers assigned to the duty of supervising the designs and construction of machinery, or holding principal engineering appointments in the royal dockyards, shall have a further course of instruction in the higher branches of engineering science and practice extending over two additional years. This recommendation is in practical agreement with the views of the Committee of the Institution of Civil Engineers so far as scientific training is concerned; but the practical training does not approach the standard suggested by that Committee. Nor does there seem any sufficient reason why all these higher engineering appointments in the Admiralty service should be filled by specially trained executive officers of the general service as is recommended by Admiral Douglas and his colleagues. It would probably be advantageous to revert to earlier practice and to draw upon the marine engineering profession outside the Admiralty service as another source of supply.

Finally it may be remarked that experience in the United States Navy seems to be adverse to the prospects of success of the new Admiralty scheme for naval engineering. The last report of the engineer-in-chief of that Navy is well worth study. He describes how the distinction between executive and engineer officers was abolished about six years ago, and the engineers merged in the 'line.' In the Naval Academy at Annapolis the system of common entry and common training for all officers (including engineers) had long prevailed. All midshipmen during their course at the Academy received good engineering instruction, and the appliances were excellent. Specialisation in engineering took place at graduation and further training followed. When the distinction between engineers and executive officers was abolished the younger engineers were given two years to qualify for executive duties, and did so successfully. Their contemporaries who had been assigned to executive duties were expected to qualify for engine-room work as junior engineers. But Admiral Rae says that as a body, they have done little in that direction, and consequently as the older race of engineer officers retired difficulties have arisen, and the 'situation is becoming alarming.' He adds: 'Line officers can become good engineers, but they must have experience to become so, and that experience must be acquired in subordinate positions.' The conditions in the United States Navy differ from those of the Royal Navy in many respects. The age of entry is considerably higher. Their executive officers are not specialised in gunnery, torpedoes and navigation as are our officers. Still the prominent fact to be noted is that executive officers who had received good engineering instruction as youths at the

Naval Academy have not, as a body, shown readiness or aptitude in assuming engineering duties. Admiral Rae recommends that 'all the younger officers shall be given engineering duty, and made to realise their responsibility;' but he repeats that 'duty must be at first in a subordinate capacity.' In other words, engineering has to be made a speciality in practice whatever it may be in theory.

The foregoing statements indicate that the situation created by Lord Cawdor's departure from Lord Selborne's declared intention to specialise officers permanently for engineering duties is open to serious question. The reports just published show that the inquiry on which the change was based was not exhaustive, and did not include such a body of representative evidence and opinion as should have been collected before a radical change was made. No doubt the members of the Committee were convinced of the advantages to be derived from the change and the Admiralty has approved it. Their Report does not furnish conclusive proof of its wisdom, and their recommendations are dissented from by many naval officers of authority, and by the engineering profession. They include also changes, which cannot now be discussed, in the watch-keeping staffs in the engine-rooms of H.M.'s ships. These changes will displace from watch-keeping the engine-room artificers whose past work has demonstrated their capability and introduce a new class having no pretension to be skilled mechanics. This is a serious matter, and will become more serious if the supervising engineer officers of the future are not given thoroughly practical training.

Lord Tweedmouth concludes his Prefatory Statement in these words: 'There is no intention of interfering with the continuity of policy in regard to the education and training of naval officers as now established.' Continuity of policy is good, if the policy is good. If not, it should be changed.

W. H. White.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS

Circumstances to which I need not refer have brought to my notice the need and value of Sunday schools. It has been necessary that I should consider, with some care, the reason for the existence of a Sunday school in my parish, as well as throughout the country. The result of my reflections has led me to conclusions different from those usually held, and I venture to write this article, as the matter is of no little importance at the present time. His Majesty's Government is engaged in the difficult task of passing an Education Bill that will enable it to solve some of the problems which the Liberal party say are serious. The Sunday school is very generally considered to be an important factor in the solution of these problems. I would plead for a little consideration before this is accepted as an incontrovertible argument.

The history of Sunday schools in this country is comparatively easy to trace. When the value to the poor of education began to be appreciated in England, it was chiefly associated with religion. Not unnaturally, too, there were many who thought it was of more value that children should be taught religious than secular subjects, and that instruction on Sunday might lead to truer worship and a greater regard for that day. The Nonconformists, the descendants of the old Puritans, were pioneers in this Sunday-school movement. The Church soon followed in the wake, with the result that there is hardly a parish in England which has not got its Sunday school; most parishes have more than one, large parishes several. Each religious body considers its organisation to be not even elementary unless a Sunday school has been formed; and teachers are drawn from all classes of society, especially from the lower middle class. While buildings have been erected, teachers instructed, and the whole machinery of a Sunday school developed, week-day education has been brought to a higher pitch of what is believed to be efficiency than ever. The two systems have gone on side by side. Religious instruction is given in nearly all elementary schools and in many secondary schools, but it is the children who go to elementary schools that, as a rule, attend the Sunday school. And now that elementary education has reached an interesting stage of development, the cry goes up: 'Bear

in mind that elementary schools are not the only ones in the country; use Sunday schools to help you out of the difficulty to which your religious differences have brought you.'

Now, I write as one who considers that a knowledge and practice of religion is as much a necessity for national life as a knowledge and practice of, say, arithmetic and drawing; and that, as the State has taken upon itself the instruction of children in these latter subjects, so should it continue its responsibility for instruction in the former subjects. It is no sign of wise or liberal statesmanship to say, 'the religious and theological differences that exist in the country make it difficult or inconvenient to give religious instruction in the State schools.' The difficulty and inconvenience exist without doubt, but it is not for those who pose as our rulers to cut the Gordian knot and say, 'We wash our hands of the matter, and leave it to voluntary agencies to supply a vital part of national education.'

In the consideration of every problem we must have a standard unit of value. And the unit of education we may take to be that presented by the State for elementary education. The unit, then, is about five hours a day for at least two hundred days in the year, or, roughly speaking, a thousand hours a year. In this time it ought to be quite possible to teach all that is necessary for the average child, from the age of five to fourteen, to know. And for a child, in addition to this, to be sent to a Sunday school is waste of force. We talk glibly enough about conservation of energy, but when we look round and see the vast amount of overlapping in educational, religious, and philanthropic work, we realise what a small value is placed upon our words.

As many persons are by no means prepared to grant that our educational needs should be met by instruction on week days alone, and that to teach in Sunday school is a work of supererogation, it may be as well to consider for a moment the Sunday school as at present carried on.

First, as to the *Building*: this may, or may not be good, sanitary, well lighted, well ventilated. The buildings are as a rule fairly good. But if those buildings now used for elementary education should be taken by the State, and refused for the purpose of dogmatic teaching on Sunday, any hole or corner would in many parishes, especially country parishes, have to be used as Sunday schools by the Church of England. Even now, children are to be found in places which a sanitary inspector would condemn; and an epidemic of diphtheria or typhoid has before now been traced to an insanitary Sunday school.

Next, as to *Teachers*: these, with a few brilliant exceptions, are of very little use. A Sunday-school teacher generally offers herself, and as a rule the teacher is a 'she,' not because she possesses the gift of teaching, but because, moved by the spirit of religion to offer herself for some pious or charitable work, she is told by her clergyman or minister that a class is vacant in the Sunday school, and that she

do good work if she becomes responsible for its instruction. Experts in education, who watch the faces of a class in the elementary school as an experienced teacher instructs the children, are aghast as they see the bored, listless look on the faces of these same children trying to sit still and 'be good' in the Sunday school. The children know well enough that they are learning nothing. They want to be good. Human nature, though, is bound to triumph even in a Sunday school. Often and often the onlooker sees a teacher, in despair as she thinks, but happily as he thinks, turn to read some fairy tale, or an allegory, or possibly to talk about the coming wedding which is, for the moment, the excitement of the parish.

But what all this time has the real teacher been doing, if such a one be found in the school? She can teach, she wants to teach; the class can learn from her, and so want to learn. But it is hopeless with such a shuffling of feet, and 'Maggie Jones, be quiet,' 'Thomas Smith, sit still,' going on all round. Teachers' meetings may be arranged, skeleton lessons drawn out, even model lessons given. Of what value, though, can these be unless the teachers themselves are able to use the materials or models supplied? The clergy and ministers cannot do much. They need their energies for the church and chapel. Indeed, many an empty seat bears silent witness to the overwrought state of the preacher.

'Sunday schools are necessary for the religious life of the nation,' you say. This is doubtful. Sunday is a day that seems to have been ordained for worship and rest, not for instruction. And if one-twentieth part of the energy now put into Sunday schools were put into the organisation of children's services, there would probably be a wider and more satisfactory appreciation of worship than is now the case. We have, through our system of compulsory education, made the proletariat consider they have no responsibility for their children during many hours of the day, and quite three-fourths of the children present in every Sunday school are there because the parents do not want them at home; while, if the Sunday school were to go the way of all human institutions, it would come home to parents that while it might be well that their children should be away from them in the elementary schools during week days, yet this did not absolve them from the responsibility of bringing up those children in the fear of God. The sight of a father or mother sitting by the side of their children in the pew at church or chapel has become exceedingly rare, and the Sunday-school system is partly responsible.

I may not have carried my reader with me when I urged in the earlier part of this article that the business of the State was to instruct the children in religious as in other subjects. But if he felt that I was wrong, that the State was to take cognisance of secular subjects alone, and that religion was to be left to the Sunday school, I have written enough, I hope, to show him that Sunday schools, as at

present organised, are far from being efficient enough to do the work that he would throw upon them.

I have not exaggerated the condition of nine-tenths of the Sunday schools in England; and I might, without creating a false picture, have put in more shadows than I did. It is of no use, when we talk of reconstructing our educational methods, to imagine a condition of things that does not exist. We must, before we give our machinery more work to do, look it carefully over; see whether we have enough power, whether the various parts are in good working order, whether the goods turned out under the existing circumstances are of a sufficiently high class to warrant an increase of output. No one who is a teacher in, or a superintendent of, a Sunday school—unless it be one of a peculiarly high order—can look with complacency on the idea of transferring the whole or part of religious instruction from the elementary to the Sunday school. We must look facts in the face. The neglect of this is too common; it has brought more than one trouble on the national life of England, and will affect the religious life, too, if we are not careful.

E. H. Rycroft.

SECULAR EDUCATION IN THE INTEREST OF RELIGIOUS TRUTH

I THINK it may be fairly said of the Education Bill now before the country that it is not so much a measure for the education of the children as a plan for taking away from the Church of England that supremacy in the schools which it has hitherto enjoyed, and bestowing it upon the Nonconformists. For the first time in their lives the Dissenters have obtained the upper hand, and they have lost no time in using their power. A Radical Government that owes its existence to the Nonconformist vote stands waiting to do its masters' bidding, and a subservient Minister, claiming to be one of themselves, a Dissenter born and bred, propounds a scheme in which, as he gleefully points out, the Church of England, their common enemy, 'is bound to suffer.' When Mr. Balfour, in 1902 and 1903, put Voluntary schools on the rates, he not only rendered a great service to the State by securing healthier school buildings and more efficient education for the children attending these schools, but also, indirectly, conferred enormous benefit on the Church of England. It is to be hoped that the Free Fooding and Liberal Churchmen who helped to vote Messrs. Lloyd-George, Birrell and Co. into office are satisfied with the reward which they are now reaping for their treachery and ingratitude.

It must, I think, be admitted by the Liberals themselves that they have missed a great opportunity. With the educational position as they found it on entering office, they might easily have placed to their credit on the Statute Book a measure which would have conferred on them the reputation of being sincere social and educational reformers, and, in that way, strengthened their position in the country as a political party. For what was that educational position? A measure had been passed by their political opponents, a measure which was admittedly imperfect and tentative, and which had brought to pass, or had been made the pretext for bringing to pass, a state of affairs but little short of anarchy. That measure had one great merit; it had also one defect. The merit I have already alluded to—the placing of the Voluntary schools on the rates; the defect was the granting to the Church a majority—four out of six—in the body managing Church schools.

Until 1902 the Voluntary schools languished for lack of funds. In spite of the children's school pence and many generous contributions from Churchmen, it was found impossible to give the children the education they required. The teaching staff was inferior to that in Board schools in consequence of the lower scale of remuneration, books and other educational implements were fewer and of lower quality, and the school buildings were not only much inferior to Board schools, but were, in many cases, dangerously insanitary. So great was the last-named evil that, in London alone, it is estimated that it will cost several millions sterling to bring the Voluntary schools up to the minimum of safety to the health of the children, and many of them have had to be actually closed by the new education authority, the London County Council, as positively dangerous and past repair. By his Acts of 1902-3 Mr. Balfour came to the rescue of these schools, placing them on the rates on an equality with the Board schools, and I think it is safe to prophesy that, whatever changes may be made on other points, this step will never be reversed by any Government or any political party. Mr. Balfour, if we may believe his enemies, has done many wicked and foolish things in his lifetime. But when we reflect that, in a few years' time, there will be hundreds of thousands of English men and women better educated and in better health than they would have been but for his work, I think it will be admitted that, in the hackneyed phrase, he has deserved well of his country.

But Mr. Balfour's Act had, as I have already stated, one defect, a defect which, although comparatively trivial in itself, furnished his opponents with a pretext for resisting the law. By leaving in the hands of the Church a two-thirds majority of the managing body of the Voluntary schools—a decision possibly quite defensible on its merits—he committed a tactical blunder of the first magnitude. The Nonconformists professed to discern a gross injustice in being compelled to support schools that they did not control, and, by openly defying the law, they brought the Act into disrepute and obstructed its administration.

That was the condition of affairs when Mr. Birrell and his friends attained office, a condition obviously highly favourable to successful treatment. All that was necessary was to retain the valuable provisions of Mr. Balfour's Act and alter those that were objected to. A simple proposal to vary the majority on the managing body of the Voluntary schools, giving the Church two, instead of four, out of the six, would have sufficed. It would have satisfied nine-tenths of the Nonconformists themselves, and, although the Church's spokesmen might have protested at first, even they would soon have acquiesced in such a settlement. But the political leaders of Nonconformity lost their heads. Flushed by their extraordinary success at the polls, intoxicated by an accession of authority they had never before experienced and never expected to enjoy, they thought the time

had come when they could, if not destroy their enemy, at least cripple his power and subject him to humiliation. That this benevolent design seems likely to be frustrated by Parliament and the nation does not detract from, but rather adds to, its intrinsic stupidity; and, whatever happens to the measure in the division lobbies of the House of Commons, it must greatly injure the Liberal party with the country for many years to come.

In another direction also, another opportunity for acquiring popularity lay waiting to the hands of the Liberal party. The physical condition of many of the children attending our schools has, in recent years, attracted considerable attention, and many politicians have put forward urgent demands for action. The necessity for at least partly feeding starving children, if they are to benefit by the education provided for them, has been vehemently urged and widely acknowledged, the Labour party—perhaps the most important in the State—making the demand one of the planks in its platform. Why did Mr. Birrell not put a clause in his Bill fulfilling this demand? The proposal would have passed practically unchallenged; for, although many men, on both sides of the House, would have been secretly hostile, very few would have been willing to face the personal odium which public opposition to it would have entailed. The money could have been easily found. The coal tax and the tea duty—neither so important as the feeding of the children—could have waited for a year; and if still more money was required, the House and the country would have readily agreed to find it. But it was not to be. Fanatical counsels prevailed. The Nonconformist Conscience had got the upper hand, and it must strike its enemy now while the power to do so was in its grasp, lest that power should presently slip from it and never return. It was a great opportunity, wilfully thrown away, an opportunity that comes to a party once in a lifetime, and Mr. Birrell and his friends will doubtless live to regret bitterly their folly in neglecting it.

But it is not with the strife of political parties, their blunders and their failures, that this article is concerned. It is with religious education itself, its purpose, its results, and its justification.

The battle that now rages between Church and Chapel over Mr. Birrell's so-called Education Bill has nothing to do with, and no concern for, education. It is, in reality, a struggle between the two opposing forces for the custody of the children's souls. The physical wants of the child, his food, his health, his rational studies, his protection from premature or excessive employment—these are all omitted and forgotten in the strife. His soul—or, rather, who shall have the custody of it—is the one and only question at issue. For this action, this concentration of attention on the religious issue, the contending sects are being blamed and sneered at in many quarters. But, for my own part, I must say that, while I should certainly have wished

some attention given to the children's physical necessities above mentioned, I by no means share in the depreciation of the spiritual issue, or regard it as of minor importance. The health and comfort of the body, the health and enrichment of the mind, are great things; so great that no language can overstate their value. That is quite true; yet there is a question which was asked 1,900 years ago, and which has not yet been answered—What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?

But, while I quite agree as to the paramount importance of the religious question, to the infinitely greater importance of anything affecting the soul over anything affecting the body, I am strongly opposed to the demands and pretensions of both parties in this controversy. It is, in fact, because of my conviction of the infinite importance of the religious question that I am opposed to the claims of both of these religious bodies.

The basic position of these parties, the one assumption common to both, is that the parent is entitled to determine what and which shall be the religion of his child. But, surely, this is an amazing doctrine! Is it of no consequence what, or which, is a man's religion? Does it really not matter? Is there no such thing as the truth in religion, and are all religions equally true and untrue? If there is such a thing as the truth in religion, where, in which religion, is it to be found? It can be in only one, for the innumerable religions all differ from each other, otherwise they would have no reason for their existence. Is it desirable to find out which of the religions is the true one? And, if so, how shall we set about the task of finding it out?

There are those—and they are many in number and estimable in character—who deprecate all investigation into religious matters. They take the teaching of the Bible, call it revealed religion, and declare themselves entirely contented therewith. They *have* heard of other sacred writings, and of other creeds than their own, but they will not read those other writings nor examine the claims of those other creeds. They secretly fear that such investigations might lead to the unsettlement or weakening of their present faith, and shrink from the ordeal. To these trembling souls I would recite our Saviour's parable of the man who hid his talent in the earth. Their faculties of investigation and judgment were surely given to them by God to be used, not to be let lie dormant. These faculties are their talent, and if they do not use them, how shall they escape the judgment?

In our strivings after the knowledge of the truth in religion we are encouraged by our Saviour Himself, who not only tells us that He Himself is the truth, but promises us that we shall know the truth, and that the truth shall make us free. Surely such encouragement should disperse all our doubts and dissipate all our apprehensions! We cannot, we dare not, abstain from investigation.

No doubt we are all more or less convinced that we have found one true religion, but we are bound to acknowledge that our liefs are only beliefs, not knowledge, and that, as we are fallible ings, our beliefs may be erroneous. I am myself, for example, a ember of the Established Church of Scotland. I was born and ought up in it, and I am firmly persuaded that the doctrines of at Church have more of religious truth in them than have the docines of any other. But I am not blind to the possibility that I may in error, and that there may be, somewhere, a truer creed than ine. This is not treason to my faith or Church; it is only a rational ecognition of fact.

Does it, however, necessarily follow that a man shall lose his oul through believing in a false religion or in none? That is a queson that no man can answer. When one thinks of the number of eligions in the world, of the fact that only one of them can be the rue one, and of the many millions of human beings who must have ved and died without the possibility of ever hearing of that paricular religion, human nature recoils from the conclusion that these nillions are suffering eternal torments for that which was beyond heir control. And is God less just than man? That, also, is inconeivable. What then? If man may, with impunity, believe wrongly r not at all, what, it may be asked, is the necessity for troubling urther about the matter? The answer to that is that ignorance is only forgivable when it is unavoidable. When it is avoidable, ignorance itself, apart from its possible results, is one of the cardinal sins, for it is a repression of God's great gift to man—intellect. And, for its results, whether in the domain of religion or of mere worldly affairs, the wilfully or negligently ignorant man is surely responsible. The Hottentot of pre-missionary days could not be blamed for not embracing Christianity; but the present-day inhabitant of these islands cannot be held blameless if he wilfully shuts his eyes to the Bible and other evidences of the Christian religion. If, then, we assume that there is such a thing as 'the truth in religion,' but that unavoidable ignorance of the truth does not involve damnation, it still remains our duty to try to find out what that truth is and where it is to be found.

On the very threshold of our search we are confronted by two formidable obstacles; obstacles so formidable as to make our task appear impossible of achievement. They are two in number, but one in kind: the hostility of the average parent and of all religious bodies. The first-named claims, as a right of mere parentage, absolute ownership of the child's soul. That is not how the claim is formulated, but that is what it comes to. The claim is that the parent shall have the power to decide what religion—and what religion only—shall be taught to the child. It matters not how ignorant or sinful the parent may be; his right to mould his child's soul for all eternity remains

unquestioned and complete. He may be a confirmed drunkard, an evil liver, a gaol-bird, and a semi-imbecile; but his claim to dominate and direct his child's spiritual future is proclaimed and admitted on all hands. The Archbishop of Canterbury and Dr. Clifford, Lord Hugh Cecil and Mr. Guinness Rogers, Mr. George Wyndham and Mr. Perks have not much in common on other subjects, but they are as one man in support of the claim of the parent to do what he likes with his child's soul. If one did not know to the contrary, one would be driven to conclude that the welfare of a child's soul was, in the opinion of these gentlemen, a matter of no consequence. Not one of them would for a moment consent to hand over to the same parent absolute control over the child's limbs, the power to twist them this way and that, according to his pleasure; yet they are unanimous as to his right to twist and mutilate its soul.

I deny that right and I contest that claim. I assert that the parent has no rights in his child, but only duties. Indeed, this fact is already embodied in our laws. A man must, if he can, feed and clothe his child, but he must not injure it physically. If it acts wrongly, he must be careful how, if at all, he punishes it. He must keep the fear of the magistrate before his eyes, for if the punishment exceeds the deserts by a hair's breadth, the prison may be his portion. Again, although he must feed and clothe it, he must not appropriate its labour. He must send it to school during the whole of its childhood, the penalty for his refusing to do so being, again, the prison. Thus the body and the mind of the child are both protected from the parent by the law, but, as if it were of no value, its immortal soul is left for the parent to do what he likes with!

This power of the parent to determine the creed of his child creates the greatest of all obstacles in the path of the search after religious truth. If the parent is a Roman Catholic he makes his child a Roman Catholic. If he is a Protestant he makes him a Protestant; and so on through all the sects, down to the very smallest. And when these children grow up to be men and women, they do as their parents did, for they have been taught one religion and they know no other. How can they be expected to find out the truth? Their minds have been carefully closed against it. They have been taught to believe that their own particular creed is the only true one, that of its truth there is no possible doubt, and that all other creeds are mere heresies. Their sect may, all told, comprise less than one millionth part of the human race, less than one in a thousand of their countrymen, but that does not disturb their self-complacency or shake their confidence in their own wisdom. Books may have been written showing that the foundations of their creed do not exist, discoveries may have been made proving their belief inconsistent with Creation. But they will not read the books or examine the discoveries. These are declared to

be the work of the Devil, bent on the destruction of human souls, and shunned as the plague.

Next to the claim of the parent comes the claim of the Church. The claim of the Church to control the religious life of the child is not, where it is Protestant, so absolute as that of the parent; where it is Romanist, it is even more imperative, superseding that of the parent itself. The Protestant Church claims only to advise and assist the parent in the religious education of his offspring; the Roman Church demands that both child and parent shall walk submissively in the path it marks out for them, and accept unquestioningly the dogmas it imparts. The right of private judgment is denied, and doubt is declared to be rank and intolerable heresy. In the face of opposition so powerful and so resolute, the task of persuading the nation to take the education of its children out of the hands of the priest and the parent seems hopeless enough. But it must be attempted, and it must be persevered in until it is achieved. For the evil that has to be ended—the enslavement of the souls of the people—is the greatest known to man, and the object to be attained—the ascertainment of religious truth—the greatest in all the world.

Now, it is often said that man, if left to his own natural judgment, unwarped and unbiassed by early religious teaching, would, all the same, refuse or neglect to search after religious truth. But that assertion is contrary to our knowledge of human nature. Man, we know, is a highly inquisitive animal. Witness the countless triumphs of science. Even on the subject of religion itself we see a few daring spirits breaking the bonds of superstition and penetrating into the darkness as far as they can. Refrain from stamping on the child's mind the distinctive dogma of a particular sect, and when he grows to manhood he will, in nine cases out of ten, join the ranks of the searchers after God. The fear of death, the dread of annihilation, the desire for life, the hope of resurrection, all impel man to seek after a knowledge of the things that concern his future state. In fact, it is these hopes and fears that now hold him back from that pursuit, fearful lest he lose his soul. The instinct of worship is inherent in man. In every corner of the earth where there is human life there are idols. 'East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet,' but in one respect, at least, they are alike: they both worship; the chief difference being that the idols of the East are visible and more numerous than the idols of the West, and that the worship is more sincere. Man is by nature a worshipper, and, if freed from the fears and prejudices which are instilled into him by early religious teaching and which now paralyse his intellect, there is no danger of his ever ceasing to search after his Creator.

There remains only the argument of State policy: the argument that, in the interest of the State, of law and order, it is desirable that the people should believe in some religion, be it true or be it false

True or false, it will, it is said, restrain their turbulent passions. Social stability, it is contended, may not in all cases be in exact proportion to the extent and intensity of religion in the community, but it is approximately so in most. And if one would seek for the converse, for communities naturally malcontent and prone to social disorder, one is told to look to places like the city of Paris—*la ville lumière*—or to the foreign quarters of our own cities, where the inhabitants boast that they fear neither God nor man. Moreover, it is argued, the religious man is not only a better subject, he is also a better citizen, a better friend; a better man, in short, in all the relations of life, than is the agnostic. The restraints of religion, the sense of responsibility it inspires, the belief in a future state in which there shall be rewards and punishments, find practical expression in the religious man's daily life. Time and again they help him to resist the temptation to do a wrong thing, and he and the community in which he lives are both the better for the successful resistance. The agnostic, it is alleged, knows no such restraints. He does not believe in Divine punishment, and therefore does many things that a religious man shrinks from.

I admit all this, and I admit, further, that if the religious life could not be attained but by the State establishment of religion, the argument would be conclusive. But there is no such dependence. The religious instinct being inherent in man, he is not dependent upon State establishment. He will be religious without it. And all those civic virtues which spring from religious belief, and whose value is universally acknowledged, will be his in all the greater strength and abundance in that his religion will be real, the outcome of his own judgment, and not a mere profession that has been imposed upon him.

What are the specific measures by which the policy I advocate can be carried out? They are few and simple. Firstly, eliminate all religious teaching from the curriculum of all Provided schools. Secondly, purchase and convert into Provided schools all existing non-Provided school buildings that are suitable for school purposes and that are offered at a reasonable price. Thirdly, where such transfer cannot be effected and a school is required, build a new Provided school-house. Fourthly, devote the balance of the money hitherto given to the Voluntary schools to the feeding of necessitous children and the freeing of secondary and higher education. Such religious bodies, Church, Romanist, or Dissent, as desired to propagate their distinctive dogmas would be perfectly free to do so; but it would be in their own buildings, at their own expense, and without countenance or assistance from the State in any shape or form.

These proposals should commend themselves to every rational and unbiassed mind by reason of their practicability and absolute impartiality, not only as between sect and sect, but also as between

the sects and those who are are outside of all sects. They would inflict no hardship, and could only be resisted by those who wish to have their creeds propagated at other people's expense, at the expense of those who do not believe in them. With the cries of the rival sects sounding so loudly in our ears as they do to-day, it may seem presumptuous even to dream of a solution of the religious problem. But religious men must hope and believe that that problem can and will be solved; and, for my own part, I am satisfied that its only possible solution is to be found in national secular education.

Since the above was written the Education Bill has been read a second time in the House of Commons. Among the numerous amendments down for consideration in Committee are several in favour of secular education. If one of these is adopted and secular education becomes the law of the land, a great, though indirect, step will have been taken towards the ascertainment of religious truth.

M. MALTMAN BARRIE.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE OPPOSITION

The settlement of the dispute with Turkey by the complete and unconditional surrender of the Porte did not require a tithe of the ability possessed by Sir Edward Grey. Nevertheless the method and manner of its adjustment have obtained direct credit for himself, and indirect credit for the Administration to which he belongs. Except fluency in colloquial French, Lord Lansdowne has no advantage over Sir Edward Grey, and in the House of Commons, where they speak, or are supposed to speak, the English language, Sir Edward has achieved a very great position. His short speech on the reduction of armaments was absolutely perfect in style and substance, in temper and tone. There is nothing more distasteful to an English gentleman than Imperial fustian, and the temperate dignity of the Foreign Secretary, the confidence which sets a man above all temptation to swagger or boast, are in refreshing contrast with the Jingoism of the music-halls so popular with the bad Parliament of 1900. The Sultan, sitting like a poisonous spider at the centre of his paid spies and bribed informers, has been baffled by a Government which does not bounce and does not lie. The British Ambassador at Constantinople, Sir Nicholas O'Conor, distinguished himself by a quiet, persistent, undeviating resolution, of which he reaped the reward when at the fifty-ninth minute of the eleventh hour the fabric of Turkish resistance collapsed like a house of cards. The new Minister at Peking, Sir John Jordan, has more difficult and delicate business to perform. It certainly looks at first sight as if, in superseding Sir Robert Hart by a native superintendence of Customs, the Chinese Government had broken their promise not to change existing arrangements so long as British trade with China retained the supremacy which it still enjoys. Sir Robert Hart himself is no longer young, and may well desire repose. British merchants, who are naturally anxious that artificial obstacles shall not be placed in the course of a profitable business, feel that in Sir Edward Grey they have a Minister who understands business and cannot be deceived by Oriental diplomacy. The problems before Lord Elgin and the Colonial Office are less simple and more embarrassing. Turkey and China can, if necessary, be treated as enemies. Natal is entitled to the sympathy and, if need be, to the assistance

of his Majesty's Ministers in dealing with Zulus and other native inhabitants. The question is extremely complicated. Natal enjoys full responsible government, granted by Mr. Gladstone's Administration in 1893. The Colony does not ostensibly desire the aid of British troops, and is for the present satisfied with a reinforcement of volunteers from the Transvaal. Martial law prevails, though the ordinary Courts are open, and skirmishing continues, with much loss of life on both sides. Since Sir Bartle Frere crushed the Zulus in 1879, they have not been a serious menace to British authority in South Africa. Cetewayo's famous man-slaying machine, of which the full magnitude and danger were appreciated at that time by Frere alone, was destroyed once for all at Ulundi, and Zululand has long since been annexed to the British Crown. It is not a general invasion or rebellion that Natal has to fear, but a series of spasmodic risings, raids, and murders. Unfortunately no one can read the Blue-book lately presented to Parliament without an uneasy sense that the natives have been provoked by unjust legislation, harshly administered, to take up arms in a hopeless cause. For the last thirty years the native inhabitants of Natal have been liable to a hut-tax, or house-duty, against which no reasonable exception could be taken. But in 1905 there was added an annual poll-tax of one pound sterling upon every male person of the age of eighteen years and upwards. 'The burden of proof that any person is under the age of eighteen shall rest with such person, and if in any proceeding under this Act any person appears to the magistrate to be of the age of eighteen years or upwards, the magistrate shall, in the absence of proof to the contrary, adjudge such person to be of the full age of eighteen years, and there shall be no appeal against such decision.' That is the third section of the Poll Tax Act, 1905, and there are few communities indeed where it would not lead to serious disturbance. Its apparent object is not to raise a revenue, the one legitimate excuse for taxation, but to make the natives work without calling them slaves. There is reason to believe that it has been in some cases collected before it was due, and there can be no doubt that the Zulus regarded it as a declaration of war. How far their repugnance to the tax has been stimulated by Ethiopianism, the cry of 'Africa for the Blacks,' and how much that movement has within the last two years been encouraged by German oppression, are among the intricacies of this tangled web. But natives have not been treated in Natal with the consideration shown them in Cape Colony, and ever since the days of Langalilabele, when Lord Carnarvon interfered with decisive effect, their relations with the local authorities have been periodically strained. Self-government in Natal means a narrow white oligarchy, for no native has a vote, and yet natives outnumber Europeans by at least five to one. I do not suggest that Zulus are fit for the franchise. Probably they are quite unfit. But their political impotence casts upon the Government at

home the duty of protecting them when their lives and liberties are at stake. The mischievous efforts of discarded statesmen to embroil the Colonies with the Mother Country have happily failed. Mr. Smythe himself, the Prime Minister of Natal—a near relative, by the way, of Lord Elgin—has emphatically disclaimed the intention of allowing himself to be used as a cat's-paw by wandering Imperialists in search of a job. Debate in the House of Commons has led to good results. The executions by courts-martial were summarily stopped, and the offer of a reward for Bambata, a rebel chief, dead or alive, has been withdrawn. To withdraw the poll-tax would, no doubt, in the circumstances be difficult. A small white population cannot afford the luxury of yielding to black demands. But if some wise and sympathetic soldier, such as Sir William Butler, could be employed as an informal mediator, an intolerable situation might be quietly relieved.

There have been few more interesting and important discussions in the House of Commons than the debate on the second reading of the Education Bill. The speech of Mr. Healy, with its quaint mixture of humour and pathos, could not have been made by anyone less perfectly acquainted with the peculiar atmosphere of a place that never changes, except in opinion. Mr. Healy, and Mr. Dillon, and Mr. Redmond put the really Catholic case with an appealing force that the representatives of Anglo-Catholicism may well have envied. Protestants are practically agreed, with few exceptions, of whom the Dean of Canterbury is perhaps the chief, that the religious education given in Provided schools suffices for children between the ages of five and fourteen. Catholics hold it to be not merely insufficient, but worse than useless, heretical, because it substitutes private judgment and an open Bible for the principle of authority and the interpretation of the Church. According to the Bill as it now stands, Catholic schools, Jewish schools, many schools belonging to the Church of England, and some which have been built by Wesleyans, may, with the sanction of the local authority, be exempted from local control, and left as they now are, because no parent of any other denomination is bound to send his children to them. Mr. Chamberlain told a clergyman the other day in a public letter that this clause, Clause Four, did nothing for the Church of England. In his new character as a champion of the Church Mr. Chamberlain has not been happy. The clause does not mention any religious body, and will as a matter of fact apply, if it passes, to many schools where the doctrines, or supposed doctrines, of the Church of England are taught. If they be fewer than the Catholic schools, as no doubt they are, the reason is plain and sound. Very few Catholic schools contain any Protestant children. Very many Church schools contain the children of Dissenters, who cannot from the nature of things send them anywhere else. Of course it may be plausibly argued, though not by Unionists, that, as the Bill does not apply to Ireland,

the Irish members have nothing to do with it. One Irish Nationalist Mr. T. P. O'Connor, sits for an English constituency, and pleads with eloquence for those who sent him to the House of Commons. But Mr. Redmond and Mr. Dillon did, I think, convince the whole House that they discharged a public duty and fulfilled a moral obligation in speaking for men of their own race and religion who live on this side of St. George's Channel. Although they voted, as did their whole party, against the second reading of the Bill, they would be satisfied, and would probably vote for the third reading, if the Facilities Clause, as it is called, were made compulsory. Their position is undoubtedly a strong one, for the difference between them and the Government is rather theoretical than practical. Both sides admit that the vast majority of municipal bodies would grant the special facilities—that is to say, would leave the denominational schools alone—where four-fifths of the parents wished it and the requirements of the law were fulfilled. But, say the Catholics, there might be a perverse or bigoted committee that would not consent, and then our schools would be destroyed. The Church of England, so long as it is established by law, and endowed by tithes and glebes, has in strictness no right to reject any form of religion which the State prescribes. It is not, however, wise to give unnecessary irritation, and the amendment for which the Irish Catholics ask would be a welcome concession to many English Churchmen also. The difficulty lies with the Nonconformists, whose preponderance in the present House of Commons is mainly due to the injustice done them by the Education Act of 1902. Many of them, though by no means all, disapprove of the Fourth Clause in its existing shape, and would dislike it still more if it were strengthened as the Catholics desire. No change in the Bill could be made to which the Free Churches as a body refused their assent. It will be for them to consider whether they should furnish the House of Lords with an opportunity for which the Tory Peers are anxiously looking by tenacious adhesion to what is after all rather shadow than substance.

The Bishop of London is reported to have said the other night at the Albert Hall that the Church of England was united in opposing the Education Bill. If I were to say that the Church of England was united in supporting the Education Bill, Christian charity would lead his Lordship to assume that I was mad. Yet one statement would be as true as the other. The Bishop is incapable of deliberate falsehood. But he has so accustomed himself to identify the Church of England with Conservative High Churchmen that Liberal Churchmen, even if they be clergymen, canons, deans, nay bishops, no longer count for anything in his eyes. There is a deligious passage in Lucian where Zeus confides to the other gods of the Greek Pantheon his fear that if men give up believing in them, they may themselves cease to exist. Happily we live in a more enlightened age, and Liberal Churchmen need be under no similar apprehension. The Bishop of Ripon

the Bishop of Hereford, the Bishop of Carlisle, the Bishop of Sodor and Man will remain in the flesh, and even on the Bench, though the Bishop of London and the Bishop of Southwark deny their right to ordain, to communicate, or to live. Even in the House of Lords there are Churchmen on the Treasury Bench, and on the Ministerial Benches of the House of Commons they are numerous. Would the Bishop of London refuse the Sacrament to a man who had voted for the Education Bill? If he would, and face the consequences, I should begin to believe that he meant what he said. Meanwhile he will do well to ponder over Mr. Chamberlain's speech against the second reading of the Bill. Mr. Chamberlain dislikes the Bill first because he dislikes the Government, and secondly because he is, as in theory he always has been, in favour of secular education. He has on his side what is called logic, and what calls itself the Independent Labour Party. He has against him, thank God, the people of England. When he pointed out in clear and sensible language the injustice of tests for teachers, there were black looks on his own side, and loud cheers on the other. But the point in his speech which most concerns the Bishop of London is that no Churchman in Birmingham, where there must be many thousands, had ever objected to the religious teaching in Board schools, for which the present Bishop of Manchester was responsible, as insufficient. The Bishop of Birmingham, a mediæval saint, does object to it. But that only shows that the whole agitation is clerically engineered by men who abhor the name of Protestant and desire that children not their own should be taught to abjure the principles of the Reformation. The public seem hardly yet to understand the true nature of the opposition to this Bill from what the Bishop of London, in his simple way, calls the Church of England. Most lay members of the Establishment, and a large minority of parsons, believe that to teach little children theological dogma is worse than wasting time, because it disgusts them with all religion. These Churchmen, just as much Churchmen as the Bishop of London, hold that the Sermon on the Mount contains all the religion which a child need learn, or is capable of learning. When this view was propounded by a Churchman in the House of Commons, another Churchman, Lord Robert Cecil, frankly repudiated the Sermon as theologically worthless and morally inadequate. I should be sorry to see Lord Robert's opinion condemned by the Church, because I do not consider that any man is responsible for his religious views to any human authority at all. But the public ought to know the kind of Christianity which is openly and without shame professed by some at least among the principal opponents of this Bill. It is not often that one gets a chance of making them speak out.

Mr. Chamberlain has withdrawn his statement that the Bill endowed a new religion. Perhaps the Bishop of Birmingham has been giving him some lessons on the early history of the Christian Church about which his Lordship seems to think that he can instruct Mr. Bryce.

Mr. Chamberlain's real view is that the State has nothing to do with religion, and should not attempt to provide for teaching it. Then there would, at least after a short time, be more scope for what is really a new religion—his own doctrine, that we should do to foreign nations what we see them doing to each other. The economic objection would remain, but the moral and religious objections would be gone. Mr. Keir Hardie denounces glibly from the platform the patronage of one particular religion by the State. That is just what the Cowper-Temple Clause was framed by a prominent member of the Church of England to avoid. Mr. Hardie and his followers do not all want to banish religion from education. Some of them, Mr. Ramsay Macdonald for one, think that religion is best taught at home. Unhappily it would not in many cases be taught at all, and those of us who believe that there is no substitute for it may be excused for objecting to its abandonment. 'Why,' as Canon Jackson, of Leeds, asked five-and-thirty years ago, 'why should the Bible be the only book excluded from the schools of England?' As if religion was the only subject on which there were differences of opinion. That the agitation against this Bill tends towards Secularism, I should be the last person to deny. I cannot imagine anything more foolish from a religious point of view than the conduct of its promoters, or the jargon of their ridiculous petitions. They seem to be wholly under the dominion of formulas. One of their cant phrases is that 'religious instruction should be given by teachers who believe in what they teach.' How do they propose to secure that? Have they ever thought about it? Do they ever think at all? What is to prevent a dishonest man, the only sort of man who would want to teach anything he did not believe, from taking any test propounded to him? If this is the state of mind produced by 'dogmatic' teaching, may not even Secularism be better? Still, one must go steadily on, and not be angry with those who cant. The Bill, like other Bills, has defects, and is capable of amendment. But in essence and substance it is the one practical alternative to Secularism pure and simple. The story of the Sibylline books is too venerable and antiquated for repetition. But if by any deplorable and incredible accident this Bill were to be lost, the price which the victors would pay is a Godless schooling for the next generation.

That the Bill should go to the House of Lords, substantially as the Government intend it to pass, is considered by the best political heads to be a desirable, if not an indispensable, thing, and hence the need for extreme circumspection in the House of Commons. This Fourth Clause should, therefore, be carefully guarded from all semblance of injustice, and there should be no possibility of favouritism to one religious body against another. Is it absolutely certain that no danger of this arises under the Bill? As a rule, the Educational Committees under the Act of 1902 have been entirely impartial. But they have never had so large or so difficult a question to decide, as

whether sectarian schools should be allowed to continue. Prejudice against Catholics, prejudice against the Church of England, prejudice against Jews, might conceivably operate in a small area where the passions of race or religion run high. Then, again, it is not desirable that in a Bill designed to secure peace, opportunity should be provided for recurrent war. Hitherto the religious, or rather the irreligious, difficulty has been kept out of municipal contests. If the question of special facilities could always be raised that would no longer be so. In the city of Liverpool, for instance, a Protestant lecturer, not many years ago, was murdered, and the Catholic acquitted of the crime was carried in a triumphal procession through the streets by a crowd who would have felt little sympathy with him if they had thought him innocent. There might be riots in Liverpool, like the riots in Belfast, if an election turned upon special facilities. If they were made part of the law, they would soon be forgotten, or treated as a matter of course. Catholics have been paying rates for the last thirty years towards the maintenance of Board schools, where a religion acceptable to all Protestant Churches, but abhorrent to themselves, has been taught. They never complained, nor took to passive resistance, so long as they were suffered to manage their own schools, and that is all they ask to-day. The clergy of the Establishment may find some difficulty, I should imagine they would, in getting the necessary number of parents to sign. Dogma, when it does not spell relief from rates, is not by any means so popular as dogmatists suppose. But that is their own affair. Let them try. The practical grievance of the present law is the compulsory attendance of Nonconformist children at Church schools, and under this Bill that will come altogether to an end. If the sound general principle that no public money should be paid for denominational teaching were rigorously enforced without exception, many Catholic schools would be closed, and rather than send their children to a Protestant school, the parents would go to prison. Is that a result which any religious Nonconformist can anticipate with pleasure or satisfaction? The Church of Rome is not established and endowed. It is in no way bound to accept the general principles of faith and practice to which all Protestants, Churchmen or Dissenters, subscribe. Mr. Birrell did not say one word too much in praise of the sacrifices made by the poorest Catholics to maintain their own schools for their own people. The support given by Irish Nationalists in the last Parliament to Mr. Balfour's Bill was naturally resented by Nonconformists. But revenge is not a Christian sentiment, and the majority can afford to be generous now.

HERBERT PAUL.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER

A MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY JAMES KNOWLES

VOL. LIX

JANUARY—JUNE 1906

LONDON
SPOTTISWOODE & CO. LTD., PRINTERS
NEW-STREET SQUARE, E.C.
1906

CONTENTS OF VOL. LIX

INDEX TO VOL. LIX

The titles of articles are printed in italics

PRINTED BY
SPOTTISWOODE AND CO. LTD., NEW-STREET SQUARE
LONDON

THE
NINETEENTH
CENTURY
AND AFTER

No. CCCLV—September 1906

LE PANGERMANISME, LA HOLLANDE ET LA BELGIQUE

I.—Les Ports du Rhin

Cette Revue en appelant l'attention de ses lecteurs sur *the Absorption of Holland by Germany* a rendu service, non seulement à ses compatriotes, mais aux hommes de tous les pays qui pensent à l'avenir de l'Europe.

On peut les diviser en deux catégories : les uns veulent que les peuples libres puissent évoluer chacun selon leurs mœurs et leur caractère en conservant leur hégémonie ; les autres entendent qu'il y ait au centre de l'Europe un pouvoir central dont les autres États ne seraient que les subordonnés. Toutes les nations sauf l'Allemagne sont intéressées à la politique qui assurera la première solution.

Comme l'a fait ressortir, dans son article, M. J. Ellis Barker et comme le prouve un coup d'œil jeté sur une carte, l'Empire d'Allemagne a, au point de vue de la mer, une fâcheuse configuration. Il a bien un développement de 900 kil. de côtes sur la mer Baltique ; mais la mer Baltique est un lac fermé par des détroits d'un passage

difficile et presque chaque hiver bloqué par les glaces. Dans ce lac elle a trois ports de guerre : Koenisberg, Dantzig, Kiel. Pour assurer les communications de ce dernier arsenal avec la mer du Nord il a fallu creuser le Kaiser Wilhelm canal, long de 63 milles, d'une profondeur de 30 pieds et d'une largeur au plafond de 72 pieds.

Mais sur la mer du Nord de Cuxhaven, à l'embouchure de l'Elbe, à Emden, la côte qui se compose de plaines basses protégées par des digues, n'a à vol d'oiseau qu'environ 80 milles. Les deux ports Hambourg et Brême sont enfoncés dans les terres si bien que, dès 1828, Brême a complété le sien par Bremerhaven et que les grands paquebots de Hambourg n'achèvent leurs chargements qu'à Cuxhaven. Il suffit d'un coup de vent pour faire des dénivellements de l'Elbe, au-dessous de Hambourg, de plus d'un mètre.

Sur cette côte il n'y a qu'un port de guerre, Wilhelmshafen, dont l'accès n'est maintenu qu'à force de dragages.

Certes les ports de Hambourg et de Brême ont reçu un très grand développement depuis leur annexion à l'empire en 1889.

Mais le mouvement industriel de l'Allemagne se porte de plus en plus à l'ouest le long du Rhin. M. Ellis Barker a rappelé avec raison le tableau qui, affiché à l'exposition de Dusseldorf, indiquait triomphalement l'importance de la Westphalie et de la Province Rhénane dans la monarchie prussienne. Un territoire de 1,000 milles carrés à partir de Cologne, ayant pour places frontières München, Gladbach, Crefeld, Dortmund, Iserlohn, Remscheid, Dusseldorf, contient 3,000,000 d'habitants et les plus grands établissements industriels de l'empire. Sur le Rhin les ports de Ruhrort, Duisburg et Hochfeld ont un mouvement de marchandises de plus de 10,000,000 de tonnes.

On peut dire que le Rhin dessert une population de 16,000,000 habitants, soit 27 pour cent de la population de l'empire. Il coule dans une région qui comprend 2,500,000 d'ouvriers, soit 28 pour cent du chiffre total de la population ouvrière allemande. Elle donne 50 pour cent de la production totale du charbon de l'Allemagne, 50 pour cent des produits chimiques, 50 pour cent de la bière, 83 pour cent du fer, 90 pour cent du vin.

Le Rhin est un fleuve magnifique sur lequel le frêt peut être très bas. De Carlsruhe, à l'embouchure du Rhin, sur une distance de 621 kil., il n'y a que 100 mètres de différence de niveau, 16 centimètres par kil. La largeur du fleuve n'est nulle part inférieure à 200 mètres : sa profondeur de la mer à Cologne est de 10 pieds ; de Cologne à Mannheim elle est de 7 à 8 pieds.

Mais ce beau fleuve a son embouchure en Hollande. Il aboutit à Rotterdam sous le nom de Maas. Là, dans le milieu de la rivière, des navires de haute mer, amarrés à des *Ducs d'Albe*, sont entourés de chalands qu'ils chargent à destination du Rhin avec des connaissements directs pour Ruhrort, Cologne, et Mannheim. Dans les

bouches de l'Escaut, entre Anvers et le Rhin, on trouve partout grandes péniches qui viennent du Rhin ou vont le rejoindre. Le long du fleuve on voit des rames (trains) de bateaux, chacun 500–600 tonnes, formant un total de 4,500 tonnes traînées par de remorqueurs. «Le frêt entre Ruhrort et Rotterdam est à peine d'un centime par tonne.»

Les 22,000,000m. votés en 1879 pour l'aménagement du Rhin qui étaient dépensés en 1898, ont certainement servi aux population que dessert ce fleuve ; mais ils ont largement contribué au développement de Rotterdam et d'Anvers.

Voici le mouvement comparatif de la navigation rhénan d'Amsterdam, de Rotterdam et de la Belgique de 1900 à 1904 :

—	Amsterdam	Rotterdam	Belgique
	En Tonnes	En Tonnes	En Tonnes
1900	446,800	7,845,500	2,605,600
1901	435,800	7,835,800	2,757,800
1902	451,900	8,197,900	3,288,800
1903	436,700	10,328,300	3,786,500
1904	428,800	10,684,200	4,104,800

Le Consul français d'Amsterdam dit dans son rapport de 1901 'L'influence allemande devient ici de plus en plus prépondérant dans le grand commerce.' Sur 510,000 habitants il y avait alor 5,000 Allemands. Relativement au chiffre la proportion est faible mais tous les êtres humains ne sont pas des unités de même ordre.

Un Belge, M. Ansiaux, professeur à l'Université de Bruxelles,[1] fait une communication alarmante sur la pénétration des Allemand en Belgique. Il est tout étonné que le nombre et le tonnage d navires allemands qui entre dans le port d'Anvers augmente. contraire serait très grave pour Anvers : M. Ansiaux dit : 'Anver est l'objectif principal de la pénétration des Allemands.' Cett phrase indiquerait qu'ils obéissent à un plan conquérant précon Il n'en est rien. Ils viennent à Anvers, parce qu'Anvers est un de deux grands ports du Rhin. Ils s'y installent pour être au centre d leurs affaires. Ils y déploient de l'activité 'dans le haut commerc dit-il, les banques, les transports maritimes, l'industrie naissante, l compagnies coloniales, l'enseignement, les cultes, les sociétés d'agr ment, les consulats étrangers. Neuf banques anversoises impor tantes ont fait une place plus ou moins large dans leurs consei à des sujets ou à des naturalisés d'origine allemande.' Les Allemand n'ont point procédé à cette invasion avec préméditation. Elle n'e pas une cause ; elle est la conséquence de la situation géographiqu d'Anvers. Comme Rotterdam, c'est un port allemand parce que so principal hinterland est l'Allemagne.

Mais que cette invasion ait pour résultat d'entraîner la Belgiqu

[1] *Communication au Congrès de la Langue française à Liège, août 1905.*

dans l'orbite de l'Allemagne, de l'imprégner de plus en plus profondément des idées, des mœurs et des intérêts allemands, c'est là une conséquence qu'il faut envisager avec tout le sérieux qu'elle comporte.

II.—Tentatives de Détournement

Dès 1883 M. Windhorst, le chef du centre catholique, réclamait le canal de Dortmund à Ems pour essayer de faire dériver une partie de la houille et de la production de cette partie du Rhin vers Emden. Guillaume II s'empara de ce projet: le canal fut inauguré le 11 août 1899. On avait compté pour la première année sur un trafic de 1,500,000 tonnes. Aujourd'hui il n'atteint pas 700,000 tonnes, malgré une réduction du taux des péages. Ce canal devait être 'la porte de sortie nationale' du pays du Rhin. On espérait surtout que les houilles de Westphalie refouleraient les houilles anglaises des ports allemands et des pays scandinaves. Le contraire se produisit. La première année pas une tonne de charbon allemand ne descendit le canal, mais 4,420 tonnes de charbon anglais le remontèrent, et l'importation des charbons anglais à Hambourg augmentait.

Les charbons westphaliens continuèrent de prendre le Rhin pour aller à Rotterdam et à Anvers.

L'Empereur a complété le canal par le port d'Emden, situé juste en face de la rive hollandaise: c'est un port modèle qui a un mouillage de 11m.50, qui est pourvu de l'outillage le plus perfectionné. Il a coûté 20,000,000m. Mais 'le matériel de dragage y tient plus de place que les navires.' Cependant l'Empereur en a fait une escale obligatoire pour certains services qui n'ont rien à y faire. En dépit de ces efforts, on n'arrive pas à un tonnage de 500,000 tonnes.

Si on n'avait pas relié Dortmund au Rhin par un canal, c'était pour obliger les marchandises et la houille de ce district de se servir du canal. Cette précaution a été inutile. Aussi s'est-on décidé à comprendre dans les projets qui viennent d'être votés un canal de Dortmund au Rhin qui coûtera 2,500,000 mark. Mais les marchandises et la houille préfèreront prendre ce transport rapide, peu onéreux et facile du Rhin, au lieu de prendre un canal de vingt-sept écluses pour aboutir à une ville qui n'est pas un centre commercial; et l'expérience universelle prouve que les centres commerciaux ne s'improvisent pas.

L'effort que fera l'Empereur pour détourner les marchandises des ports de Rotterdam et d'Anvers vers Emden est donc condamné à un échec.

Certainement l'homme a cette supériorité sur tous les animaux qu'il peut changer son milieu; mais il ne peut faire abstraction des conditions géographiques. Les Hollandais ont la conviction que Rotterdam est le plus grand port du Rhin, et que ni canaux, ni

tarifs de chemins de fer ne peuvent supprimer les avantages que donne ce fleuve. Je suppose que les Allemands et l'Empereur Guillaume ne se font pas d'illusions à cet égard. Alors s'ils veulent que le débouché des grandes provinces industrielles des bords du Rhin soit un port allemand, ils n'ont devant eux qu'une solution : c'est l'annexion de la Hollande, complétée tout au moins par celle d'Anvers à l'Allemagne.

III.—Le Pangermanisme

Je ne répèterai pas les citations très probantes données par M. Ellis Barker. Mais il est certain que pour tous les Pangermanistes, la Hollande et même la Belgique, doivent être absorbées par l'Allemagne. Sous le nom d'Europe centrale, ils englobent ces deux pays, ainsi que la Suisse, l'Autriche-Hongrie, la Servie, la Roumanie et la Bulgarie.[1]

Bismarck, qui avait le souci des contingences et qui, après avoir fondé l'Empire allemand, considérait qu'il fallait le consolider et le conserver, n'était pas pangermaniste. Il s'opposa à l'annexion de la Bohême. Ce parti s'est développé après l'avènement de Guillaume II, avec le patronage de conseillers privés, de généraux, de magistrats, personnages officiels et de professeurs des universités qui, certainement, croyaient être les interprètes de la pensée de l'Empereur. Ceux-ci ont fondé le pangermanisme sur la langue et la race ; et comme leurs conceptions sont larges ils y ont englobé 2,000,000 d'Allemands en Suisse, 10,000,000 en Autriche-Hongrie, 1,000,000 en Russie et 8,000,000 de Bas-Allemands en Hollande et en Belgique.[2] (1) Ils formulent un programme basé sur la dislocation de l'Autriche au lendemain de la mort de François Joseph. La Prusse recevrait la Silésie et la Moravie ; la Saxe prendrait la Bohême proprement dite ; la Bavière s'annexerait la région de l'Inn, Salzbourg, le Vorarlberg et le Tyrol ; la Haute-Autriche, la Basse-Autriche, la Carinthie et la Carniole formeraient un état autrichien d'environ 5,300,000 habitants ; le littoral 'Kustenland' avec la partie sud de la Dalmatie, Raguse, les bouches du Cattaro, Trieste et Pola formeraient un Reichsland, un pays d'empire, administré par un gouverneur militaire impérial ; le royaume d'Autriche serait lié à la Prusse par une convention militaire, mettant son armée dans une situation analogue à celle du Duché de Bade ou du Wurtemberg. La flotte autrichienne se fondrait dans la flotte allemande. Pola et Cattaro deviendraient des ports de guerre de l'empire. Ce plan est assez adroitement conçu. Il ne dépossède pas Berlin au détriment de Vienne. Il laisse cette dernière ville capitale d'un petit royaume.

[1] Voir *Central Europe*, by Joseph Partsch.

[2] Voir quoique avec réserves *l'Europe et la Question d'Autriche au Seuil du XXème Siècle*, par Chéradame ; *L'Allemagne et la France et la Question d'Autriche*, par le même. Actuellement, les allemands font de Rembrandt leur grand peintre.

Ce plan est complété par l'entrée de la Suisse, de la Hollande et de la Belgique dans l'union douanière, en attendant l'union politique. Quelque ridicules que puissent être les méglomanes qui ont conçu ces projets, ils ne font qu'exagérer des sentiments qui existent chez d'autres; dédaigner les indices que donne leur psychologie, ce serait montrer une légèreté imprudente.

Les pangermanistes négligent plusieurs facteurs dans l'élaboration de leur plan. Ils oublient que l'Italie ne consentirait pas volontiers à voir Trieste devenir un port allemand. Ils supposent qu'à la mort de l'empereur François Joseph tous les Allemands d'Autriche vont 'se précipiter dans les bras de l'Empereur d'Allemagne; et ils ne tiennent pas compte des autres nationalités qui font partie de l'empire. Dans la Cisleithanie il y a d'après le recensement de 1900 sur 26,000,000 d'habitants 9,170,000 d'Allemands, un peu plus du tiers. Et ces 9,170,000 d'Allemands sont-ils unanimes à demander l'annexion des provinces autrichiennes à l'Empire allemand? D'après M. Chéradame, trois millions admettraient le fédéralisme de manière à donner satisfaction aux Slaves; trois millions y sont opposés, mais sont aussi opposés à l'intervention prussienne; trois millions sont des adversaires irréductibles des Slaves, et c'est parmi eux que se recrutent les pangermanistes. S'il n'y a pas unanimité parmi les Allemands, à plus forte raison y a-t-il de fortes oppositions parmi les hommes appartenant à d'autres nationalités. La Hongrie a été très allemande de sympathies et de relations: elle était reconnaissante à l'Allemagne du compromis de 1867 qu'elle obtint comme une conséquence de Sadowa. Ce fut un de ses hommes d'Etat, Andrassy, qui, ministre des Affaires étrangères de l'empire, lia l'Autriche-Hongrie à l'empire d'Allemagne. Mais en dépit des manifestations du parti de l'indépendance, ses hommes d'Etat savent fort bien que sans le maintien de l'empire d'Autriche, la Hongrie ne serait plus qu'un petit état, livré à toutes sortes de dangers. Les Magyars n'ignorent pas qu'ils ne sont que 8,742,000 sur 19,254,000 habitants dans les Pays de la Couronne de Hongrie. Quand on voit et quand on entend les membres des diverses nationalités qui composent l'empire d'Autriche, on peut croire qu'ils sont entre eux des ennemis irréductibles. Mais s'ils font très mauvais ménage, personne ne veut le divorce. Le jour donc de la mort de l'empereur François Joseph ne sera point la fin de l'empire d'Autriche. Il continuera d'exister et toute l'Europe a intérêt à ce qu'il n'y soit pas porté atteinte. Guillaume II le sait bien et de plus, il a, pour ne pas partager les illusions des pangermanistes, d'excellentes raisons. Toute la politique des Hohenzollern a été de porter l'axe de l'Empire allemand à Berlin. L'annexion des provinces allemandes de l'Autriche le déplacerait. Il y a en Allemagne 35,200,000 protestants, dans la Cisleithanie 500,000 à 600,000; il y a en Allemagne 20,300,000 catholiques et dans la Cisleithanie 20,600,000. Guillaume II est déjà obligé de

faire assez de concessions au centre catholique du Reichstag pour ne pas risquer de déplacer ainsi la majorité religieuse. Je ne crois donc pas que Guillaume II ait la moindre velléité de procéder au démembrement de l'empire d'Autriche à son profit à la mort de François Joseph : mais il est très possible qu'il profite de cet évènement pour sembler faire un acte de générosité et de grand désintéressement. Il désavouera, avec l'emphase qui le caractérise, le pangermanisme, quoiqu'il se soit développé sous son œil paternel. Il déclarera, pour l'empire d'Autriche, que non seulement, il n'en veut pas le démembrement, mais qu'il en est le plus fidèle soutien ! Pour Trieste, il fera l'étonné. Songerait-il donc à prendre une ville que revendique l'Italie, une puissance de la triple alliance ? Quand il aura ébloui le monde de sa générosité, quand il aura dissipé les inquiétudes habilement préparées et amassées, quand il aura provoqué de toutes parts un mouvement de soulagement, il peut se retourner et dire aux autres nations : 'Maintenant que vous êtes rassurés, vous ne pouvez avoir d'objection à ce que la Hollande (et peut-être la Belgique) entrent dans le *Zollverein* allemand en attendant une annexion plus intime !'

Et il peut s'imaginer que l'opinion publique de l'Autriche, de la France, de l'Italie et peut-être d'autres pays éprouverait alors une telle satisfaction d'avoir échappé aux dangers qu'elle envisageait, qu'elle serait toute prête à dire : '*Ce n'est que cela ! faites !*'

IV.—La Hollande et la Belgique

Si cette hypothèse était invraisemblable, pourquoi donc ces revendications à l'égard de la Hollande, citées dans l'article de M. Ellis Barker ? L'empereur Guillaume II a un secret qu'il indique quand il répète à tout instant : 'Notre avenir est sur la mer !' et quand il parle de la politique coloniale allemande. L'avenir sur la mer ! et malgré tous ses efforts une grande partie du tonnage de l'Allemagne passe par la Hollande et Anvers ! Il veut avoir une flotte capable de lutter contre celle de l'Angleterre : et il ne peut la construire, l'équiper, la réparer que dans un arsenal naturellement bloqué, Kiel. Elle ne peut en sortir que par un canal qui, à la merci d'un accident, ne pourra supporter les navires d'un tonnage de plus en plus fort que prévoient les programmes de demain. Enfin l'Allemagne n'a trouvé de débouchés ni à sa population, ni à son industrie dans ses colonies africaines : elle n'en a trouvé que pour ses soldats et pour son budget ; par le traité anglo-japonais l'Angleterre a détruit toutes les velléités qu'avait pu provoquer l'occupation en Chine de Kiaotchéou.

Mais la Hollande a les Indes néerlandaises avec leur superficie de 2,000,000 de kil. carrés, leur population de 38,000,000 d'habitants, leur riche production de café, de sucre, d'épices, de tabac, d'étain,

Voilà un empire colonial digne de l'Empire allemand ! Guillaume II a tourné vers cet ensemble 'le regard de son désir,' comme dit la Bible.

D'abord il ne s'agit que du Zollverein ! En 1901 et 1902 en Allemagne MM. Stubmann, von Hale et Huton publièrent plusieurs brochures pour l'appuyer. En Hollande deux journaux, le *Haagsche Courant* et *l'Avondpost*, ont soutenu ce projet ainsi qu'une union postale. Ils disent aux Hollandais qu'en s'annexant à l'Allemagne ils auront pour débouché toute l'Europe centrale. Mais débouchés de quoi ? Les Hollandais ne sont pas de grands industriels ; déjà ils tirent à peu près tout le profit qu'ils peuvent tirer de leur situation géographique par rapport à l'Allemagne ; et Guillaume II ne la leur enlèvera pas.

D'après mes renseignements, les Hollandais prévoyants comprennent bien le désir de l'Empereur ; mais, quant à sa réalisation, ils ne sont pas du tout disposés à l'aider. Les catholiques,qui sont au nombre des deux cinquièmes en Hollande, ne tiennent pas à augmenter la puissance d'un état protestant ; et les institutions militaires du type allemand n'ont rien qui les tente. Quant aux trois millions de protestants, ils justifient le vieux dicton : 'Il n'y a de bonnes haines qu'entre membres d'une même famille.' Les Hollandais ont gardé de leurs vieilles luttes irrespectueuses contre les Espagnols une indépendance de caractère et d'esprit qui les empêche d'être séduits par les airs inspirés de Guillaume II. Le rapprochement spontané de la Hollande vers l'Allemagne est hors de question. Il ne pourrait y avoir qu'un rapprochement forcé. Par des tarifs de chemin de fer et le canal de Dortmund à Ems ? Impossible. Les industriels et les ouvriers de la Westphalie et de la province du Rhin se considèrent déjà comme sacrifiés aux hobereaux endettés de l'Est. Ils seront les premiers à s'opposer à la fermeture du débouché naturel au profit d'un débouché onéreux. Jamais Emden n'aura que le déchet de Rotterdam et d'Anvers ; et Rotterdam en éprouverait-il une perte qu'elle serait considérée comme de peu d'importance relativement à la perte de la nationalité hollandaise dont, quelque ménagée qu'elle fût pour les choses secondaires, les intérêts vitaux se décideraient à Berlin.

Je dois ajouter que certains Hollandais, parmi ceux qui ont de l'action sur l'opinion publique, disent : 'La Hollande doit s'entendre avec la Belgique, marcher de pair, ce qui peut être effectué, sans aucun inconvénient pour aucune des deux.'

Tandis que des Hollandais le disaient, plutôt dans des conversations particulières qu'ils ne le manifestaient publiquement, en 1905, juste au moment ou on fêtait bruyamment le soixante-quinzième anniversaire de la révolution qui a séparé la Belgique de la Hollande, un écrivain belge, M. Eugène Baie, publia dans le *Petit Bleu* une série d'articles sur une alliance franco-hollandaise. Leur succès

preuve qu'ils répondaient à une préoccupation des deux pays qui sont inquiets des visées de leur formidable voisin.

Au point de vue du droit international, la question se pose : Une nation neutre peut-elle faire un traité avec une autre nation ? Arendt, Ernest Nys, Descamps, Westlake, répondent affirmativement. Il ne saurait être question de revenir sur les faits accomplis en 1830, mais évidemment la Belgique et la Hollande peuvent se lier plus intimement et s'assurer leur concours réciproque dans telle ou telle éventualité.

L'éventualité, c'est une guerre, et toute nation qui a souci de sa conservation doit la prévoir : car elle ne dépend pas d'elle ; elle dépend d'un ou plusieurs autres états. Il n'y a pour elle qu'un seul moyen de réfréner ces velléités belliqueuses : c'est d'être forte et d'avoir une politique dont la fermeté ne puisse pas être mise en doute.

La Haye est le siège des conférences de la paix, du tribunal arbitral ; Carnegie lui a offert des fonds pour la construction d'un palais de la paix.

Napoléon III avait proposé en 1863 la réunion d'un congrès dont l'objet serait de réduire les armements exagérés entretenus par de mutuelles méfiances ; et le 24 janvier 1870 il faisait prier la reine Victoria de présenter au Roi de Prusse, Guillaume I, un projet de désarmement pour la France et l'Allemagne. Six mois après la guerre éclatait. L'Empereur de Russie a eu l'initiative des conférences de la Haye, mais il n'a pas songé à soumettre au tribunal arbitral les réclamations du Japon relatives à son refus d'évacuer la Mandchourie, et une fois de plus c'est la guerre qui a donné la solution.

Le monde officiel belge par une singulière aberration a été pendant longtemps complètement germanisé. Cette aberration ne s'expliquait pas suffisamment par le souvenir des propositions d'annexion que Bismarck s'était fait faire par Napoléon III.

Les Belges et les Hollandais ont déjà consenti à une forme d'union qui prend le titre suivant dans *l'Almanach Gotha* (p. 516) : '*Union d'administrations de chemins de fer allemands* : font partie de cette union les lignes de chemins de fer de l'Allemagne, des Pays-Bas, ainsi que d'un chemin de fer de la Belgique.' Je crois que cette passion germanophile s'est calmée, mais dans ces dernières années nous avons été témoins de singulières aberrations de la part des Hollandais et des Belges.

Les Hollandais croyaient qu'il était de leur devoir de s'identifier avec les Boers. C'était pour eux une question de famille et pour certains d'entre eux une question d'intérêt. Je dois dire cependant que j'ai vu, à ce moment, un certain nombre d'hommes avisés qui se lamentaient sur les imprudences de l'opinion publique de leurs concitoyens. Ils allaient même jusqu'à reprocher à leur Gouvernement d'avoir envoyé un navire de guerre chercher Kruger. Mais ils

n'étaient qu'une minorité, et j'admets que les Hollandais eussent un coefficient personnel d'erreur excusable.

Mais en était-il de même des Belges? Ils oubliaient que l'Angleterre en 1831, avec la France, avait assuré leur existence; ils oubliaient que l'Angleterre est toujours en Europe la garante de l'indépendance des petits peuples. Au moment de la guerre des Boers, en 1900 à Paris, dans les congrès des Amis de la paix, à la Conférence Interparlementaire, les Belges se montrèrent les plus ardents anglophobes. Il fallait voir l'ardeur des représentants de cette nation neutre à pousser les Gouvernements des autres nations à intervenir en faveur des Boers contre l'Angleterre. Ils invoquaient l'article 27 du traité final de la conférence de la Haye pour engager les Gouvernements à inviter l'Angleterre de mettre fin à la guerre sud africaine.

Ils traitaient en ennemi—j'en sais quelque chose—quiconque leur faisait observer que ce n'était pas faire acte sérieux que d'inviter un Gouvernement à faire une démarche qu'il savait d'avance inutile.

Inviter quelqu'un à aller recevoir un camouflet, c'est une singulière manière de procéder. De deux choses l'une, ou le Gouvernement, rabroué, se résignerait en disant: 'J'étais prévenu. Tant pis pour moi de m'être exposé à ce désagrément!' Et il garderait son humiliation avec plus ou moins de rancune. Ou bien, il se fâcherait d'autant plus qu'il se serait mis dans son tort. Alors c'était la guerre, une conflagration générale.

Toutes les chancelleries se montrèrent plus pacifiques que les pacifistes, et ce risque fut évité.

Mais comment les Belges, comment les Hollandais, ne comprenaient-ils pas que l'Angleterre est leur sauvegarde? Par quelle aberration le général Brialmont croyait-il que ce rôle appartenait à la Russie et comment pouvait-il imaginer qu'elle fût 'le grand pouvoir de l'Europe'?

Enfin les Belges ne doivent pas oublier que les puissances signataires du traité de 1839, lui donnent la garantie de la neutralité, mais ne lui donnent point la garantie de l'intégrité et de l'inviolabilité du territoire.[4] Et du reste, parmi les puissances signataires se trouve la Prusse; et c'est de l'Allemagne que la Belgique a tout à redouter.

V.—Le Nœud de l'Entente cordiale entre l'Angleterre et la France.

On a pu reprocher à M. Gladstone certaines faiblesses dans la politique étrangère, mais jamais il n'a transigé au point de vue de l'indépendance de la Belgique. Au mois d'août 1870 il faisait des

[4] Ernest Nys, *Le Droit international*, tome i. p. 391.

traités séparés avec la Prusse et avec la France, obligeant l'Angleterre, dans le cas où une des nations ne respecterait pas la neutralité de la Belgique, à prendre le parti de l'autre. En 1875, au moment de l'intervention si efficace de la reine Victoria pour empêcher une agression de l'Allemagne contre la France, Gladstone envoya une commission en Belgique pour concerter les mesures de défense.

Aujourd'hui l'entente cordiale de l'Angleterre et de la France est fondée exactement sur les mêmes raisons que celles qui ont déterminé l'Angleterre à combattre Napoléon. C'est un danger pour elle comme pour le monde entier qu'il y ait en Europe un état dont l'ambition n'a pas de limites et dont le souverain puisse à son gré disposer de la paix ou de la guerre dans le monde..

On a compris maintenant en France et, je crois, tout le monde a compris en Angleterre que la seule manière de maintenir la paix en Europe était l'accord des deux nations. Elles représentent une formidable puissance stratégique ; car si en Allemagne on pense à des débarquements en Angleterre, on peut prévoir aussi des débarquements en Allemagne d'armées alliées, ayant pour base d'opération, des moyens de transport qui ont montré leur efficacité dans la guerre de l'Afrique du sud. La sauvegarde de l'indépendance de la Hollande et de la Belgique est la raison d'être de l'entente cordiale entre la France et l'Angleterre. Les manifestations qui l'affirment, les échanges de bons procédés qui apprennent aux deux nations à mieux se connaître, sont excellents; mais c'est la nécessité de maintenir indemne la situation de ces deux nations, qui soude les intérêts de la France et de l'Angleterre, et, je puis ajouter, les intérêts de toutes les autres nations civilisées, sauf une.

YVES GUYOT.

MR. HALDANE'S PROPOSALS

THE result of the elections in January last, which gave an overwhelming majority to a Prime Minister who, outside England, is regarded as a typical 'Little Englander,' could not fail to excite the liveliest apprehensions amongst all to whom party squabbles are of little account except in so far as they affect the fortunes of the British Empire. No one who read the foreign newspapers at the time could miss the note of exhilaration which greeted the probable return of British policy to old grooves. Great Britain till within the last few years had become traditional for a hand-to-mouth system of National Defence which must have brought us to grief but for the steady and persistent effort of individuals. History indeed shows us that in the past the British Empire has been built up, not by the policy of Governments, but by the devotion and often by the sacrifice of enthusiasts.

How has our Empire grown in the last twenty years, and what provision have we made for supporting it? We can neither ignore nor minimise our liabilities. We have become responsible for Egypt and have reclaimed the vast but neglected provinces of that country in the Soudan and have made them a 'going concern.' We have greatly developed our territories in East Africa and have built a railway in Uganda. We have undertaken the charge of two great Colonies in South Africa, which will give our statesmen work for a generation, and must influence our views of Imperial defence for all time. With such responsibilities we may well pause to consider whether our defensive establishments should stand even at the point at which they stood before the late war proved their insufficiency. But apart from these acquisitions, the risks of our Empire and our commerce abroad have enormously developed during the same period. In Asia the frontiers, which before brought us in contact with semi-barbarous peoples, have now been approached by foreign rivals. In China every class of international question—commercial, financial and military—has constantly arisen; and, even though we have here fortified ourselves by our alliance with the Japanese, our commitments, if trouble should arise, cannot fail to be great, seeing the number of first-class Powers who might be concerned with them.

It requires neither a mathematician nor a profound thinker to

estimate the additional claim for national insurance which we have incurred by undertaking these liabilities. Nothing is easier than to make speeches in the House of Commons full of hasty generalisations as to the total cost which we incur in maintaining a world-wide Empire as compared with Germany, nearly all of whose possessions are in a ring fence. It is equally easy to say that a sound foreign policy will preserve us from international complications, or to declare, like Mr. Punch, that 'John Bull is either an island or a continent. In the *former* case he requires a large fleet and a small army, and in the latter the reverse.' Indeed, if we push the views of the Blue Water School to their legitimate issue, we require no army at all for Home Defence.

These contentions might be more convincing if they were not continually stultified by current events. The Navy, as Lord Salisbury pointed out, cannot fight in Macedonia, and naval manœuvres do not always support the fiat of the Admiralty that nothing but a small raid on these islands is possible. The fact remains that, if we come to a difficulty with Russia, we must provide on the North-West frontier of India a body of regular troops as numerous as those we sent to the Boer War, and must further provide this force as well as our British force in India with reinforcements at the rate of nearly 100 per cent. per annum, if we are to maintain them in the tropics. Military estimates are proverbially unreliable. It is to be hoped our naval forecasts will not prove equally delusive. Those who glibly limit our future liabilities forget that we were forced to send 400,000 men in two and a half years to South Africa to complete a campaign for which our military authorities originally demanded 40,000; and that, had the trouble threatened by Turkey on the Egyptian frontier developed in the present summer, we should have had to confront a large force of brave troops with a fanatical Mussulman population at our backs. To say, then, that a large fleet, or even a sound policy, will preserve us from the necessity of a strong striking force can only serve to garnish a Parliamentary peroration.

It is highly desirable that in a discussion of our needs we should free ourselves from party recrimination. The work of Army reform is difficult enough; it is at present obscured by rival schemes and the obloquy heaped on those who introduced them. Whether the Cardwell system be right or not is a comparatively minor matter. If it has failed, it has only been because sufficient men are very difficult to secure under a voluntary system, and sufficient money during a time of peace, which is our normal condition, has not been forthcoming to carry it through. The pivot of public opinion is constantly shifting. During the life of the late Government alone, one Secretary of State was as heartily upbraided for his extravagance as his predecessor had been for his parsimony. The question is not one of schemes; it is rather whether we should keep up a

highly trained army, or content ourselves with a nucleus round which we can group half-trained units.

So far as I can judge from an intimate acquaintance with the interior of the War Office, all Governments up to 1895 were content to conduct what was called army policy on a somewhat haphazard system. The Army had not grown up on any definite rule, the Auxiliary Forces still less so. Different standards had at different times been adopted as to the force we should equip either for foreign service or for home defence, but none of these standards had been adhered to. It was only in 1885 that, under General Brackenbury, a really efficient Intelligence Department began to be organised; but, although the 'thinking' side of our Army had been neglected, Lord Wolseley, assisted by Sir Redvers Buller and Sir Evelyn Wood, had, during the ten years previous to 1895, made a most manful effort to organise the troops at their disposal for war. Some progress was made, but neither the Ministry nor the country were in the mood to realise that they were spending 16,000,000*l.* or 17,000,000*l.* on a force which was dear at the price since it could not mobilise or be maintained in the field without considerable further expenditure. To send 35,000 men to Egypt in 1884–5 we had to break up half the Army.

For forty years after the Crimean War we muddled along as best we could. The Adjutant-General might convince the Minister, the Minister might convince the Cabinet, that there were defects, but the money did not come. Indeed, the demands of India, which clearly showed that in case of war on the Afghan frontier a large body of troops would be required from England, were never grappled with. It is probable that successive Governments believed that, with the difficulty of transporting troops many thousands of miles, ample time would remain for the necessary preparations after war had broken out, and that, by maintaining the Indian force at a high level of equipment on the spot, sufficient preparation was being made for the immediate emergency. However this may have been, I can aver from personal experience that nothing could have been more discouraging and unsatisfactory than the administration of the Army up to 1895 to those who recognised that in certain contingencies our land forces must bear the main brunt of a great war.

All this was changed when Lord Lansdowne came to the War Office. In July 1895 a Defence Committee of the Cabinet was established, with the Duke of Devonshire as chairman. Limited as was the purview of this Committee, it was invaluable in deciding questions relating to our military strength. Seven years later, at the urgent instance of the heads of the Admiralty and the War Office, the present Defence Committee was established by Mr. Balfour when he became Prime Minister, for the purpose of reviewing and providing for the whole of our liabilities in all parts of the globe. But, admirable and all-important as has been the work of this Committee, the credit

due to the Duke of Devonshire's original Defence Committee must not be obscured by the brilliant services of its successor. In 1895 for the first time, the relative responsibility of the Army and Navy for national defence was clearly defined. The demands of both services were considered together, and in the case of the Army, as of the Navy, the programme put forward each year by the military chiefs was minutely scrutinised by the Secretary of State and First Lord of the Admiralty in consultation with some of their most influential colleagues, who called before them and discussed the details with the heads of the two services.

The results of this system were immediately felt, and were far-reaching. The difference between the pre-1895 and post-1895 systems was immeasurable. Probably not a year passed from 1875 to 1895 in which such subjects as the following were not discussed on War Office estimates in the Secretary of State's room:

(1) The insufficient number of Line battalions to relieve the Line battalions maintained to guard our possessions abroad;

(2) The inability of a battalion of 700 at home to keep up a battalion of 1,000 in the tropics, by recruiting boys, half of whom were under eighteen;

(3) The necessity for increased artillery;

(4) The weakness of our Intelligence Department compared with that of foreign armies;

(5) The fact that our barracks had universally fallen below modern requirements.

No one who heard these discussions could doubt that the Secretary of State would have so cogent a case for further expenditure that he must prevail with his colleagues; but in many cases the all-sufficient answer was: 'These demands involve increases to the extent of 2,000,000*l*. per annum. We can afford 200,000*l*., but we cannot put on fresh taxation to meet such demands in time of peace. If these things are necessary, economies must be practised under other heads.' It is true that a strong Minister might have urged that Committee after Committee had sat on War Office affairs, and instead of producing economy, had recommended expenditure. He might have cited in particular the case of Lord Randolph Churchill's famous Committee of 1887, which recommended economies in all amounting to about 100,000*l*. per annum, but accepted an estimate for the improvement of barracks amounting to 4,000,000*l*. in a single morning. No doubt on many occasions a Minister might have produced a crisis, but, as a Member of the Cabinet of 1886, now deceased, once observed to me: 'You may be correct in your view, that you have not got what is necessary to send and maintain 70,000 men abroad; but there are not ten men in the House of Commons who would vote for a policy which would involve the despatch of such a force.'

So matters progressed, or rather retrogressed, and despite

the presence of a strong band of army reformers on the militar[illegible] side of the War Office, matters continued to retrogress, until by the familiar practice of saving on stores in time of peace, it was discovere[illegible] in 1895 that our Army had become one to which peace was a necessity.

The Army Estimates for the four years which followed before the war broke out proved how completely this policy was reversed by Lord Lansdowne and the then Defence Committee. The Army was in every respect brought up to the standard necessary to send and maintain two Army Corps, or 70,000 men, abroad. The never-ceasing and wearisome problem of drafts was resolutely faced. The inequalities between battalions at home and abroad were met by the addition of seven battalions to the line and two to the Guards, while every battalion on the home establishment was fortified with eighty additional men, so that the 'squeezed lemons' might be available for mobilisation after their drafts had gone; sixteen additional batteries of Artillery were authorised; a large loan was taken for the improvement of barracks; 40,000 acres were bought for manœuvring purposes on Salisbury Plain; manœuvres on a large scale were re-established for the training of officers and men; stores were brought up to the requisite strength, and were established in storehouses at convenient centres instead of being massed at Woolwich, from which it would have required six weeks to extract them. It is to the timely provision made by Lord Lansdowne and his coadjutors that we owe the fact that with all its defects the War Office managed to maintain a force of over 200,000 men in the field at 6,000 miles from its base for over two years, and this without practically a single complaint from the General in command of the quality of the supplies furnished. In a word, Lord Lansdowne, instead of giving the heads of the Army a few crumbs when they required a full meal, established a system by which, whatever expenditure the Army could justify to the Ministry, was carried through, or the Secretary of State would have resigned.

After proceeding for ten years on this system, the public and the Army welcomed Mr. Haldane as a Minister who, although representing a Liberal Government, might be expected to show sufficient independence of character to adopt a similar national procedure. His ability was known; his personality was acceptable. On various committees he had shown an open mind on military questions. His early speeches tended to confirm the generous estimate formed of him. He hastened in December to remove the bad impression caused by the ill-considered and inaccurate protest of the Prime Minister at the Albert Hall against 'keeping our defensive services on a war footing in time of peace.' He assured the country before the General Election that he had the authority of the Prime Minister for stating that, if more money was required than at present for the Army, it would be granted. His statements in the earlier part of the Session were equally satisfactory. 'He wanted time for thought; he would

not act in haste. We must measure our forces by our responsibilities, and not merely by our purse. He would be guided by expert opinion, and not by popular clamour.'

These undertakings were fortified by categorical statements, in reply to questions in the House of Commons. Rumours had got about that ten or twelve battalions were to be dispensed with, and that a considerable number of batteries of artillery were to be disbanded. Mr. Haldane, between the time he introduced the Army Estimates in March and his speech in July, gave distinct assurances that these rumours were incorrect, and that no changes would be adopted without the fullest discussion. It is open, indeed, to doubt whether constitutionally the War Minister has a right to dispense with the troops voted by Parliament without further sanction from Parliament. The House of Commons, after grave debate, voted early in March 1906 both money and men on the same basis as in 1905. Nevertheless, on the 12th of July the Secretary for War announced that he proposed to reduce some 20,000 men, involving with the reserve 40,000 men. After a discussion of six hours, of which time Mr. Haldane consumed over half in explaining the measures proposed, the debate closed, and the plea of the Opposition, that the pledge for deliberation should be strictly observed, was met by the Prime Minister with the cynical suggestion that, as an intellectual exercise, they could take a few hours on the Appropriation Bill. Indeed, not the least discreditable element of the whole proceeding was the disregard of the rights of Parliament involved in Mr. Haldane's hasty surrender to the section of the Liberal party against which he had undertaken to defend the interests of the Army.

It would be well that those who have an open mind as regards Mr. Haldane's proposals should read carefully the memorandum of the 30th of July issued just after Parliament had risen. A practised Parliamentarian would probably never have submitted such a memorandum to the test of Parliamentary debate. Mr. Haldane writes and speaks as if the Army Council, over which he presides, had been the first body to attempt to carry out the duties of organisation for war. Apparently we have now for the first time entered on the phase of reality. Shams are to be discarded, practical measures to be taken, 'a careful survey has been made of the Army as a whole, both of the regular and auxiliary forces.' Has this never been done before? Mr. Haldane has only been eight months at the War Office. Can he have studied the minutes of Lord Wolseley and the brilliant body of officers who surrounded him, and the decisions given upon them, in the light of the pregnant fact that the mobilisation of the regular force sent to South Africa proceeded absolutely smoothly and without hitch? Or, coming to a more recent date, can he be unaware that the whole of these questions were considered by Lord Roberts, assisted by some of the ablest of those who had served

in South Africa, including General Nicholson, who now sits on his own Council? Is it wise to ignore these successive efforts to organise the Army? Is it generous to include the drastic measures taken after the war to secure efficient training for the troops in the category of shams and unrealities? Is it not somewhat ominous that Mr. Haldane, while ignoring the results these officers have achieved, and the reasons for the increases which they demanded, should confidently put forward as a scheme of his own some of the very proposals which his predecessors attempted, and were unable to carry through on a voluntary system?

Let me give a few instances. I pass over the fact that, whether from policy or conviction, Mr. Haldane treats the organisation of the Army as a matter first for peace, and secondly only for war. He lays down that 'it is the principle of the Government plan to ascertain what number of regular troops it is necessary to retain at home in peace for the purpose of finding drafts for the forces of the Crown overseas, and then to organise out of them as complete an expeditionary force as possible.' The view of the late Government was, first, to ascertain the necessary strength of the Army for war, and then so to organise it as to adapt it for the provision of drafts and for peace requirements. In this latter respect, although he makes it his first object, Mr. Haldane ignores all experience. In 1897 we had 78,000 infantry abroad and 56,000 at home. The home infantry were not found sufficient to provide drafts for the foreign infantry. In 1906 we have 82,000 infantry abroad and 59,000 at home. The proportion is less. Mr. Haldane proposes to make the disproportion greater still by abolishing ten battalions. In 1897 it was proved that nothing less than an establishment of 800 rank and file would enable the drafts to be provided for the battalions abroad. Mr. Haldane reduces that estimate by about 10 per cent., and thinks the drafts will still be obtained. The contention of all military chiefs down to the present day, in common I believe with those of all foreign armies, is that it is not desirable to introduce much more than 50 per cent. of reservists into the ranks on mobilisation. Mr. Haldane proposes to utilise 70,000 reservists with 50,000 regular troops. The experience of the late war, confirming the opinion of all the advisers of successive Secretaries of State, has made it clear that you cannot afford to use up your Reserve on first mobilisation. You must leave a considerable margin for subsequent drafts. The Reserve is now 120,000; Mr. Haldane's measures will bring it down to close to 70,000, and every man will have to go abroad the moment war breaks out. We leave nothing behind us. One of the weakest points in our Army is the reserve of officers on mobilisation. Mr. Haldane recognises this, and talks vaguely of a scheme to amend it. Meantime the reductions proposed will leave the Army short by 600 officers who now exist. Do not these instances, overriding not only the advice of Lord Wolseley

and Lord Roberts, but the actual experience of a campaign, give us serious reason for reflection?

Take again the training of the Militia. All sorts of efforts have been made at different times to institute a longer training for the Militia. It is true that while the Militia was compulsorily mobilised during the war, and men could be trained for a longer period, progress was made with certain batteries of Militia Artillery. But if the Militia are to be used in the first line, I venture to think that no officer who understands field service will disagree with me in saying—first, they must be trained longer than one month per annum; second, the men to be sent out must be at least as old as the men of the Line; third, if responsible positions with ammunition columns are to be assigned to them they must be well disciplined, even if they know comparatively little of drill.

How are these results to be achieved? Mr. Haldane ignores all that was done for the Militia after the war. Their disabilities were considered and every effort was made to meet them. In 1899, the old 'Militia Reserve' was in force. This reserve took for the Line 100 or 200 men out of the Militia battalion which was shortly to be embodied as a service battalion, 'milking it dry' of its best men. In 1901 the so-called 'Militia Reserve' was abolished, and the Militia became self-supporting. Every trained Militiaman was given 3*l.* a year in the winter as a supplement to his pay, which, as his annual service was twenty-seven days, represented an addition of over 2*s.* a day, and tended largely to prevent desertion. Militia officers were also encouraged to attend schools of instruction, and a sum of 10,000*l.* annually was voted to carry this out at the public expense. A reserve for the Militia itself was instituted. All these things are now passed over, and we are told that by sympathy and consideration the Militia will become again a 'self-respecting' force. By what process or by what payment is Mr. Haldane going to get men of nineteen to join the Militia instead of boys of seventeen? What Artilleryman will he cite in favour of his proposal to utilise over 10,000 men with the Artillery who, apart from their recruit drills, will only have received one month's training in two or three consecutive years?

We are told that schemes have been drawn out for all this. But the problem of inducing employers to dispense with their men's services for military employment is no new one. Militiamen are sufficiently wideawake not to undertake to give, as was the case in the Boer war, two years' service in the field for a retaining fee of 1*l.* a year. If Mr. Haldane is to get the men, he will have to pay, and if he has to pay what is necessary, the meagre economies which he expects from substituting Militia for Regulars and Reservists will disappear.

In no case is this mistaken economy so manifest as in the proposals

relative to the Artillery. Mr. Stanhope nearly twenty years ago reduced certain batteries of Artillery on the assurance by his military advisers that they were surplus to the requirements of the Army on mobilisation and to the needs of two Army Corps in the field. Since that time every foreign nation has increased the proportion of Artillery to its Infantry. It is notorious that Artillery cannot be improvised, and that, even if guns are kept in store, men require special training to serve them. Great Britain, which has an immense mass of Infantry of various descriptions and a long purse, is surely the one nation which ought to have an excess of Artillery over Infantry. This was realised by Lord Lansdowne's advisers, and, beginning before the war, sixty-seven batteries in all were added. There has been no difficulty about recruiting, nor is there any real difficulty as regards Reserve. If one battalion at home can supply one battalion abroad with drafts, one battery of Artillery at home can supply one battery abroad with drafts. On this assumption there remain between thirty and forty batteries in Great Britain which will not have to supply drafts. To these batteries, therefore, the three years' system is applicable, which, with the nine years in the Reserve, will rapidly bring up the Artillery Reserve.

Mr. Haldane has repeated in his memorandum of the 30th of July his statement that to mobilise forty-two field batteries with their ammunition columns we shall be 'obliged to destroy the remaining fifty-one batteries in the United Kingdom.' This, as his advisers very well know, may be true at this moment, but it will not be true in three years' time, when 10,000 more men will have gone to the Reserve. The service with the colours of the men in the sixty-seven batteries raised by Lord Lansdowne being now nearly complete, they have only just begun to provide Reservists. Mr. Haldane, therefore, for the purpose of discrediting the existing system, insists on a temporary disability as if it were permanent. This contention is indeed extraordinary from the mouth of a Minister who in the next breath asks us to accept as available for our striking force 30,000 'persons trained in Militia business,' not one of whom has yet signified his willingness to serve abroad. One thing is clear: we are to lose somewhere between 3,000 and 4,000 trained Artillerists, or counting Reserve 6,000 to 8,000, at a time when the richest nation in Europe might at least be expected to keep that minimum proportion of trained Artillery to its small Army which other nations strain themselves to preserve for their immense hosts.

If this blending of the Militia with the Line is to be undertaken at all, and in certain circumstances it is most desirable, it should be as a supplement to and not as a substitute for Regulars. The new scheme mars efficiency and does not create economy. I will test this by an average case. A battery requires say 170 men on mobilisation. Of those say 110 are maintained with the colours, while each battery would have 130 in reserve, leaving a margin of 70 for drafts, young

soldiers, &c. The men with the colours cost say 70l. apiece; the men with the reserve 9l. The average cost of each soldier serving in the field is therefore 37l. The batteries which Mr. Haldane proposes to raise to war strength by means of the Militia will, it is estimated, have to maintain one-third of their number in permanent employment. These will be all highly paid men averaging over 70l. apiece. The remainder will be Militia who, apart from any special inducements which Mr. Haldane may find it necessary to offer Militiamen to undertake immediate service in the field, will cost half as much again as Reservists. The three batteries of Militia which formed the subject of an interesting experiment in 1902-3 had only a permanent staff of 123, but they proved an expensive luxury. Without knowing the precise terms now proposed and the numbers relatively of Regulars and Militia to the new batteries, we cannot tell if there will be any saving at all; indeed it is not clear that in the end there will not be an increase. The only point which is certain is that we shall exchange fully trained batteries of Artillery for a less highly organised force.

If these facts as to cost had been appreciated, I believe the hasty disbandment of the Guards would have been avoided. For war purposes the Guards regiments are cheaper than any Line regiment. Their three years' system enables them to put a far larger proportion of Reservists into the field with their battalions than the Line. As a result of this the cost is less. If in the Line there is one Reservist for every two men serving, and in the Guards one Reservist for every one man serving, the average cost of the Linesmen in the fighting line will be about 42l., while the average cost of every Guardsman will be about 35l. Apart, therefore, from all consideration of *esprit de corps*, of superiority of troops and of foreign ridicule, as a matter of economics no more fatuous proposal was ever carried through. But while the above is based on the cost of organising our army for war, Mr. Haldane, as his paper of the 30th of July shows, is considering primarily the organisation for peace. These figures therefore may not have entered into his calculation.

Reviewing these discussions, not from the standpoint of present or past schemes, or of what one Minister or another has said, or even of what one Army Council or another has recommended or is willing to justify, let us face the plain facts of the situation. As regards the Regular Army, we are now reducing Line battalions which in 1898 were considered necessary in order to maintain our garrisons abroad, which garrisons recent events make it clear we have taken at too low an estimate. We are also reducing the strength of home battalions which ten years ago it was found could not supply the necessary foreign drafts. We are bringing down our Artillery before we have found a substitute for it, and at a time when in proportion to our other troops it can least be spared. Surely it follows on all this that, so long as we are trading on a very narrow margin, the projects for uniting the Militia with the Line and utilising it for foreign service, or

for making further use of the Yeomanry and Volunteers oversea, should be supplemental to our existing Regular organisation, and not a substitute for it.

The Yeomanry undoubtedly owe the success of the reorganisation of 1901 to the extent to which they have been taken up by their respective counties. If Mr. Haldane, by encouraging local associations or by other means, can succeed in filling the depleted ranks of the Militia, or in providing the Militia and Volunteers with the requisite number of officers, even if he be compelled to induce the Volunteer force to regulate its strength by the number of officers available to make it efficient, he will have done something to perfect the organisation so much of which he has found ready to his hand. His first step, however, is a faulty one. The Volunteer battalions who to fit them for service in the Field Army received a fortnight's training in camp, at Lord Roberts's urgent request, are to be reduced to one week. On the other hand, in an ominous paragraph of his memorandum Mr. Haldane proposes to charge these county associations, which are already invited to render efficient forces which number 350,000 men, with the duty of fostering rifle clubs, cadet corps, and other semi-military bodies, who, while they are not a substitute for the Regulars which it is proposed to reduce, can hardly fail to draw away from the 'more highly organised sections of the National Army' those men who are most wanted. It is difficult to understand how anyone responsible for the Army, though he may desire to see every youth taught the rudiments of military service, should wish to multiply the already too numerous organisations of which we are only tolerant because they have grown up haphazard and we have become accustomed to them. If the proposal of the late Government, which was hotly contested by a small band in the House of Commons, could now be adopted, by which each Yeomanry regiment or each Militia regiment might be invited to accept special terms for a squadron or company to be sent abroad, after the Army Reserve is exhausted, under the command of its own officers, an important addition would be made to our military forces.

I venture to press the above considerations on Mr. Haldane and the Army Council. The lessons of the most recent wars make it clear that we can leave nothing to chance. We want professionals, not amateurs: we can rely only on assured Reserves, not on chance levies; we must pay men in time of peace for what we want them to do in time of war. Having added 2,600,000 square miles to our Empire, apart from our new South African Colonies, we should remember the warning addressed to Crœsus: 'If any man come who has better iron than you, he will be master of all this gold.' It is on this ground that we should not lightly, in deference to the so-called mandate of a General Election, adopt a policy which has already greatly shaken the sense of security throughout the Empire.

St. John Brodrick.

WASTED RECRUITS

In this Review of July, 1883, General Sir Lintorn Simmons wro
concerning the waste of the British Army, which he aptly likened t
the pouring of water on a sieve. He stated that men joined, an
within twelve months were gone again. It was direct desertion i
some instances, but in the majority of cases recruits, after nin
months' training, were pronounced unfit by the same medical office
who previously had 'passed' them into the regular ranks. Sir L
Simmons pointed out that the general result for the whole Army w
that out of 186,469 men who had enlisted during the previous eig
years, 47,648, or one-fourth, had disappeared before the end of th
year succeeding that in which they enlisted; and 54,993 before th
end of the second year, with an average of little more than ten month
service. These men had cost the country the enormous sum
3,150,000*l.*, without yielding any return, the whole sum having bee
entirely wasted. After making due allowance for death and diseas
and for dismissal for misconduct, General Simmons estimated tha
45,000 fewer recruits would have been required during these eigh
years to keep the Army up to its strength. And if waste at sub
sequent periods of service were included, it could be conclusivel
proved that from 7,000 to 8,000 fewer recruits would be requir
annually if the men remained in the Service during the periods fo
which they engaged to serve. As the actual number of recruit
enlisted below nineteen years of age during the period of nine yea
was only 58,898, General Simmons contended that it was eviden
that if this costly and useless waste could have been prevented
would not have been necessary to have enlisted any of these youth
and the Army still would have been complete to its establishmen
Again, Sir Lintorn Simmons said: 'The young soldiers by thousan
yearly purchase their discharges, or desert, while many break dow
under training and return to their homes without pensions, to dra
out a miserable existence, and earn their living as best they can
invalids.' General Simmons later expressed the opinion that,
nothing were done to stop this outflow of men from the Army, w
should quickly come within measurable distance of conscription
These remarks were written twenty-three years ago, when it wa

considered advisable, by those who understood how serious was the condition of things then existing, that steps should be taken to ascertain the cause of this extraordinary waste of the Army. A few medical authorities took up the question, wrote strongly on it, and urged that there should be no hesitation in an endeavour to ascertain the real cause of the trouble, and, on discovering the cause, to immediately apply a remedy. Nearly a quarter of a century has passed, yet nothing has been done to remedy the waste of men. At the present time there are a number of desertions in respect to which the authorities confess to being unable to discover the causes of discontent; even now large numbers of recruits are invalided after less than twelve months' training. The War Office has earned a reputation for moving slowly—indeed, for not moving at all—which the responsible authorities seem unwilling to let go. Are they proud of it? It is a very sad state of things.

The other day I came across a paper by Surgeon-Colonel F. Arthur Davy, which appeared as an appendix to the Army Medical Report for 1876. This paper was a contribution to the etiology of heart disease in the Army. The writer endeavoured to show that the course of drill which recruits were compelled to undergo was very apt to lay the foundation of much heart disease in the Army. I read the paper through, and wondered whether or not the chief cause of the waste of the Army was to be found in the findings of the author of this paper. One of the first paragraphs in the essay stated

> that cardiac irritability resulting from deranged innervation of the organ, irregularity of rhythm, inequality in strength in the cardiac contractions, as well as hypertrophy and dilatation, with their possible consequences to the efficiency of the valves and to the aorta, in a great proportion of the number of cases invalided, have their starting-point in the orders of the drill-sergeant; and that, in obedience to his instructions, mechanical obstruction and strain are imposed on organs (especially on the heart) the integrity of which it should be the object of all training to preserve.

Since reading the essay from which these quotations are given, I sought and secured an interview with Surgeon-Colonel Davy, who willingly supplied information as to the results of his latest investigations on this most important subject. Letters were shown to me as evidence that Surgeon-Colonel Davy's diagnosis of the case had been endorsed by the late Dr. Walshe; also by the late Dr. Hilton Fagge, whose valuable work on medicine now is a household treasure. In this last-mentioned work Dr. Hilton Fagge says:

> The general opinion was that the cause of cardiac affections among soldiers lay in the cross-belts, heavy accoutrements, and in the tight clothing which the men used to wear, and on the urgent advice of Dr. Maclean and Dr. Parkes the old knapsack was abolished and a valise equipment adopted in its stead.

Dr. Fagge then goes on to remark that, in spite of this change in the accoutrements worn by the soldiers, the prevalence of cardiac

dilatation and hypertrophy among recruits has not been diminished. Dr. Fagge continues :

> Dr. Veale assigns these affections to no fewer than seventeen more or less distinct causes; but it seems to me far more likely that some one cause is really responsible, and I am very much disposed to think that the real solution of the difficulty has been found by Surgeon-Colonel F. A. Davy, who holds the 'setting-up' drill to be mainly responsible. During this drill recruits are compelled to swell the chest, so as to artificially expand it. To this they are subjected for four hours a day for a period of about six months, having to march and even to double, with the chest in an abnormal condition.

Dr. Davy assured me, in the course of the interview which forms the basis of this article, that the same state of things still obtains. The drill for recruits is just the same as before in respect to this artificial expansion of the chest. In consequence of the prevention of free expiration, the functions of the lungs and of the heart are very seriously interfered with. Soldiers under drill, even when they are standing, have the frequency of the respirations increased to about 40, and the pulse to 110 in the minute; the heart's rhythm is disturbed and the impulse of the organ is altered in position, is more forcible, and is felt over an unnaturally wide area. Dr. Davy says he often has seen recruits perfectly exhausted after their morning's drill, which ought not to be the effect upon healthy young men. The drill-sergeants, who, naturally, are not aware of the injury they are causing to the men's physique, believe they are 'making men' of the recruits whose figures, at first, are not in accordance with the popular idea of what a soldier's physique should be. Any recruit in the squad who does not have his chest prominently thrown forward and fully expanded soon has his attention called to the fact. The capacity of the chest, of course, is 'improved,' according to the ideas of the drill-sergeant, but in all common-sense this improvement can be of no advantage when obtained at the expense of its mobility. As a matter of fact, the 'setting-up' drill which still obtains is absurd from whatever point of view it may be considered. It does not fit the soldier for any task which he may be called upon to perform, or for any particular strain or feat of endurance which may be his lot in time of war. It would be well if it could be ascertained, and agreed upon, as to what is the actual condition of the soldier in the ranks from the moment he commences actual work on the battlefield until such action terminates. Drill instructors might work back from that to the goose-step.

Recent contributions to the daily newspapers, from miscellaneous authorities who have taken part in recent controversy on the subject of the course of training best suitable for recruits, have indicated that the proportion of recruits who desert or are invalided within the first twelve months after they have joined is greater to-day than it was when public attention was first drawn to the matter by Dr. Davy

and others whom I have mentioned. Dr. Davy informs me that the men who escape heart affections are those whose appearance at once satisfies the drill-instructor and who are not made to undergo these extraordinary chest exercises, or they are men who do not, because of the physical distress it causes them, obey the orders. The man who never knew he had a heart (an expression many a soldier has used to Dr. Davy) becomes aware of his possession after a few months' dilating drill. He blames his recently-donned pack and traps for his trouble, forgetting that as a civilian he could have carried them across country for ten or fifteen miles without any physical distress. Dr. Davy asserts that hypertrophy is very common in the Army, and is brought about by the drill imposed. The pack and other accoutrements may bring the mischief to light, but they have only aggravated what they have been supposed to originate—namely, the excess of heart disease which obtains in military as compared with civil life. The soldier ought to have the advantage, but he has not. Dr. Davy says he has proved that the civilian can accomplish a distance and carry a weight with less distress than the soldier. And this simply because the soldier has been 'trained.'

Dr. Davy says that this abuse obtains more in the Foot Guards than in any other regiment, because it is in the Foot Guards that these chest exercises are insisted upon most rigorously. The best test of the capability of a soldier for undergoing physical exertion is to be found in the condition of his heart and lungs under such exertion—in the condition of his circulation; for the lungs are a portion of the circulation. It is quite impossible to judge of a man's powers of endurance by simply looking at him. He may look big and strong, and he will be big-chested if he be a soldier; but, to test the matter, let him, after a march, in marching order, of from ten to fifteen miles, be told to throw off his pack and double up an incline, rifle in hand, and, carrying from twenty-five to thirty rounds of ammunition, commence firing at once at a target 300 yards distant. This is nothing that might not be required of the soldier in time of active warfare. Dr. Davy says that the trained men—that is, the men who have been under the drill-sergeant for some months—are few and far between who will accomplish the feat. But he insists that these simple exercises should be adopted on every second or third day, and that on the intervening days the men should be taught military manœuvres and movements, instead of sending them to the dilating sergeant. The point is this, that Medical Officers pass men as recruits for the Service who are expected to become efficient soldiers, but it would appear to be a settled matter in the military mind that the civilian shape will not do in uniform. The men must be altered somehow to fit their new clothes. They must be provided with an appearance—and a condition of heart—which would have caused their rejection had they presented it when being examined for enlistment. Can the required

soldierly bearing not be attained without prejudice to the well-being of the soldier? The answer to this depends upon what the authorities regard as a soldierly bearing; on whether the dilated, prominent thorax—for this is the sole evil—is a *sine quâ non*. Dr. Davy suggests these plain directions by which injury to recruits can be altogether avoided:

(1) Start from a basis of real military necessity: sending the men to practise only such work and exercises as they are liable to be called on to do; excluding the artificial evils spoken of—namely (*a*) chest dilatation; (*b*) directing attention to the manner of disposing the weight of the body; (*c*) extension motions for opening chest. (2) Abandon the false idea of human perfection of figure, as it is now supposed to be exemplified by the 'position of the soldier;' and instruct the drill-sergeant to improve the faulty symmetry of awkward-looking men by directing their attention, not to their chests, but to the fault—whether unequal height of shoulders, head held too much forward—whatever the fault may be. (3) Corrections of the above kind to be made not exclusively when men are standing, but chiefly when they are practising military movements and evolutions; for thus the great disadvantage is got over of keeping men long standing still. (4) As the soldier is a man whom we select, and whom, having selected, we are bound to further prepare for hard work, let us see that he practises it—making marching and running the chief items in the training—but that he does so under natural and not artificial conditions; under conditions, above all, which allow of no interference with the important functions of the heart and lungs.

These simple directions apply to men already in the Service as well as to recruits now joining and yet to join. That soldiers should possess a manly bearing and be free from any unsightly trick of attitude is a proposition in which all must agree, but any such trick or peculiarity surely might be remedied without injury to the man exhibiting it.

A. Francis Walker.

P.S.—Since writing the above, I am at liberty to state that Colonel Pollock, in connection with his experiment at Hounslow, did without the chest-swelling exercises for his recruits, and that he attributes the physical fitness of the men, in a great measure, to that fact. I also am at liberty to add that the attention of the Secretary for War has been called to the injurious effect of the old system of recruit drill and that it is probable that important changes shortly will take place in the routine for the Regulars, leading to the total abolition of the exercises for artificial chest-inflation. This is good to hear, for it must go far towards the solution of the great problem of economy in the maintenance of our military forces.

A. F. W.

OLD-AGE PENSIONS

The present Parliament has already shown that it is the most progressive and the most democratic in our history. In its spirit as in its composition, the House of Commons of 1906 is distinctly a new departure. Though there may be again, as in the past, periods of temporary rest, and possibly fits of reaction, the democracy, having once awakened to life and realised its power, is not likely to lapse again into the deep slumber and apathy of the last few years.

The huge Liberal majority—the largest since the first Reform Bill; the striking accession to the ranks of the Labour representatives; the earnest spirit of reform which animates the Government and its supporters, all inspire the hope that something effective will be done to grapple with the great social evils which weaken the nation and crush the less fortunate part of our population. Great is the need for social reform, and the expectations are great. Already important labour measures, such as the Trade Disputes Bill and the amendment of the Workmen's Compensation Act, have been introduced and bid fair to become law this session.

Multitudinous and clamorous are the social reforms which demand the attention of Parliament. In this article I shall confine myself to one of these—the supreme importance of old-age pensions and the urgent need that we should make better State provision for our aged poor.

Even when thus narrowed, the subject is still large, complex, and by no means easy of solution. But whatever the difficulties, they must be courageously faced and overcome. The problem is not a new one. The brilliant author of *Robinson Crusoe* outlined a pension scheme to provide 'subsistence for the poor and infirm whenever age or disablement should reduce them to the necessity of making use of it.' Thomas Paine, and other eminent publicists, including several members of Parliament and statesmen, pressed the subject upon public attention in the closing years of the eighteenth century. Well nigh two hundred years have elapsed since Daniel Defoe wrote, and it is nearly a century since Paine died. In the interval our country has been transformed from a small community, almost wholly agricultural, into a great manufacturing, mining, industrial nation—

one of the greatest on the face of the globe. In population, in national income, in accumulated wealth, we have made enormous strides. Within living memory, too, the general condition of our working people has greatly improved; wages have increased, the hours of labour have been shortened, the standard of living has been raised. But this general prosperity has been accompanied by the black shadow of periodical if not of chronic unemployment, and, worse still, by the steady continuous increase in the numbers of the unemployable. Beyond all question the strain and stress, the rush and pressure of our modern industrial life bear more and more hardly upon the infirm and the aged. Though our average longevity increases, the age of effective work in many industries steadily and gradually diminishes. Year after year it becomes more and more difficult for the aged and the ageing to obtain and to retain their employment. In the vicissitudes and fluctuations of trade they are the first to be dismissed and the last to be re-employed. Hence the urgent and admitted necessity that something shall be done to heal this sore malady in the body politic. The next great reform in our poor-law system must include Old-Age Pensions.

Few persons, except those who have carefully examined into the subject, can be aware to what an enormous extent pauperism is due to old age. In the prime and vigour of life our workpeople are in the main self-reliant and self-supporting. Decade after decade pauperism has been decreasing until, relatively to population, it is only about one-half of what it was fifty years ago. Meanwhile the poverty and dependence due to age is stationary, if not increasing. I do not wish needlessly to trouble the reader with figures, but I must give a few. They are grim and incontrovertible. In 1890 a Parliamentary Return for which I moved showed that on the 1st of August of that year 41,180 persons between the ages of sixty and sixty-five and 245,687 over the age of sixty-five were in receipt of parish relief. My Return of 1890 was in the main confirmed by another Return which I obtained in 1904. So far as aged poverty is concerned, these results were slightly worse than those revealed by the earlier Return.

Mr. Charles Booth, a very high authority, after a careful analysis, inferred from these official figures that 'not less than one-third of the working class over sixty-five years of age were to a greater or less extent dependent on public relief in 1890.' Another eminent authority, Sir Spencer Walpole, in a striking memorandum which he laid before Lord Rothschild's Old-Age Pension Committee, of which he was a member, stated that 'one person out of every five, of sixty-five years and over, had received public relief on a particular day in 1892; that one out of three of that age had applied for relief in the course of the year; and that, deducting the well to do, one working man or woman out of every two are more or less dependent on the rates in their old age.'

Action rather than further investigation is therefore now imperatively required. From 1895 to 1900 there were no fewer than four Royal Commissions and Committees of Inquiry. Of the Royal Commission in 1895 his Majesty the King, then Prince of Wales, was a member, and he took the keenest interest in the investigations. No sooner had that Commission reported than a Committee of which Lord Rothschild was chairman was appointed. That again was quickly followed by Mr. Chaplin's Committee, which again was succeeded a year afterwards by a departmental Committee on the aged deserving poor. No practical recommendations emanated from the Royal Commission. But the inquiries were not in vain. The crying evils of our poor-law system were exposed, grievous sores were laid bare, the need for action was confirmed. The facts elicited showed conclusively that poverty in age is not wholly or mainly due, as is often so cruelly alleged, to vice, intemperance, and thriftlessness. It was proved beyond controversy that great numbers of our population have incomes so scanty that it is practically impossible for them to make provision for their declining years. It has been stated on high authority that about one-third of our workers have to live upon a pound a week. Thrift does not necessarily mean saving. It means good management, and with the meagre incomes of our agricultural labourers, and of large numbers of our unskilled workers, there is unmistakable thrift when they rear their families in anything like decency, without saving for their old age. Contributory schemes for Old-Age Pensions are therefore ruled out by the stern logic of facts.

While we in Great Britain have been investigating, debating, passing resolutions, making election promises, other countries have been acting. Germany, Austria, France, Belgium, Denmark, our own New Zealand and Australian Colonies have all in recent years done something practical by legislation and administration to provide for their aged poor. Claiming as we do to be ahead of other nations in social reforms, we certainly, in respect to care for the aged, lag far and discreditably behind nearly every civilised nation in the world.

It is quite true that our poor-law Statutes go back for many hundreds of years. By our common law we have recognised from remote time that none of our people should be allowed to 'die for default of sustenance.' That is well so far as it goes. But nearly all our poor-law legislation has been tainted with the notion that poverty and vice are synonymous. Tennyson's *Northern Farmer* sums up in a line the orthodox view of the British Philistine: 'Taake my word for it, Sammy, the poor in a loomp is bad.' Hence we have indiscriminately attached all sorts of stigmas, disabilities, and disfranchisements to the recipients of poor-law relief.

In referring to other countries I do not say or imply that we can in every respect follow their example. We cannot, nor ought we to.

do so. From them we may learn something, but we must solve our own problems in our own way. Many of these countries are necessarily acting tentatively. It cannot be pretended that their schemes are working with entire smoothness or complete satisfaction. Many of them are amending their Acts by the light of further experience, but nowhere is there a suggestion that they should go back on their past, and abolish their Old-Age Pension legislation.

The Royal Commission, whose examination into the facts was most careful and searching, considered more than a hundred different proposals for Old-Age Pensions. None of these met with their approval, nor were they able, 'after repeated attempts,' to formulate a scheme of their own which was 'free from grave inherent disadvantages.'

Mr. Chamberlain, who has for many years advocated pensions for the aged, and who, vastly to his credit, has devoted much time and labour to the subject, once declared that the matter was one of extreme simplicity. A proposal such as his, which demands a lump payment of five pounds at the age of twenty-five and an annual subscription of one pound for forty years, may indeed be simple, but as a solution of the Old-Age Problem it is wholly impracticable.

The Select Committee of 1899 recommended an Old-Age Pension scheme to give not less than five shillings, or more than seven shillings, a week to persons of sixty-five years of age who fulfilled certain specified conditions. No estimate of the cost of carrying out the scheme was then given, but the Departmental Committee of experts who subsequently inquired into its financial side estimated that in 1901 the amount required would be 10,300,000*l.*, and in 1911 it would rise to 12,650,000*l.* Mr. Asquith, answering a question put to him early this session, said that on this basis the present cost would probably not be far short of 11,500,000*l.*

The plan which has taken the strongest hold of the workpeople is that put forward by Mr. Charles Booth. Mr. Booth is no mere dreamer and theorist; he is a trained economist and a practical commercial man. Like all true social reformers, from Robert Owen to General Booth, he combines love of his fellow-men with shrewd business faculty. Universality is the essence of Mr. Booth's scheme. Speaking roughly, every naturalised British subject legally certified to be over sixty-five years of age, who had resided continuously in the United Kingdom for twenty years previous to the date of application, who was not a criminal, a lunatic, an imbecile, or a hopeless drunkard, would be entitled to claim a pension of five shillings per week. Mr. Booth's proposals have been approved by many large representative Conferences, of Trade Unionists, Co-operators, members of Friendly Societies in all the great industrial centres throughout the country, as well as by the Trades Union and the Co-operative Annual Congresses. The scheme has the merit of simplicity, but the cost certainly would

be very large, even for one of the richest countries in the world. According to the census of 1901 there were 2,018,716 persons in the United Kingdom who were over sixty-five years of age. To give five shillings per week to all would mean the expenditure of 26,225,000*l.* a year.

From this total there would of course be large deductions. The pension having to be formally claimed in person, the rich and well-to-do would not be likely to apply. Those already in receipt of pensions would be excluded; the large amount now spent on pauperism would be diminished, out-door relief being practically abolished. Still, let it be frankly recognised that any effective scheme of Old-Age Pensions must inevitably mean large expenditure. And when we speak of fifteen or twenty millions a year, unless it be to slay and destroy men, many worthy people are apt to be startled and appalled. Every scheme yet put forward, every conceivable scheme indeed, may doubtless be riddled by the expert critic. Criticism is proverbially easy. 'A man must serve his time to every trade save censure; critics all are ready made.'

It is alleged that a general Old-Age Pension system would discourage if not destroy thrift; that it would tend to lower wages and would produce universal pauperism. No proof is advanced to sustain these sweeping statements. Much of the evidence given before the Royal Commission and the Committee of Inquiry negatives them. On the face of it the assumption is absurd that the competition of persons over sixty-five years of age could have any appreciable effect on the general rate of wages.

The high moralists who are so fearfully perturbed lest the aged workers should be demoralised by the payment to them of five shillings per week seem to be unaware or forgetful of the fact that some eight million pounds a year is now paid in pensions to certain specially favoured individuals. It is never suggested that these fortunate recipients, many of them fairly well to do and not a few of whom are paid hundreds or thousands a year, are pauperised, degraded or rendered thriftless by what they receive from the State. Oh, but these persons, it is replied, have served their country on the battlefield, in the legislative chambers, or as Government officials. No doubt that is true of many of them. But when service to their country is justly enough advanced as a reason for a special reward, on what principle is the worn-out toiler, who has contributed to the production of the nation's wealth, to be excluded from participation in a similar reward? 'A labourer serves his country with his spade just as a man in the middle ranks of life serves it with his sword, his pen, his brain, or his lancet. If the service be less, and therefore the wages during health less, then the reward when health is broken may be less, but not less honourable.' John Ruskin, from whom I quote, goes on to say that it '*ought to be*

quite as natural and straightforward for a labourer to take his pension from his parish, because he has deserved well of his parish, as for a man of higher rank to take his pension from his country because he has deserved well of his country.' That is our contention, only we should include the woman as well as the man, and we should substitute country for parish, an alteration which does not invalidate the principle laid down by Ruskin.

I agree that anything which tends to weaken or discourage habits of thrift is to be deprecated. The sad truth must be acknowledged and deplored that great numbers are brought to poverty and destitution by improvidence and intemperance, drink playing sad havoc in many ways. But it is equally true that heroic efforts are made by tens of thousands of ill-paid wage-earners to maintain their independence and to live without assistance from the poor-rates. Sometimes these efforts succeed; often they fail.

It may be doubted whether the public generally are fully aware of what is already being done for the aged by working men through their Trade Unions and other great self-help organisations. Let me give a few figures. I find from the last issue of the Labour Statistics published by the Board of Trade, that in 1904—the last year for which the facts are available—forty of the principal Trade Unions paid no less a sum than 267,396*l.* in superannuation benefit. The Amalgamated Society of Engineers itself is paying more than one hundred thousand pounds a year to its aged members. All this is in addition to large expenditure on the unemployed, which again is no doubt greatly swelled by those who are made workless through old age. The Northumberland and Durham Miners' Permanent Relief Fund has for many years made provision for its aged members. In 1905 there were 4,591 on the fund, the total amount paid in superannuation for the year being 60,094*l.* Whether a general Old-Age Pension scheme be adopted or not these societies will continue the noble work which they have begun. But after all, creditable though all this is to the humanity and to the organising faculty of those concerned, the evil is hardly touched by these voluntary associations.

This article, longer than I had intended, and more fragmentary than I could have desired, must now be concluded. It has been established beyond all controversy that hundreds of thousands of our people, after having spent the best years of their life in the service of their country as wealth-producers, are left destitute in their old age through no fault of their own; that, though much is done by their friends and relatives, by Trade Unions, Friendly Societies, and other thrift agencies, these beneficent efforts scarcely touch the great mass of poverty which is due to age, and to the infirmities which accompany age. It is further recognised, alike by supporters and opponents that the subject can be adequately dealt with only by a universal pension scheme, which will draw no fine cobweb distinction between

the deserving and the undeserving poor. Moreover, leading statesmen of both the great political parties have at one time or another promised legislation on the subject of Old-Age Pensions.

The present Government, I have reason to believe, will earnestly endeavour to solve the problem. In some respects the time is opportune for action. The Labour members, now happily a force in Parliament, are united and earnest in their support of Old-Age Pensions. The majority of Liberals, as well as many Conservatives, take the same view. In sentiment therefore there is general if not complete agreement. The difficulties are admittedly great, but they are mainly, if not entirely, financial. With unity and courage these difficulties can be surmounted. There must be, and there will be, I hope, important retrenchment, especially in naval and in military expenditure. New sources of income must be found, without throwing added burdens upon the workers and upon the producers of wealth. After negative criticism has said its strongest word there remains urgent need for prompt, effective action.

THOMAS BURT.

HALLEY'S AND OTHER COMETS

About eleven years ago, in this Review,[1] I endeavoured to show that the greatest marvel in Astronomy is not to be found in the immensity of the Stellar Universe, with its distances such as the mind can hardly grasp, or in the vast processes of evolution ever proceeding with greater or less rapidity in all its parts, but in that which is far more wonderful, as it meets the student at every step in his progress —viz. the intimate *intermingling* of the excessively small with the exceedingly great.

Since then the advance of physical science has, I venture to think, given much fresh support to this statement. That advance has been most remarkable for its penetration into the arcana of what is most minute. It is true that for more than a century past our view of every distant Sun, or Nebula, has been known to depend upon waves of light whose undulation-periods are hundreds of times less than a billionth of a second. It is true that, for about fifty years past, the spectroscope has shown that the more refined details of such light tell us, with a certainty independent of the vastness of the intervening space which the light may have traversed, of what materials each far-distant orb is made. But it has been discovered, only in the last few years, that the Astronomer must take into consideration the effects produced by individual portions of matter far more minute than any of which the existence had been previously imagined.

Until quite recently it had been supposed that the limit of all investigation, either of the chemical constitution, or of the luminous radiation of any heavenly body, must be bounded by the so-called elementary atoms of matter; such atoms being far too small to be rendered visible by the most powerful microscope, although their existence and properties could be otherwise demonstrated. But now the Astronomer finds that in the evolutionary processes of the Universe, or in the physical constitution and condition of any of its members, he must study movements, and vibrations, and energies of vast power, ever working inside or around these atoms, caused by flying particles, or electrons (as they are named), a thousand times smaller than the smallest atom previously known. And he must find out

[1] *The Nineteenth Century*, August 1895.

how to make these newly-discovered minutest particles, endowed each with its own constant and uniform charge of negative electricity, tell him what they are doing, what they have achieved, and towards what most important ends they are working throughout the Universe.

The New Astronomy of the present day is most closely related to the sciences of Electricity and Magnetism; to the action of Light and Heat and of every kind of Radiation; and to the inmost constitution of Matter. And the more all these are studied the more important is that which is excessively minute found to be in every one of them. Further, it is, I think, exceedingly interesting that this astronomical importance of the very minute shows itself most notably in those members of the Universe which are most remarkable for the immensity of their dimensions. It is so, for instance, in the Nebulæ, and in those Stars whose vaporous surroundings are of enormous extension, owing to their being in an early and semi-nebulous stage of evolution. Again, in the Corona of the Sun, the outer boundary of which, under the form of the Zodiacal Light, may even pass beyond the Earth. And, once more, in the huge development both of head and tail very frequently met with in the fascinating class of objects termed Comets.

The head of a Comet in general consists of a denser and brighter central part (or Nucleus) with an extensive nebulous surrounding. This outer portion of the head in times past seemed suggestive of a mass of hair. It is therefore called the Coma. From this the tail springs forth, often to a very great distance. Hence the name of Comet, or long-haired. The tail was also formerly often called the 'Blaze;' and a Comet termed a Blazing Star.

The Coma of the head is frequently of very large size; that, for instance, of the grand Comet of A.D. 1811 being considerably more than a million of miles in diameter. But far more remarkable dimensions are met with in the tails. The great Comet of A.D. 1843 had a tail of about 200 millions of miles in its visible length, while it was doubtless only the faintness of the light of its farther portions that prevented its being traced to a much greater distance. The whole volume of such a tail was perhaps of somewhat less surprising magnitude, although its diameter was more than three millions of miles. It is not, however, so much volume, as linear extension, which is of most importance in connection with recent theories of radiation, and with those new developments in science to which I have alluded. Other tails have attained to 50, 100, 150, or more millions of miles; while the length of many more has been sufficiently great to be of the highest interest to the physical student.

Any such numerical statements, however, call for a few remarks as to the relation of Comets to geometrical, as well as to physical, Astronomy: for the estimate of the actual size of a Comet, or of any part of it, at any given moment, must clearly depend upon

our knowledge of our distance from it at that time. It is by making due allowance for the effect of that distance that the actual size is determined which corresponds to the apparent size observed by the eye. Knowing, as we do, the Earth's position in its own orbit, we proceed to calculate geometrically the form and position of the Comet's orbit around the Sun. We are then able at once to deduce the Comet's distance at any moment from the Earth.

In the history of Astronomy the geometrical calculation of Cometary orbits is of exceeding interest. Newton's great discovery of the Law of Gravitation went far beyond the explanation of the cause of the three laws of the planetary movements which Kepler had detected by his study of a mass of previous observations. Newton not only showed that gravitation demanded those laws for planets moving after the manner of those then known (*i.e.* in elliptic orbits of very moderate ovalness or eccentricity); but he also demonstrated that the same law of gravitation would permit and control movement in an ellipse of *any* degree of ovalness, or even in a parabolic or hyperbolic orbit. The Sun must occupy what is termed a focus of any such orbit. This in the case of an elongated ellipse is a point situated near to one end of the longest diameter of the curve.

Newton applied his theory himself to some extent with reference to a great Comet which was seen in the year 1680; showing how, in that or in any other similar case, an approximate calculation of the orbit might be made. Soon afterwards the celebrated astronomer Halley followed up a suggestion made by Newton (the two being intimate friends) that it would be well to determine, if possible, whether any Comets, moving in elongated orbits, had returned and shown themselves again, after an interval in which they had meanwhile performed one complete orbital revolution. Halley fortunately was able to find sufficient observations recorded to enable him to calculate that there was a great similarity between the orbital elements of two Comets, respectively seen in 1531 by Apian and in 1607 by Kepler, and those of a Comet which he himself had observed in 1682. This suggested that the same Comet might thus have appeared three times at intervals of seventy-five or seventy-six years. He also discovered that notable Comets had been seen in 1301, 1378, and 1456, for which the intervening intervals were nearly the same.[1] His investigations finally led him to predict that another passage of the same Comet through its nearest approach to the Sun would take place in the year 1759.

As that date drew nigh the confirmation of the application of the Law of Gravitation to this Comet's orbit, which was calculated to be an ellipse so elongated that one end of it would be about sixty times as far away from the Sun as the other, was anticipated with

[1] Owing to planetary perturbations it is found that the duration of the orbital period of Halley's Comet may vary from time to time by more than five hundred days.

great interest. A very elaborate computation of the path of the Comet was made, before the end of the year 1758, by the French astronomer Clairaut. Owing to the want of certain data, some uncertainty was, however, unavoidable. Nevertheless, the date of the perihelion passage, or nearest approach of the Comet to the Sun, was closely approximated to. After an absence of more than seventy-six years it passed through that important point of its orbit within about three weeks of the date calculated by Clairaut. He afterwards showed that he could have given the time with considerably greater accuracy, if he had known more correct values of the masses of Jupiter and Saturn, and had thereby been able to allow more precisely for the perturbation of the Comet's movement caused by their attraction as it passed near them.

Since that time the truth of Newton's great law has been abundantly confirmed in its application to the orbits of various other Comets, especially in the case of some which revolve wholly within the boundaries of the Solar System. Of such there is an inner group of about thirty, of which even those which go furthest away from the Sun pass but little beyond the distance of Jupiter, while their periods vary from about three and one-third, to rather more than twelve, years. The eccentricities of their orbits are in some cases not very different from those of some of the many Minor Planets discovered of late years. Altogether, their paths can be very accurately computed and tested. Nevertheless, Halley's Comet will always be renowned above all others for the intense interest which its return in 1759 excited: because that return tested, for the first time, not only the application of the theory of gravitation to the control of the Sun over a body moving in so elongated an orbit; but also the amount and effect of the perturbing attractions of Jupiter and Saturn in certain parts of the orbit.

Let us now consider a few other points of interest connected with this Comet, with especial reference to its next return in the year 1910.

After 1759 it appeared again in 1835. It was then possible to calculate its movements with so much greater accuracy that it made its perihelion passage within four days of the predicted date; indeed, some corrections afterwards applied left a discrepancy of only a single day. The Comet was not a very grand object to the naked eye; although the light of the nucleus decidedly surpassed that of second-magnitude stars; and was comparable with that of some reddish stars of the first magnitude, such as Aldebaran and Antares. The tail, while the Comet was approaching the Sun, attained to twenty degrees in length; and a very remarkable jet emitted by the nucleus was watched with great interest by telescopic observers. But after the Comet had passed to such a distance on the other side of the Sun that it was again visible to observers on the Earth, it

was seen to be devoid of a tail; while the nucleus had expanded into an illuminated disc, which was surrounded by a hazy Coma. This disc gradually grew larger as the Comet receded from the Sun. The Coma at the same time gradually vanished away.

I have already referred to a probable apparition of Halley's Comet so early as the year A.D. 1301. It is also likely that it is the same as a Comet recorded in A.D. 1223; while it is almost certain, as the late Mr. Hind showed by careful study of Chinese and other records, that it was seen in the year 1145. It is generally identified with the great and very celebrated Comet of A.D. 1066, depicted in the Bayeux tapestry. Mr. Hind[3] has also discussed fourteen probable appearances before A.D. 1066, beginning with one in B.C. 11; of which those of B.C. 11 and A.D. 218, 295, 451, and 760 are the most certain. Sometimes, as in A.D. 1456, it was terrible to behold. In that year, in spite of the twilight of summer, its tail was sixty degrees in length, and its aspect such that Pope Calixtus ordered special prayers to be offered up for protection both from the Turks under Mahomet the Second and from the Comet.

No very precise calculations have, I believe, yet been published of its path in 1910, or of the dates of its then nearest approaches to the Sun and to the Earth. It seems that some further investigation of the accuracy of one of the elements of the orbit, hitherto accepted, must be made, and much more elaborate computation be gone through. Dr. Smart, F.R.A.S., has, however, recently effected some approximate calculations of much interest,[4] which show that in May 1910 it may probably rise about four hours before the Sun, and be a brilliant object with rapidly increasing light, so as to reach its brightest about the middle of June. It may, he says, pass near to the splendid star Capella, 'which may perhaps repeat with this Comet the beautiful spectacle which Arcturus made with Donati's in 1858.' During a portion of its visibility it is expected to be above the horizon during the whole of the day and the night, but it will probably not approach us within about one-fourth of the Earth's distance from the Sun. The twilight of the summer nights will unfortunately tend to diminish its beauty.

Some other very interesting details are also mentioned by Dr. Smart. For instance, that, if the Comet should approach the Sun within about two-thirds of the Earth's distance, its velocity when rushing through its perihelion passage would amount to about 1,878 miles per second; while at its aphelion, or furthest distance from the Sun, it would only move through thirty-nine miles in a second. This difference of speed is, of course, very notable; but, as Dr. Smart has remarked, the mere statement of it hardly suggests how much

[3] *Monthly Notices of the Royal Astronomical Society*, vol. x. p. 51.

[4] *Journal of the British Astronomical Association*, vol. xii. p. 184, and vol. xvi. pp. 105 and 180.

of its whole period the Comet must in consequence spend in the further portion of its orbit. The planet Neptune is at about thirty times the Earth's distance from the Sun. The Comet in its aphelion attains only to about thirty-five times the Earth's distance, or one-sixth further. Yet it is calculated that it must take nearly one-half of its orbital period to describe the comparatively small part of its path which lies beyond that of Neptune. Its motion is what is termed retrograde, or in a direction opposite to that of the planets around the Sun. It is only north of the plane of the ecliptic for about six months out of its whole period. At the present time it is somewhat farther from the Sun than the planet Saturn.

In 1910 the Comet may be a brighter and grander object than any which we have seen in this hemisphere since 1882; but it will not be at its nearest position to the Earth until after it has passed through its nearest approach to the Sun. If we might judge from the behaviour of various other Comets, this circumstance might suggest that it might then show much luminous disturbance and tail-development; but it is well to remember that, in 1835, it had a long tail before its perihelion passage, but none when seen again on the other side of the Sun. Its tail and its general brightness seem, however, to have varied so much in its different apparitions that it may well be hoped that the Comet will be of considerable, if not of surpassing, grandeur to the naked eye in 1910; while it will certainly be of the utmost interest to telescopic observers.

We must not forget, it is true, that out of the number of much fainter Comets, having comparatively short periods, which have been recently discovered, about twelve have made two, or more, successive appearances. Two others, of periods very similar to that of Halley's, have also each been seen twice; one in the years 1812 and 1884; and one in 1815 and 1887.[5] They are both, however, of little interest to the naked-eye observer. Halley's remains unique in its long-traced history and many reappearances. It can never be forgotten as the first seen to return again. Halley's name, apart from his other great achievements, will ever be famous for the prediction of its return fifty-four years before it occurred. It is also in itself a Comet of notable beauty, and grandeur, both of head and tail.

As regards Comets in general, the points of interest open to discussion are so numerous that I will only mention a few which have some special relation to the more recent developments of physical science. In doing so, let me first refer to the probable composition of the nucleus of a Comet's head.

There is a Comet the path of which, as Professor Schiaparelli has shown, agrees in a remarkable manner with the orbit in which a multitude of small meteorites, or shooting stars, can be proved to move,

[5] See *Remarkable Comets*, by W. T. Lynn. 11th ed. A small but valuable popular treatise.

some of which the Earth meets with every year in the second week of the month of August. This Comet was discovered by Professor Swift in July 1862, and is calculated to have a period of about 120 years in length. At its greatest distance from the Sun it therefore departs about half as far again as the orbit of Neptune. The meteorites referred to must be distributed with a fair amount of regularity all along the Comet's path, as the Earth meets with them *every* August—*i.e.* every time that it passes across the orbit in question.

A similar connection has been found between a small Comet of the year 1866 and a great display of shooting stars seen during many centuries past, up to the year 1866, at intervals of about thirty-three years, in the middle of the month of November, as in 1833, 1799, and previously. Unfortunately their orbit seems now to have been somewhat perturbed, so that they failed to appear in the numbers expected in, or near to, the year 1899. But the fact that, for long past, they have only appeared in great abundance once in each thirty-three years—or near to that date—indicates that they are not spread at all so uniformly along the orbit of the Comet of 1866 as are those found in the orbit of that of 1862. They must have been more closely aggregated along a much smaller portion of their orbit, and not greatly separated from their Comet.[6]

Passing by another similar but less important case, we find yet one more, still more remarkable and definite in its indication of a very close relation between Comets and Meteorites. There is a Comet known as Biela's. Although it had probably been seen on two previous occasions, its orbit was first computed in 1826, soon after its detection by Biela in that year. Its period was calculated to be somewhat more than six and a half years; and it was seen again in 1833. It was unfavourably situated and consequently not noticed in 1839. But it showed itself once more in 1846. Then about three weeks after its first detection in 1846, up to which time it had presented the appearance of a faint circular nebula with a small central condensation, it became of a pear-shaped form; and about a fortnight later was found to have split into two separate Comets, each having a short tail.

The two presently separated to a distance apart of about 150,000 miles. In 1852, so far as could be judged, these same two Comets were seen again; but the one was then about 1,250,000 miles from the other. In 1859 their position was unfavourable, and they were not found. In 1866 it was fully expected that one, if not both, would appear. But they failed to do so. In place of them, however, a

[6] According to the period calculated for this Comet of 1866, it should have been seen again in 1899, when, as stated above, the shooting stars failed to appear. The Comet, however, was also not observed in that year. But the failure to see it was in all probability simply due to its unfavourable position for observation at that time.

display of shooting stars, or meteorites, took place at the end of November 1867. It was also found that three or four similar displays near to the same date in November had previously occurred; and it was possible satisfactorily to identify their orbit with that of the lost Comet. These same meteorites appeared again in many hundreds of thousands (coming apparently, as the nature of their path involved, from the constellation of Andromeda) towards the end of November 1872, and once more in 1885; thirteen complete terrestrial years, which are nearly equal to two of their orbital revolutions, bringing them back to much the same position relatively to the Earth. It must, however, be confessed that, owing either to their dispersion or to some perturbing influence, they too seem disposed, like the mid-November meteorites, to disappoint us now by failing to appear in any great abundance. But they must certainly have been intimately related to Biela's Comet.

What, then, do these various instances indicate? Surely very clearly that the nuclei of Comets are in general collections, or aggregations, of Meteorites, which are easily broken up into smaller groups, or gradually spread and dispersed along a Comet's path until it may at last happen that the Comet will be wholly dissipated, and be seen no more. In any case, dynamical considerations indicate that the meteorites must continue to travel very nearly in the Comet's orbit.

This hypothesis is confirmed by cases in which the nucleus in the head of a Comet has actually appeared to undergo division. In the Comet of 1618 it is recorded that the head was at first like a planetary disc, but presently the astronomer Cysatus saw it as a clustering group of starry points. The Comets of Olinda in 1860, and of Brooks in 1889, broke into two parts, somewhat as did Biela's. The nucleus of the great Comet of 1882 gradually broke into four portions, each of which it is quite conceivable may some day form a separate Comet. And I may add that there is an indication that something of the same kind, but upon a much grander scale, may very possibly have happened in time long past, in the fact that the great Comet of 1882 forms one of what may be termed a family of Comets. It is calculated that it is moving in approximately the same orbit with the great Comets of 1843, 1880, and 1887; and possibly with that of 1668. This orbital agreement suggests that they may all have originated in some much larger parent collection of matter (originally revolving in a similar orbit) from which they may have broken off in succession. One or two other somewhat similar instances of such a brotherhood in Comets might also be named.

But it may next be asked: If Comets are thus composed of aggregations of meteorites, of what size may we suppose the meteorites to be? The answer is: that their size will probably correspond with that of such meteorites as the Earth is constantly encountering. These

frequently fall upon it; being sometimes of a few pounds in weight; or occasionally attaining even to hundredweights, or tons, as is indicated by specimens found *in situ* in certain localities, although they may not actually have been seen to fall. But it is likely that the weight of by far the greater number may only attain to a grain or two, as is the case with most of those which traverse the Earth's atmosphere in the form of shooting stars.

A Comet's nucleus is therefore probably composed chiefly of stony fragments varying in size from that of the finest dust to that of rocks of considerable magnitude. At the same time portions of a more or less metallic composition may be intermingled.

Let us next suppose a Comet, possessed of a nucleus thus constituted, to come within the influence of the Sun's attraction, and gradually to approach the Earth. It will in general, when first faintly visible, look like a small round Nebula. In the further regions of space from which it has come it may be supposed to have been in a condition of extreme cold. Amongst the meteorites of which it is composed there may, therefore, be many frozen particles capable of vaporisation at higher temperatures. In cavities and interstices of the meteorites—as is found in some which fall upon the Earth—Hydrogen and other gases may be occluded. Presently it may approach very near to the Sun, although probably not so closely as the great Comet of 1843, which passed within about 100,000 miles of the Solar surface. Processes of much disturbance will be originated by this proximity, which in some cases may be of stupendous force. The Sun's heat and other radiations, and collisions among the meteorites of the Comet themselves, may evolve vapours and gases which may expand to a great distance.

The Coma may thus be gradually formed around the nucleus, partly by more gentle emanation, but partly by fierce explosions and fiery jets rushing out from the now brilliantly illuminated central part.

We cannot, however, primarily attribute any *very violent* disturbances to the effect of the collisions of the meteorites with each other; because the whole mass of a Comet is so small that the revolution of the constituent particles, around their common centre of gravity in the nucleus, would only generate such low velocities in them as would allow of no great violence in their mutual impacts. The very small density of a Comet also involves a very loose degree of aggregation in its meteorites, which would make their collisions infrequent; although such as might occur would necessarily generate such an amount of heat as would probably involve the discharge or formation of gas. We must, therefore, assign the disturbances produced mainly to the effect of the Sun's heat upon the previously very cold matter in the Comet.

Eruptions from the nucleus may take place in any direction. But they occur, as might be expected, most frequently towards

the Sun, because on that side most heat is received. When so erupted the matter sent forth is in general seen to be presently thrown back again in a curved path past the nucleus, so as to form a brilliant hollow envelope around it; the nucleus being within that part of the envelope which is most curved, and convex towards the Sun. Several such envelopes, outlying each other, are sometimes seen, which have been formed in succession from a series of explosions; the matter projected having attained to different elevations above the nucleus before being turned back.

These envelopes, produced in this way from jets first of all emitted *towards* the Sun, of course help to form the Comet's tail after they have passed back beyond the head. But it may be said: Would not this be even more the province of jets themselves emitted *rearwards*, as some certainly are? Not at all necessarily. The more natural procedure (unless the velocity of its projection backwards were very considerable) would be that such ejected matter, as far as the effect of gravity in the Comet is concerned, and apart from any other influence, should presently fall back again on to the head. The matter forming the tail, however, seems to rush, as a rule, almost directly *away* from the Sun. A much smaller amount of ejected matter, probably of a different kind, is sometimes seen on the Sunward side of the head, like a tail pointing towards the Sun, and has occasionally been termed the Comet's beard. But the tail proper, frequently of immense extension, and always of almost inconceivably light density, invariably points away from the Sun; so that it even travels, in a sense, in front of the Comet after the perihelion passage has taken place and the Comet has begun to recede from the Sun again.

All this very clearly indicates, as nearly all astronomers have long allowed, that some great Repulsive Force emanates from the Sun, which drives away, with enormous speed, in the opposite direction, any matter ejected towards the Sun from the Comet's nucleus, after it has risen to a certain elevation: while the same force, if such matter is ejected in any other direction from the nucleus, sooner or later turns it all, in like manner, backwards into the tail.

When a tail is nearly, or altogether, absent in a Comet, the cause may be in the smallness of the Comet, or in the nature of its constituent matter, or in the want of a nearer approach to the Sun. In any case the hypothesis of the powerful Solar repulsive action, to which I have referred, is supported by the fact that the Comets which approach the Sun most closely are those which in general develop the longest and grandest tails. They also often do so with extraordinary rapidity. In the tail of one such Comet, that of 1680, it was calculated that matter traversed the whole length, a hundred millions of miles, in from two to four days. Another tail, that of the Comet of 1843 (which made the nearest approach to the Sun

yet observed), rushed out, in less than three weeks, to a length of 200 millions of miles.

By the tail of a Comet it should, however, be noticed that a complex formation is often meant. The tail may be multiform. Or, in other words, there may, at the same time, be more than one tail. A little consideration will show that this may be due to particles of matter being ejected from the head of such differing qualities, or in such differing physical conditions, as would cause the Solar repulsion to be much more energetic in its action upon some of them than upon others. Those most affected would be driven back most rapidly. Slight differences in the speeds so produced would simply cause a tail to broaden out in its further parts; because some of the particles, as they receded, would be left rather more behind than others in comparison with the direction of a line at any time joining the Comet and the Sun. It would also result that the tail would be somewhat curved in a direction opposite to that of the Comet's onward motion. Both these effects were beautifully exhibited in the main tail of Donati's Comet in 1858, and in that of the great Comet of 1882. But any *very decided* difference in the repulsive action on some of the particles might cause an altogether separate tail to be formed by them. And, if the repulsive effect were very intense indeed, an additional and very narrow tail might be driven back with such violence as hardly to be broadened or curved at all. Two such were seen in Donati's Comet. On the other hand, a much smaller repulsive effect may sometimes produce an extra tail, or tails, of a broader and shorter form, and also much more curved than the principal tail. But it should be noticed that sometimes additional tails may be due, to some extent, to an original difference of direction in some violently eruptive jet from which they have taken their origin.

All such phenomena of envelopes surrounding the nucleus, or of various forms and kinds of tails, call for explanation; as also the remarkable manner in which the Coma of the head sometimes diminishes in size as a Comet approaches the Sun, or enlarges as it recedes. It must no doubt be granted that the best attempts to explain such phenomena have not in general been very successful; but it is decidedly satisfactory that the most recent developments in physical science enable us very definitely to put on one side many theories of the past. We need no longer, for instance, consider whether Sunlight, refracted through the head, as through a lens, could produce the effect of the tail, by illuminating, as in a long ray, behind the Comet, dust-like particles supposed to be distributed throughout all the space through which it is passing; or whether (as I believe Newton thought) the tail might be a track of some of the more volatile portions of the Comet, carried up by a current, in the outer ethereal atmosphere of the Sun, caused by the Cometary particles,

when raised to a very high temperature, communicating to that ethereal matter some of their own heat.

At the present time it may be granted that the all-important and effective action is some repulsive force due to the Sun; intermingled, however, with the gravitating attraction both of the Sun and of the Comet itself, and with violent eruptive projection of matter from the Comet's nucleus. The chief question, therefore, for decision is: How does this repulsion arise? To what is the great intensity of its action due?

The reply to this question is found in the general acceptance now accorded to Clerk Maxwell's electro-magnetic theory of Light, supplemented by the thermo-dynamical and mathematical investigations of Bertoli, Larmor and other scientists; according to which the mechanical pressure[7] caused by the radiation of the Sun's Light, or by other similar radiation of longer or shorter wave-lengths than those of its visible light, is sufficient to produce the observed cometary phenomena. To which it may be added, that it can be shown that the Solar Light-Radiation would very probably meet with constituent particles in a Comet of such differing qualities, as would cause it to exercise such repulsions upon them as would produce just those velocities in them which, Professor Brédikhine, of Moscow, proved, more than twenty-five years ago, would generate the three forms and curvatures most usually found in Comets' tails.

That the pressure in question, due to the Sun's radiation, can produce the observed intensity of repulsion, depends upon the fact that, although in itself very slight, it acts according to the *area* of the surface of any particle upon which it presses; while the weight of any particle, or, in other words, the action of the Sun's gravity upon it, depends upon the *volume* of the particle. Surface varies as the square, and volume as the cube of linear dimensions. If, then, the side of a cubical particle, upon one face of which Light is directly shining, be only half as long as that of another such particle, the pressure of the Light upon the former will be one-fourth of what it is upon the other: but the weight of the smaller will be one-eighth of that of the larger particle ($\frac{1}{4}$ being the square, and $\frac{1}{8}$ the cube, of $\frac{1}{2}$). Consequently the pressure will be proportionally twice as great, in comparison with the weight, in the case of the smaller particle. By supposing particles smaller and smaller, it is evident that the pressure may at last equal, and then surpass, the weight. It is therefore only necessary for a particle of any kind of matter to be sufficiently small, in order that the pressure of the Sun's Light-Radiation may exceed that of the Sun's gravitating attraction

[7] The magnitude of this pressure, first theoretically calculated by Maxwell in 1873, has recently been tested experimentally by certain most refined methods, quite independently by Lebedew, and by Nichols and Hull. The values thus obtained from experiment and from theory are in remarkably satisfactory agreement.

upon it; in other words, for it to be repelled instead of being attracted.

It should further be mentioned that if a particle of a cubical shape were so small that the light-pressure on one face just equalled the gravitating attraction of the Sun upon it, a *spherical* particle of the same material might have a diameter about half as large again as the side of the cube, and the light-pressure would still balance the effect of the Sun's gravity upon it. The nearer any such small particles might be to the Sun the more violent the repulsive effect would necessarily be. But both the repulsion and the Sun's gravitating attraction would always vary inversely as the square of the distance from the Sun, and consequently always bear the same *ratio* to one another wherever a given particle might be. If the light-pressure had the mastery at any given distance from the Sun, it would have an exactly proportionate mastery, and consequent repelling effect, at any other distance. A particle once repelled would therefore continue to be driven further and further away, with a speed which, it may be shown, would continually increase until it approached a certain limiting value at a great distance.

This repulsive action will produce very great speeds. If a particle were only so small that the pressure upon it at the Sun's surface should be just double as great as its weight, it can be calculated that it would attain a velocity of 270 miles per second, by the time that it had been driven away to a distance equal to the Sun's radius, (*i.e.* to about 430,000 miles); and that it would be driven to double that distance in less than an hour.

By comparing the directions of the tails of various Comets with the onward speed of the head in its orbit, Brédikhine and others have computed that the repulsive Solar action upon different kinds, or conditions, of matter in the tails must in general be between one and a half, and eighteen and a half, times the Sun's attraction. In any case, however, the effect of the repulsive action will not only depend, as already explained, upon the *size* of a given particle (it being greater, as I have shown, as the particle's diameter is diminished), but also upon its *density*. That is to say, it will not overcome the weight of a particle of a heavier material unless the particle be still smaller than it would have to be if it were of a lighter material. And in all these statements it must further be supposed that solid or liquid particles are under consideration, for which it may also be proved that the effect is increased the more fully they reflect the Light which falls upon them. In the case of gases the action is less fully known, and is supposed to be connected with a certain amount of what is termed selective light-absorption taking place in them.

It should also be mentioned that the repulsive action will again diminish if the smallness of the particles be reduced beyond a certain limit; because they then begin to produce certain effects termed

diffractive in the Light which falls upon them. The *maximum* attainable repulsion derived from the Sun's radiation is calculated to be about twenty times its gravitating attraction. But this degree of repulsion, acting while the head is moving onwards in its orbit, would be quite sufficient to produce the straightest and most rapidly generated (in other words, the most fiercely repelled) tail ever observed.

It may next be asked: Would such particles of matter have to be almost *inconceivably small* for the Sun's radiation to exercise a sufficiently powerful repulsion upon them? No! In the case of hydro-carbons, such as the spectroscope shows to be generally abundant in Comets, the particles would be of such density that they would only need to have diameters varying from about $\frac{1}{20000}$ to $\frac{1}{125000}$ of an inch. But particles smaller than these are certainly involved in some organisms revealed by the microscope; and much smaller ones can be proved by optical tests to exist in liquid films. It may, therefore, be confidently stated that in the radiations of the Sun's Light (as well as in its longer heat waves) there is an efficient cause for the violent repulsion of matter from the heads of Comets to form the vast extension of their tails.

But this may not be all. Other subsidiary causes may help, especially connected with some of the rays of shorter wave-length, beyond the Violet end of the visible spectrum. These are now known to be able to send forth with great velocities the newly discovered electrons or, as they are often termed, ions (or travellers) charged with, and perhaps even consisting of, negative electricity, whose mass is 1,000 times as small as that of the lightest atom known, viz. that of Hydrogen. These are probably ejected in constant streams from the surface of the Sun, as they are in the so-called Cathode rays which can be experimented upon by electrical discharges in exhausted tubes. They may form centres of aggregation for gaseous or vaporous atoms, or for very minute particles of cosmic dust, similarly to the way in which the watery vapour which forms an ordinary cloud is condensed upon multitudes of fine particles of matter. On reaching a Comet these ions, and atoms, may help to form its tail; or, if they meet with any other negatively electrified particles, they would help to drive them into the tail, because two negatively charged bodies always repel one another.

It is supposed that if such negative electrons, or ions, coming from the Sun, serve as centres of condensation, they may also, by entering the Comet's head in increasing abundance as it approaches the Sun, help so much the more rapidly to condense the vapours rising from the nucleus, as to cause the Coma occasionally to contract (which it sometimes does), instead of expanding, as might upon first thoughts seem more probable, under the influence of the greater heat received. Possibly also upon entering the head, or Coma, they may meet

with larger obstructive particles, and in colliding cause electric discharges, the action of which is indicated by the frequent brightness of the hydro-carbon spectrum of the head.

A further cause of tail-development may once more be found in the extra amount of heat which is received by that side of any particle in the Comet which is turned towards the Sun. From this a special emission of gases may take place on that side, the reaction due to which would drive the particles back by an effect similar to that by which a rocket is propelled. Some other kinds of gaseous repulsion may also act; while it is further possible that the ions from the Sun may exert an appreciable battering effect in the direction of their own movement, because of their numbers and their great speed. Nevertheless, after all, it is to the pressure of the Sun's Light-Radiation that, as previously explained, by far the most important part of the work done in forming a Comet's tail must be attributed.

As to the illumination of the tail less is known. The polariscope proves much of it to be reflected Sunlight; but all the action of the electrons and ions, and of such electric discharges as may take place and cause strong illumination in rarefied gases, together with the penetration of ultra-violet radiations, or of such as are generated by Uranium and Radium and their congeners, may well produce such fluorescence and luminescence, of various qualities, as shines forth in the beauty of the tail.

It has, I believe, been suggested, especially by the Swedish physicist Arrhenius, that electrons and ions may be ejected in unusual abundance where the Sun's surface is strongly disturbed in the region of its well-known Spot-zones. The intensity of the process would in that case experience a notable increase in years of Sun-spot maxima. If so, there may be some reason for a supposition which has been put forward, but at present, I think, on a very slight foundation, that Comets have been rather more easily detected when Sun-spots have been numerous. Mr. Maunder has, however, recently published much more weighty reasons for believing that great rays of electro-magnetic influence, projected from special localities on the Sun, may sweep repeatedly across the Earth when any such part of the Solar surface is brought round from time to time by the Sun's rotation on its axis.

It may, therefore, be well to keep careful watch in case any decided and unexpected brightening of the light of a Comet may at any time be noticed (as in some instances has certainly been recorded), either when the brilliancy of one of short period varies in its successive visits, or at different times during any given appearance. It would be of the greatest possible interest if any such variations of brightness should be found to synchronise with any special indications of magnetic emanations from the Sun; either connected with the abundance of its spots, or prominences; or due to such special discharges as

Mr. Maunder has indicated, from certain localised portions of its surface. If, moreover, a somewhat similar supposition be confirmed; viz.—that the pressure of the Sun's Light-Radiation, as well as the discharge of negatively electrified ions from its surface, is efficient in the formation of the vastly extended rays of its Corona; or even in the extension of the matter of the Zodiacal Light to about a hundred millions of miles from its surface;—this will all more and more confirm the probability of the explanation, which I have endeavoured to elucidate in this article, of the extraordinarily vigorous repulsion and rapid formation of the tails of Comets.

Very much more, however, still remains to be discovered. It is to be hoped that some great Comet may soon appear thoroughly well situated for observation. But, in any case, we may look forward with much expectation to the return of Halley's in less than four years' time.

Meanwhile smaller Comets may supply useful information. They tell us, at any rate, that tail-phenomena may depend, not only on what occurs in the Comet itself, but also upon its meeting with currents of other matter which it would seem must be drifting, or circulating, in the Solar System, or possibly in all space. Such drifting matter may be in the form of Nebulosities of excessively small density and wide extent, such as from time to time may produce the wonderful brilliancy of a so-called New, or Temporary, Star, if it meet with and pass through one of them.

Occasionally such sudden disruptive effects occur in the tail of a Comet, far away from its head (the most notable instance having been in the Comet of Brooks, on the 21st of October, 1893), as suggest that the delicate matter in the tail must have been torn asunder by its passage through some stream of nebulous, or other Cosmic, matter.

Comets themselves may indeed be but denser aggregations of such matter, dating from an epoch anterior to that of the development of the Sun and its Planets as a separate system. Their movements and orbits indicate that they are gradually drawn by the Sun, it may be only temporarily, but in many cases permanently, within the confines of our system. The Sun, however, in its onward progress through space, attended by the Planets, does not encounter most Comets on the side of its advance, as it would if they were themselves moving equally in all directions in space. The elements of their movements, on the contrary, indicate that, although they may come to us from beyond what are generally considered to be the boundaries of our system, they are mostly drifting along with it. They are therefore possibly the remains of a condition of things which originally gave that drift both to them and to the matter out of which our own system was subsequently formed.

This is an indication which once more increases the fascination of their study. But that fascination, felt for centuries past, has been

lately immensely enhanced, because their phenomena are at last being more and more successfully explained. This is due, as I have shown, to those recent researches into the ultimate constitution of matter and electricity, which are carrying us far behind the minute chemical atoms long supposed to form the boundary of our studies; so that we can now investigate the complex action of constituent electrons, or corpuscles as some name them, of far more extreme minuteness, vibrating and circling within the confines of each atom. We may almost hope that we are on the verge of some great generalisation which may explain the very nature of gravitation itself, or of those other mighty energies which, by the aid of the most minute conceivable entities, are now found to bridge over the vastest of distances, and to link us with the furthest realms of space and the remotest Stars and Nebulæ. It is because of the special relation of the phenomena of Comets to all this New Knowledge; it is because we see within their huge confines the effects of transcendent energy upon matter in the most minute state of division; it is because we find in them indications of the joint action of Light-Pressure, Electricity, and Radiations of every kind, that they afford to the physicist one of the most encouraging fields in which to test his newest and deepest theories and discoveries. They 'teach as well as shine.'

E. Ledger.

THE TRAINING OF AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS[1]

THE first part of my duty, and the pleasantest, is to offer you, sir, my sincere thanks for your kindness in suggesting that I should give a lecture before this large audience, and, still more, in consenting to preside at it. For the title of the lecture the responsibility must rest upon yourself, or upon my old friend Mr. Inagaki, who introduced me to you. But to me it can be only a high privilege, if by any words of mine upon English education—a subject, as you have said, not unfamiliar to me—I can help, in however small a degree, to strengthen the sympathy between your country and my own. For there is an *entente cordiale* in arts as well as in arms; and it may be that the community of intellectual and moral ideals, if it can be realised, will prove in the end not the least potent factor of a lasting international alliance.

I do not know, indeed, that we in England are apt to dwell so much upon the ambition of becoming gentlemen as others may be who look at the English educational system from outside. The true gentleman is one who speaks and thinks as little as possible about gentility. The character of a gentleman is silently formed; it is the product of many subtle and almost secret influences; and never, perhaps, is it so perfect as when it is unconscious. Yet Tennyson, the poet who is the typical exponent of so much that is truest and highest in modern English thought, says of the friend whom his love has immortalised that

> he bore without abuse
> The grand old name of gentleman;

and what that friend was, all English youths, more or less, aspire to be.

You tell me, sir, that there is something in an English gentleman which has touched the imagination of Japan. If I am not wrong, the

[1] An address delivered in Tokio on the 12th of April, 1906, at the instance of the Minister of Education in Japan, Mr. Makino, who himself took the chair. It ought perhaps to be said that, as the address was not read from manuscript, it is here not verbally but substantially reproduced; and I have inserted in it two or three passages which were omitted, in order to save time, in the delivery.

Japanese students some time ago formed a society in the University of Cambridge, for the sole purpose of studying the character of an English gentleman. It does not perhaps altogether lend itself to imitation, except upon English soil and in the circumstances of English life. But you rightly hold that, such as it is, it is largely moulded by the public schools and the universities, and you wish me to speak chiefly of them. They are noble institutions, but they are not perfect. If it were necessary to criticise them in a single sentence I should say that they have generally proved more successful in the discipline of the character than in the cultivation of the intellect. But it remains true that the British Empire in its magnitude and importance is, and has long been, a commanding fact in human history; that, with many faults and not a few stains, it has yet been singularly successful in producing administrators of high character and capacity; and that most of them, or many, have traced the secret of their lives to the lessons which they learnt, or perhaps more truly to the spirit which they acquired, when they were still young, in the schools and colleges of Great Britain. A famous English statesman, Mr. Canning, once used these words: 'Foreigners often ask by what means an uninterrupted succession of men, qualified more or less eminently for the performance of parliamentary and official duties, is secured. First, I answer (with the prejudices perhaps of Eton and Oxford) that we owe it to our system of public schools and universities. From these institutions is derived (in the language of the prayer of our collegiate churches) "a due supply of men fitted to serve their country in Church and State." It is in her public schools and universities that the youth of England are, by a discipline which shallow judgments have sometimes attempted to undervalue, prepared for the duties of public life.'

It is not possible for me, within the limits of a single lecture, to examine in much detail the English type or types of scholastic and academical education. Neither the universities nor the public schools are all of one kind. Some universities are ancient, others are modern. In the former the students reside, for a shorter or longer portion of the year, away from their homes in small societies which are called colleges, or, if not in colleges, still under the special care of authorities belonging to the university. In the latter they generally live at home; the university is a local institution, and its office is not so much social or moral or spiritual as purely intellectual. But, even where universities are national, and students come to them from all parts of the United Kingdom, and, indeed, of the Empire, they may be widely different, as Oxford and Cambridge differ from the Scotch universities. I may pretty safely assume, however, that when the training of an English gentleman is in question, it is the universities of Oxford and Cambridge which are recognised as exercising a paramount influence among universities upon the national character; and it

happens that these are the universities which are best known to me.

Similarly the public schools may be divided into several classes, but chiefly into two. These are day schools, where the boys live at home with their parents, and spend only certain hours, but no more, a day under the immediate control of their masters. But the best-known schools are boarding schools; in these the boys live away from their homes for the greater part of the year, congregated in houses, as undergraduates are in colleges, and guided and governed, in all the various aspects of their lives, by masters who do for them what would in natural or normal circumstances be done by their parents. There are also schools in which the boys are partly boarders and partly day boys. One who has been concerned, as I have been, with schools of different kinds will not be disposed to argue that all the advantage lies with any one kind. But it is the boarding schools which are the peculiarly characteristic features of the English educational system. They do not, as the day schools do, find a close parallel in the schools of other European countries. Every such public school, indeed, has an individuality of its own. The Government exercises, or has exercised, so slight a control upon the schools that they have developed, for good or for evil, each upon its own special lines. The pupils of each school are distinguished by certain broad qualities which unite them, despite all differences of rank and age, to one another, and part them off from the pupils of all other schools. An Etonian, a Harrovian, a Wykehamist, a Rugbeian—each represents a certain type of character. My own experience of the great boarding schools has been principally drawn from two, but these are perhaps the greatest of them all—Eton and Harrow; in one I lived as a boy, in the other as a master; and as no other schools have done more, or perhaps so much, for the formation of the character exhibited now for several centuries by the statesmen, administrators, and reformers, the men of action and, although in less degree, the men of thought, who have created or dignified the Empire, you will forgive me if I derive my remarks, not indeed solely, but chiefly, from these two schools.

Between the universities, indeed, and the public schools, no comparison is possible. The universities enjoy an intellectual distinction to which the schools make no pretence. Oxford and Cambridge have been for centuries the homes of famous discoverers, scholars, and teachers, whose names are household words wherever learning is held in honour throughout the world. But it is not improbable that there is nobody in this room who can recall the name of any English schoolmaster, living or dead, unless it be that of Dr. Arnold, the headmaster of Rugby, whose portrait is drawn in the pages of *Tom Brown's Schooldays*, or possibly that of Mr. Thring, the headmaster of Uppingham, who had the honour, I think, of educating his Excellency the British Ambassador, Sir Claude Macdonald. But upon the character

of English gentlemen the influence of the public schools seems to be even greater than that of the universities. There are several reasons why it should be so. Practically the whole governing class of Englishmen is educated in the public schools. But it is only a fraction of public school boys who matriculate at the universities. A boy spends four or five years, and those the most impressionable years of his life, from thirteen to eighteen or nineteen, at his public school. If he goes to the university, the years which he spends there are usually not more than three. Again, while he passes only half of each year as a resident at his university, the other half being vacation, when he may be, and generally is, away from college, he passes two-thirds of each year during his school life at his public school. Still more important is the fact that a boy at school is subject to a personal authority closer and stronger than any which he experiences in his university or his college.

Thus it is, probably, that Englishmen have in general felt a deeper affection for their schools than for their universities. I do not forget that a good many notable men, like Lord Macaulay, have been warmly attached throughout life to their colleges at Oxford or Cambridge. Such men have, often, not passed through public schools. But the history of the great English public schools is replete with instances of the affectionate and even passionate feeling shown by illustrious Englishmen for the places in which they had spent the golden days of boyhood. Gray's *Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College*; Byron's *Lines Written Beneath an Elm in the Churchyard at Harrow*, are known to all students of English literature. But will you let me cite what has always seemed to me the most beautiful example of patriotic devotion to a school? The Marquis Wellesley, the elder brother of the great Duke of Wellington, received his education at Eton. He became there almost the ideal of a scholar and a gentleman. After a life of noble service to the State in various offices, he attained that supreme position in the British Empire, the Governor-Generalship of India. But he never forgot his old school. From the banks of the Ganges he would correspond, upon points of classical learning, with his tutor at Eton. To serve Eton was the ambition—the inspiration—of his life. He prayed to be buried at Eton; and there, in the college chapel, he lies now at rest, and upon his monument are graven the exquisite Latin verses which he wrote for his own epitaph in the desire of expressing his sense of indebtedness to the school which had wrought its spell upon his life.

If, then, in this lecture I seem to dwell more upon the public schools than upon the universities, as formative influences in the character of an English gentleman, the reason is not only that I know them better and have spent a longer time in them; it is that I believe them to have played a larger historical part in making English gentlemen to be such as they are. But as touching the formation of character there is no broad difference between the universities and the

public schools; they aim at the same end, and they seek to attain it by much the same means; they are largely interdependent; and the youth who passes from school to college, although he enters upon a liberty which has hitherto been strange to him, is conscious of no such moral shock as would necessarily occur if his new life were wholly alien from the old.

It is true, alike of a university and of a public school, that he who is admitted to one or the other becomes at once a member of a society. He does not stand alone. He occupies a position in which his actions affect others, and the actions of others affect him. He becomes participant, as others are, not only in the credit, but, if need be, in the misfortune or disgrace of the body to which he and they belong. So, too, his own conduct in turn affects that body. If he does well, his good deeds reflect honour upon his university or his school. But if he commits any flagrant violation of the moral law upon which the society depends, then his punishment is to be struck off the roll of membership, to be degraded or expelled, and to go out into the world as one who has proved himself unworthy of incorporation in a community of honourable gentlemen. There is a well-known story that Dr. Arnold, on an occasion when some gross evil had displayed itself at Rugby, and he had been compelled to send away several boys, exclaimed in the presence of all the school: 'It is *not* necessary that this should be a school of three hundred, or one hundred, or of fifty boys; but it *is* necessary that it should be a school of Christian gentlemen.' By my own experience I know how keenly boys, and their parents too, feel the pain of their enforced removal from the society of a public school. Yes, and I know, too, what pains they will sometimes take in after life to regain the honourable position from which they have fallen in the eyes of the school.

As regards the training of an English gentleman, you will not, I think, feel surprise if I put as the first lesson to be learnt at a public school—obedience. The philosopher Aristotle remarked long ago that no one can be qualified to command but he who has already been taught to obey. To be equally capable of exercising authority and of submitting to it was the ancient Greek educational ideal. A good schoolmaster, like a wise parent, expects absolute, unhesitating obedience from the child. He issues his orders; he does not, and in the nature of the case he cannot, explain his reasons. If he argues with his pupils, he is lost. I am not sure that this principle of action is good for the master. But beyond doubt it is good for the pupil. It inculcates that sovereign consciousness of duty which elevates public life. 'England expects'—or, as the better original word was, 'confides'—'that every man will do his duty,' was, as you know, Nelson's signal at Trafalgar. The English boy learns at school, the English undergraduate learns at college, that, when once the path of duty is seen to be plain, he must choose it unquestionably and

unhesitatingly, he must never shirk it, must never depart from it, but, at all costs, must follow it to the end. I do not say this lesson is not equally well taught elsewhere than in the public schools of England. It is a principle magnificently illustrated in the recent history of your own nation. I say only that English gentlemen learn it, and learn it in the universities, and still more in the public schools.

> Theirs not to make reply,
> Theirs not to reason why,
> Theirs but to do and die;
> Into the valley of Death
> Rode the Six Hundred.

The first element in all noble character, and therefore in the character of an English gentleman, is obedience.

When a boy goes to school in England, he comes under the influence of his masters and also of his schoolfellows. It is this double influence which shapes his character. Nor is the same double influence wanting in the university; but there it is somewhat less powerful.

As a rule, it is characteristic of English education that, while a boy or a youth in his intellectual training passes freely from one teacher to another, from one lecturer to another, there is one person who is charged with his moral training throughout the whole period of his life at school or at college. That person is often, but not always, called a tutor. It is his business to study his pupil's idiosyncrasy, to watch and to guide him, to draw out what is best in him, and, if need be, to protect him against misunderstanding and punishment. The tutor in a public school enjoys a unique responsibility. He stands in relation to a boy's whole composite nature—to his body and mind and spirit. He looks after his physical, intellectual, moral, and spiritual welfare. He is to him, or is supposed to be, all that a parent, when the boy is at home, may be and ought to be. No profession, perhaps, makes a larger demand upon tact or insight or sympathy; for there is no profession in which a good and virtuous man may do so much harm, by mere faults of judgment, as the educational.

The schoolmaster begins, as I have said, by exacting obedience. But he will never be a first-rate schoolmaster if he stops there. Not authority alone, but sympathy, is the secret of his success. He must study individual character. He must not treat all natures alike. He must know when to draw in the reins of discipline, and when to relax them. He must aim at winning not only the obedience but the loyalty of his pupils. And the great agent in the creation of a loyal temper is trust. To read boys' letters, to listen to their conversation, to practise what is called *espionage* upon their movements would in English eyes be an unpardonable offence. I have heard of a schoolmaster who was suspected—wrongly, I hope and believe—of trying to

watch his pupils at play through a telescope, but it was long before they forgave him. There is a curious unwritten code of honour determining the proper relation of masters and boys in the public schools. For example, a master must not question one boy about others, nor must he question a boy about himself, or, if he asks a boy whether he has done a thing or not, he must not punish him for doing it; he must not (unless in certain extreme instances) use the evidence of servants against boys; for all such behaviour would undermine confidence. He must be just; boys will pardon rudeness and harshness, but never injustice; a master may be a 'beast,' as was said of one of the most famous of English schoolmasters, and if he is 'a just beast' he will be honoured and admired; but let him once make favourites, let him treat one boy with greater partiality than others, and he will never win—he will never deserve to win—respect. Above all, he must accept a boy's word. If a boy says that a thing is so, it is so; the master unhesitatingly believes him. It is better, far better, that a boy, who is base enough to tell a lie, should now and then escape punishment than that there should be an atmosphere of distrust between master and boys. The public opinion of a school emphatically condemns the boy who tells a lie. It responds at once to a master's generous trust in a boy's word. Dean Stanley, the biographer of Dr. Arnold, relates how he would stop boys from trying to prove the truth of their words, telling them, 'If you say so, that is quite enough—*of course* I believe your word;' and he adds, 'There grew up in consequence a general feeling that "it was a shame to tell Arnold a lie—he always believes one."'

It is impossible to overrate the moral value of the assumption, freely and not unreasonably made in the public schools, that an English gentleman will never tell a lie. If 'the word of an Englishman' possesses, as I think it does (and long may it possess!), a signal value all the world over, if it is readily trusted, just because the speaker is an Englishman, by the various races of mankind within and beyond the limits of the British Empire, the honour attaching to that word is in some sense the product of the education which Englishmen receive in their public schools and universities.

I have said that a master must be just. Justice is the quality most highly admired by boys in masters. English boys are strangely indignant at any real or supposed injustice which is done to them. But when they are justly treated, then, if they do wrong and are found out by legitimate means in doing it, they not only consent but expect to be punished. It is probably known to you that in the public schools the punishment is sometimes corporal. I do not defend such punishment; neither do I deprecate it. It is a recognised part of English education. To English thought the humiliation seems to lie not in the punishment, but in the wrong-doing which deserves it. Perhaps one who has inflicted this kind of punishment

as often as I have is not altogether an unprejudiced judge of it. But about corporal punishment in England, two curious facts lie beyond dispute. One is that, while the working class and the lower middle class dislike and resent it, and will not in general allow their children to undergo it, the aristocracy tolerate it without complaint. The time is coming, one might assert paradoxically, when it will be impossible to flog anybody but the son of a peer. And the other fact is that public school boys have often felt a special affection for the masters who have punished them most. In Westminster Abbey stand side by side the tombs of a master and his pupil. The master was Dr. Busby, who was headmaster of Westminster School for so long a time as fifty-eight years. Nobody ever flogged so many boys as he. The pupil was the theologian, Dr. South. It is told—I am not sure the story is true—that, when South came as a small boy to Westminster, Busby greeted him with the ominous words: 'I see great talents in that sulky little boy, and my rod shall bring them out.' If so, he was no doubt as good as his word. But when South lay upon his deathbed, it was his last prayer to be buried at his old master's feet; and the master and the pupil now rest side by side.

I have been trying to show you how an English educator seeks to affect the lives and the characters of his pupils. He may make many mistakes. But in intention he aims at the two noblest ends which can be anywhere or at any time proposed to human effort—the encouragement of virtue, and the diffusion of knowledge. His influence is largely personal. It is what he is, rather than what he teaches, that tells upon the young. Such as he is, they naturally tend to be. But the object of his whole teaching and his whole example, whether at school or in the university, is to make them feel that they are members of a great society, and that a society constituted upon an indissoluble moral basis; in a word, it is to impress upon them the dignity of learning, but the yet higher dignity of character.

But it is probable that, in the formation of character, a boy's schoolfellows exercise a stronger influence than any teachers; for they create the public opinion which is, as it were, the atmosphere of his life, and public opinion is the greatest force in the world of school. The rules which boys make for each other, even in matters so unimportant as dress, are often more stringent than any rules which masters make for them. One of the greatest difficulties in the education of the young is to inculcate an originality which will not be afraid to depart from the conventional standard of right and wrong. Originality is not always good, nor is convention necessarily bad; but without originality there can be no progress.

Public opinion, as it exists among the youth of England in schools and colleges, is not, indeed, free from curious eccentricities

or limitations; but upon the whole it is sound, and it is strong. At all events, it sustains the ideal to which English gentlemen aspire.

If an English schoolboy could be asked what is the moral quality which he appreciates most highly, whether in masters or boys, he would probably answer that while in masters it is justice (as I have already suggested), in boys it is courage. English boys admire one who is brave. But it is physical courage which chiefly evokes their admiration. They hold that a young Englishman should do his duty gallantly, however unwelcome it may be, should bear pain unflinchingly, should volunteer for difficult and dangerous service, and should face the hardships of life with a smile. They are impatient, nay, contemptuous of the signs of emotion, especially of tears. They honour 'pluck,' as it is called. Such a story as that Nelson in his boyhood said, 'What is fear? I never saw fear,' inspires their enthusiasm. They hate cowardice—*i.e.* physical cowardice. I wish it were possible to say that they equally hate what Milton calls 'the cowardice of doing wrong.'

Then there is among English boys, and not less among young Englishmen generally, a binding sense of honour. 'Honour' is a word which comes home to English hearts. Sometimes when I have been upon my travels I have inquired if the Oriental languages possessed an equivalent word for 'honour.' Your own word *Bushido* comes nearest to it. It would not become me, as a stranger in Japan, to examine the precise moral significance of a word so delicate as *Bushido*. But the English 'honour' implies, among other things, that a person must speak the truth, that he must not take advantage of his neighbour's ignorance or weakness, that he must think less of himself than of his cause, and that he must avoid, as if it were a stain upon his shield, whatever is or tends to be mean, low, shabby, or ungentlemanly. In nothing perhaps is the character of a gentleman more strikingly seen than in his sensitive shrinking from a breach of trust. You will not mind my referring again to the illustrious name of Nelson. When he was a boy his father sent him on horseback to school at some distance from his home, telling him and his brother, as there was deep snow upon the ground, that he would leave it to their honour to go on or come back. The road was difficult and dangerous, but Nelson refused to turn back. 'We must go on,' he said. 'Remember, brother, it was left to our honour.'

A man's sense of honour, the consciousness of his obligation to do all and more than all that can be rightly expected of him, is a conspicuous feature in noble English character. It is the distinguishing mark of a gentleman. To violate it is, in common parlance, 'bad form.'

You will not think I claim this feature for my countrymen alone. It may be as prominent in Japan as in Great Britain. All I say is, that without the absolute personal trustworthiness, without the chivalrous code of honour which raises acts of grace or courtesy into

duties, no people nor any individual can attain the supreme beauty and dignity of the moral life.

The universities and the public schools render yet another service to the nation by fostering a broad sympathetic spirit among different classes. They are the most democratic places in the world; they are almost wholly free from snobbishness. In them a youth is taken for what he is worth in himself, without regard to rank, or wealth, or antecedents. The spirit prevailing in them is liberal and tolerant. Nor is it possible that boys or men, differing in social position or political sympathy or religious opinion, should be educated side by side in the same school and boarding-house, or in the same college, without learning something of the conciliation, the 'give and take,' the spirit of compromise, the disposition to look for points of agreement amidst divergences, which are among the best features of English public life. For a salutary lesson, such as the young need ever to learn, as it touches one side of gentlemanly conduct, is how to get on, not only with those with whom one agrees, but with those from whom one differs; and the universities and public schools, by their catholic spirit, emphasise that lesson.

There is something more. Not tolerance only, but generosity, is an attribute of high character. The young are naturally generous. They are free from malice and rancour. They take pleasure in each other's successes; even the vanquished can freely congratulate the victors. Time was when the public schools were defaced by cruelty, as *Tom Brown's Schooldays* shows. But they are changed, or are fast changing. In my thirteen years at Harrow, I was never once called upon to deal with a serious case of bullying. Towards physical infirmity, if it be nobly borne, boys are sympathetic. They appreciate the high temper which bravely fights against difficulties. Weakness, especially in womanhood, constitutes an irresistible claim upon their help. The age of chivalry is not dead. The appeal to the generous instincts of youth never fails.

It may be that the character of a gentleman is not often seen in its perfection. So Thackeray says; but he recognises what it is. 'Which of us can point out many such in his circle—men whose aims are generous, whose truth is constant, and not only constant in its kind, but elevated in its degree; whose want of meanness makes them simple; who can look the world honestly in the face, with an equal manly sympathy for the great and the small?'

At all events, to produce the character of a gentleman is the object set before the universities and public schools in England. Nor can that character wholly fail, where courage, honour, and a tolerant and generous spirit are freely preached and not infrequently displayed.

The influence of boys upon other boys is great, as I have said, but never is it so great as when the older and higher boys are

entrusted with a disciplinary power over their schoolfellows. Such boys are known as prefects, or præpostors, or monitors. They are few in number (perhaps a dozen or twenty at the most in a school of six hundred boys), but they are the intellectual and moral élite of the school. They enjoy certain privileges, and in return for them they are held to be largely responsible for the good order and the good conduct of the junior boys. They render a service of conspicuous value. For where trustfulness is the law of school life, there must be wrong incidents which a master does not and cannot know, and which it is better that he should not know; but the boys know them, and if they are disposed and empowered to put them down, their authority is more potent than his. My experience has shown me that, where a healthy confidential relation exists between a master and his leading boys, he need not fear the prevalence—I do not mean that he can feel safe against the occasional existence—of the most dangerous moral evils in a school. It is clear, too, that the prefectorial, or præpostorial, or monitorial system (call it by what name one may), through the delicate relation in which the leading boys stand alike to their masters and to their schoolfellows, is peculiarly fitted to prepare them for the honourable exercise of the governing function in manhood.

The life of a university or of a public school naturally divides itself into two parts; it comprises the hours of instruction and the hours of recreation, or, in other words, lessons and games. You will not, I hope, suspect me of forgetting the superior dignity which intrinsically attaches to the cultivation of the mind over any possible graces of the body. Upon this superiority it is the educator's duty to dwell in season and out of season. But I am speaking of the character of a gentleman; and when the athletic games of English youth are considered in their reference not to physical energy but to moral worth, it would seem that they possess an even higher value than intellectual studies. For learning, however excellent in itself, does not afford much necessary scope for such virtues as promptitude, resource, honour, co-operation, and unselfishness; but these are the soul of English games.

Of the intellectual education given in the universities and public schools I need perhaps say no more than that it is mainly linguistic and scientific. To either part of it a proper value belongs. In the study of science—if, indeed, science be taken to mean not only the so-called natural sciences, or the investigation of the properties and resources of the physical world, but, as it strictly should mean, all forms of exact observation and reflection—the young mind is taught to appreciate the nature of truth, to distinguish fact from theory, and to realise—as is, indeed, the primary condition of knowledge—what can and what cannot be said to be proved. But the fault of exact science as an educational instrument is that it is exact; it largely

with certainties rather than probabilities, it can establish its results beyond dispute. And this is true of mathematics pre-eminently, but in a less degree of all the experimental sciences. But human life is not made up of certainties. Such questions as arise in it can seldom, if ever, be settled absolutely; they demand the balance of opposing considerations, and if the balance upon the whole inclines one way, it might easily, in the majority of cases, incline the other. The reason why language is perhaps the supreme instrument of culture, why it disciplines the mind, as nothing else can, for the purposes of life, is that, as being itself a human product, it offers problems which are not absolutely determinable, but evoke and exercise the same balanced judgment as is needed in the daily affairs of life.

But both elements, the linguistic and the scientific, find a natural place in education; both tend to the strengthening and quickening of the mental faculties; and the best educator is he who makes the truest proportionate use of them. And if, apart from the actual training of the intellect, he can stamp upon his pupils' hearts the deep conviction that it is the attainment or even the pursuit, and not the reward, of knowledge which is man's true glory, if he can bring home to them the immensity of the triumphs which have been won for all mankind by the humble, patient, self-sacrificing labours of a number of devoted students, who have loved truth as a pearl of great price, and in the search for it have gladly borne neglect, reproach, contumely, persecution, and even death, he will send them out into the world with a largeness of view and a breadth of sympathy which are the attributes, as they are the guarantees, of noble character.

But it is here, I think, that in the training of an English gentleman, whether at school or at college, the games are more important than the studies. You will understand that I speak of the games, not as physical exercises, but as moral disciplines. At all events, there is in English education nothing on the intellectual side which distinguishes it from the education of other Western countries; but on the athletic side there is something that is unique.

It has often struck me that the English language is a witness of the interest and importance attaching to sport or sports in English life; for the language is full of phrases and figures drawn from games. I do not know how far foreigners, in learning the English language, appreciate them; but the following will serve as illustrations.

To 'play up,' to 'play the game,' to 'play an uphill game,' to 'pull together,' to 'play with a straight bat,' to 'follow up,' to 'be in at the death,' 'fair play,' 'foul play,' 'a sportsmanlike spirit,' 'the game is never lost till it is won'—these and a score of other expressions which might be quoted are freely taken from the games and sports of English life.

It would ill become me to decide how far the interest in games, which is common in England, extends to Japan. Since I have been

here, I have watched a game of football, or something like a game of football, being played in one of your public parks. And when I was in India it occurred to me more than once that the throng of natives who would look on at a game of cricket, and still more of football, in the Maidan at Calcutta, whether the players were Englishmen or Indians, held out the hope of a new bond of sympathy between the governing class and the governed in the Indian Empire.

Let me try to indicate some of the lessons which the youth of England learn from their games; for not in the public schools only, but in the universities, the games, and especially cricket, football, and rowing, excite much interest—more, it is sometimes thought, than is suitable to places of education.

Among these lessons the first is fairness. So essential is it, that in public life if a person does what is not altogether straight or upright, he is said 'not to play the game.' For to games a gentlemanly spirit is essential. No game can be properly played if the players condescend to sharp practice, if they take advantage one of another, if they condescend to underhand tricks, or even if they insist upon the letter, as against the spirit, of the rules under which the game is played. Cheating at cards is said to be the one offence which is never pardoned in English society. But in all games unfairness is unpardonable. It is destructive of the confidence upon which games depend. It is fatal to honourable sport. And the absolute fairness required of the players in games is equally requisite in the umpires. They, too, must be above suspicion. It must not enter into the heads of the friendly antagonists who compete for victory in the games that an umpire could ever give a decision which is not strictly conscientious, or that his decision, when it is given, is open to dispute. The implicit obedience to the umpire in games is not the least salutary lesson which boys and young men learn by playing them. It prepares them for the obedience which they must yield in after life to the umpires who preside over great assemblies, and notably to the Speaker of the House of Commons. There is some reason, it is said, to fear that members of the House of Commons are in danger of forgetting the spirit of fair play; I do not indeed know that it is so; but I do know that as little as cricket or football can the game of politics be properly played, if the honourable temper characteristic of it is wanting. It is impossible to frame such rules as will prevent persons who are not gentlemen from doing ungentlemanly things. But if public men in England should ever need to be taught again what is the true temper of conducting affairs both public and private, they may learn it from the games as played, where it is customary to play them with the smallest alloy of cheating or gambling, in the public schools and universities. That temper has lately been called by a distinguished athlete, Mr. C. B. Fry, 'the English *Bushido*. I do not doubt—nay, I know—that you in Japan appreciate and exemplify it. You have

acquired it by other—perhaps better—means than we have. But Englishmen, to whom it is as the breath of their nostrils, have to a great extent discovered its secret and its value through their games.

May I not add, ere I leave this part of my subject, that, if there is one lesson which the world needs to learn, and for all I know may learn fully or partly in the present century, it is how great the blessing would be if civilised nations would come to treat each other with the candour, the good faith, the generous confidence with which gentlemen treat each other in private life?

Again, the games which Englishmen play are schools of nerve. It is not perhaps necessary to assure you that my countrymen, in spite of their many acknowledged virtues, which I am not likely to deny or to depreciate, are not the most modest race in the world. They tell you that 'Englishmen never know when they are beaten,' as though no other race had ever stood up against heavy odds. In the light of recent events you may surely dispute the palm of valour with any nation. Yet games serve a useful purpose in England, as training the nerves. Young Englishmen are taught in them not to lose head or heart. It has often been a pleasure to me to see how boys of seventeen or eighteen years or even younger, who had lived lives far away from the glare of publicity, would take their places with quiet modesty to represent the school at cricket before a crowd numbering fifteen or twenty thousand people, and would then go back, as if it were the most natural thing in the world, to their old simple obscure routine of scholastic duties. The spirit which 'plays an uphill game' to the last, and sometimes 'pulls the match out of the fire,' as the phrase is, in circumstances apparently hopeless, is a splendid feature of character. There are thrilling moments in games—moments when everything turns upon the resolution of one player—and there are such moments in war, or politics, or human life. It may well be hoped that he who has not failed in the one will not fail in the others; for the power of quick decision is one of the greatest human acquirements. According to my experience of life, it is often more important that a decision should be made than that the decision so made should be the best possible. 'Opportunity,' as the proverb says, 'is bald at the back of her head.' To seize the fleeting opportunity when it comes, and to make the best use of it, is a lesson of high value in life. For lost chances seldom recur; and mistakes, even single mistakes, are hard, and perhaps impossible, to retrieve, as in life, so also in games. It is thus too that games are a useful discipline for life.

But there are other and still higher lessons to be learnt in games. The spirit of subordination and co-operation, the complete authority, the ready obedience, the self-respect and self-sacrifice of the playing-field enter largely into life. If a boy will yield up his coveted place in the Eleven to one whom he recognises as a better player than

himself, or if he will throw away the chance of personal distinction in order that another may distinguish himself, if he shows modesty in success or fortitude in defeat—has he not learnt something which will help him to be a nobler citizen? There is no cricketer worthy of the name, be he boy or man, who does not think more of the Eleven than of himself, and who would not be glad to sacrifice himself if he could so win the victory for his side. Nay, the true sportsman, the true gentleman, will be careful, at whatever cost, to let others have the credit rather than himself. He will, if need be, take the second place, and not the first, as that noble English soldier, Sir James Outram, did in the Indian Mutiny, when he generously surrendered to his junior officer, Sir Henry Havelock, the honour of relieving Lucknow, and himself served in a civil capacity under him.

All these are qualities, and others like them, tending to produce what I may perhaps claim as a characteristic of the British race—the power of government; for it is a quality which the race has exhibited in relation to subject peoples at many periods of English history in the many regions of the world where the flag of England flies. From India alone it were possible to draw a hundred instances. Englishmen in India have not perhaps won the affection of the native population. They have been trusted, but they have not always been liked. Yet they have evinced a high administrative capacity. There are parts of India where two or three Englishmen by their mere presence maintain order through vast tracts of country. Their rule is as beneficial as it is efficacious. I remember visiting a part of Rajpootana where one official—a youth whose years cannot much have exceeded twenty-five—was administering famine relief single-handed to a million of starving people; his superiors had died or were invalided, and he stood alone face to face with such a task. But he did not falter, he did not fail, he saved the people from death.

If my country owes a peculiar debt of gratitude to any of her sons, it is to those officials, whether military or civil, who in far parts of the world have, often in spite of neglect, and sometimes of discouragement, sustained the honour of the Empire. I do not think I say too much if I profess that one who has received the education of an English gentleman will not wholly fail, however tight the place may be in which he finds himself, however serious the difficulties to be overcome. When he is put down in the face of duty, he will not lose heart or head, he will know what to do, and he will do it. It is this reserve power lying hidden in the British race which is, I think, the hope of the Empire.

But let me come back once more to the universities and the public schools.

There is a certain sympathy, not the less influential because indefinable, a sort of Freemasonry (if I may use a telling English expression) among all the members of the same school or college, or

was the same university. To have been educated at Oxford or Cambridge, and still more at Eton or Harrow, is a bond of union with all who have been educated there. All the world over, Oxford and Cambridge men, Etonians and Harrovians, are knit together by strong and sacred memories. It has been my fortune in various distant parts of the world to attend dinners and meetings connected with the public schools of which I am a member; and if ever a man living far from home finds himself in difficult circumstances, he may turn for sympathy and help, with an almost certain hope of receiving it, to men to whom he can address an appeal in the name of their common *Alma Mater*.

It has sometimes happened that the old association of school or college has been a strength to Englishmen charged with an onerous and even perilous responsibility. Not many years ago, in the most troublous days of Ireland, that unfortunate country which seems to be at once nearest to and farthest from the heart of the British Empire, the three men who were called to bear the chief burden of Irish administration had all been schoolfellows at Harrow. In still more recent days, the Viceroy, or Governor-General, of India, and the Governors of Bombay and Madras, were men who had all received their education, not only in the same school, but, I think, at the same time in the same house at Eton.

Can it be wrong for me, then, at this point, to insist upon the friendships of school and college as forming not only a charm no less enduring than delightful in the personal life, but a strong element in the elevation of character? Nobody who has spent a part of his life at school or college will fail to appreciate afterwards what he owes to noble friendships there begun. He will know something at least of the admiring gratitude which led a distinguished Englishman long ago to desire that he might be simply described in his epitaph as having been 'the friend of Sir Philip Sidney.'

It is difficult for me, in addressing any but a British audience, to express in adequate words how the varied associations of school life tend to create what I can only call a feeling of School patriotism. The thought of the school becomes an inspiring motive in life. As the descendant of a noble family, so the member of a famous school is lifted above himself by his inherited associations. He shrinks from all that is lowering, he aspires to all that is honest and of good report, for the sake of the school which he loves. It is well then that in the public schools, and to some extent also in the colleges at the universities, the sense of historical continuity should be constantly brought before the minds of the young. There is perhaps an annual commemoration of benefactors. Eminent members of the school, when they come back to the place of their education, are welcomed with signal honour. When one of them attains a high distinction, a holiday is granted to his successors in the school. When one of them passes to his rest,

his memory is honoured by the tolling of the school bell or by some reference to his life in the chapel or the speech-room.

Let me illustrate this obligation of nobility—this ennobling influence of school-life upon Englishmen—by reference to one of those songs which, in not a few schools, but pre-eminently at Harrow, have been written and set to music, to serve like national airs in inspiring or quickening lofty sentiments. At Harrow, when the boys are called over, each of them as he passes the master signifies his presence by the simple words, 'Here, sir.' One of my late colleagues, a richly gifted master, who is now lost to the school, has chosen these words as the motto of a song in which the boys are taught that, whenever duty calls them, be it to effort, or suffering, or even to death, they must not flinch, but must meet it, gladly and cheerfully, with the familiar words of their school-life, 'Here, sir,' on their lips. It was in such a spirit as this that the young Etonian soldier at Laing's Nek in Natal, breathing the prayer *Floreat Etona,* 'May Eton flourish!' laid down his life.

And now I can bring this lengthy lecture to an end.

Education, whether in Great Britain or in Japan, is all preparatory to after-life. The test of an educational system is not what the pupils are, or how they acquit themselves at fifteen or nineteen or twenty-two or twenty-five years of age, but how they behave as men in private and public affairs. So to discipline them that they may do well in the battle of life is the end of all teaching. Apart, then, from the general linguistic and scientific curriculum of the schools and universities there are various subjects, such as the history of the nation, the growth of the Empire, the worth of imperial sentiment, the relation of labour and capital, the sense of public duty, and even the art of public speaking, which are or ought to be studied by all Englishmen. In late years there has been an effort to quicken the sense of civic duty by familiarising the young in some degree with the aspects of practical philanthropy. Many public schools and colleges have instituted missions—*i.e.* centres of philanthropic and spiritual activity—in crowded cities. On Harrow Hill a memorial tablet reminds successive generations of boys that at the particular spot where it is placed a great Harrovian, the Earl of Shaftesbury, when he had but recently ceased to be a Harrow boy, conceived the idea of devoting his life to the amelioration of the conditions under which the working classes lived and laboured. And so it becomes natural to remark, although I can only just suggest before this audience, that the life of English youth, whether in colleges or in schools, is constantly hallowed by religion. The chapel is the soul of the life. There the boys in a public school meet regularly for worship; there they listen to words of encouragement and exhortation from the masters, from the head-master especially; there they look upon the memorials of their school-fellows who, in the long history of the school, have done noble service,

and perhaps have laid down their lives for their country. For all English education is actuated by the Spirit of Him of whom an ancient English poet has said, that He was

The first true gentleman that ever breathed.

So I have tried to give you a sketch of English education, if only on one of its sides. Great Britain and Japan have many things in common. There have been points of resemblance in their history. There will be yet other such points, if I mistake not, in their destiny. Some of the problems which we have partly solved still await their solution here. I hope you will approach them in the spirit of that imitative originality which chooses the good and leaves what is faulty and wrong. It is a happy fortune in the world to be associated with institutions which are either very old or very new. The civilised world to-day looks with admiration on your achievements. It dreams your dreams with you. For my part, I cannot but cherish the confident hope that the alliance between your country and mine will tend more and more to that end which seems to be the ultimate goal of human history—viz. the intellectual, moral, and at last the spiritual fusion of the races of the East and of the West.

J. E. C. Welldon.

IS 'JOB' A PROBLEM PLAY?

No book in the Canon of Scripture has caused such perplexity, or given to commentators such material for the expression of different explanatory conjectures, as that of 'Job.' It has been defined as a chronicle of fact, a didactic theme, an allegory, an idyl, a speculative treatise on theology, and a dramatic poem. No sooner does the writer agree on his description, than he begins conscientiously to grapple with the difficulties his definition has called into being, and it is generally admitted that we have no satisfactory explanation of 'Job,' and nothing which comes within measurable distance of it.

Yet, underlying all the ripe scholarship which has been brought to bear on this subject, there is always the hint of what appears to me to be the one solution, which I have ventured to put forward in this article. Unfortunately, every critic of the Bible, unless he wishes to be placed outside the pale of orthodoxy and face general discredit, has to saddle himself with a partner in his work of exegesis, and that partner is the Church or sect to which he belongs, or rather, a number of very good, very pious, but very prejudiced members of it. Bible students, therefore, cannot approach the study of the sacred writings with the same open mind with which they approach the literature of any other country. The influence of the partner is at once felt, for there is certain business he will not touch, or allow to be touched.

With this in mind, it is not altogether surprising that we possess nothing in the way of a history of Hebrew drama. Jewish poetry, music, law, architecture have their exponents, but this particular form of literature is left severely alone, so much so that the prevalent idea is that there is no drama to write about. The stage, early in Church history, came into bad repute. Among severely religious people it is in the position of a poor relative who has compromised himself, and the name must not be mentioned in the family.

Yet the drama is all there, waiting for the man who has the time and the courage to give us the book that shall treat of it thoroughly. To suppose that the Jews produced no dramatic literature is, to say the least, an improbable assumption. In the face of facts it is an impossible one. In individuals, as in nations, drama, in some

form or another, is bound to emerge and assert itself, because it is woven into the fabric of our being. Life is drama, and drama is life. Sooner or later the rough facts of things will be seized and lifted by the method of dramatic writing. I do not assert, of course, that in the Bible we have the fulness and peculiar richness of the Athenian theatre, but we have exactly what we have in the early history of Greece, the dramatic element slowly encroaching upon the lyric and epic form, until we have the tragedy of 'Job' and the musical pastoral comedy of 'The Songs of Solomon.'

The higher critics are, generally speaking, agreed as to the date of 'Job,' at all events within a few years. We know, from other sources than Biblical, that it was the age when drama was a spiritual and intellectual force rather than a diversion for jaded and overworked humanity. It was the method for purifying and raising the emotions, and of eliminating the hysterical from life, the channel through which the best thought of the day was communicated to the masses. The theatre in Greece was the arena where matters of religion and philosophy that had got beyond the accepted beliefs, and contradicted received ideas of Divine government, were freely discussed. That is precisely the scheme underlying 'Job,' if we reject the epilogue. The best authorities regard it as spurious. It is an addition and a concession to modern times, and sprang from a desire to make the drama end happily. The dramatic ideal is sacrificed either to popular demand or because the later writer wished to exploit his own views of Divine justice. It shows a terrible falling away from the grandeur of 'Job,' which ends in a tragedy with the words:

I repent in dust and ashes.

And we might say with Shakespeare:

The rest is silence.

The sacred text has it:

The words of Job are ended.

Now we have passed some way on the road to a solution of a problem when we have stated in precise terms the nature and definition of its conditions. By drama, to put it briefly, I mean the conflict of opposing forces. The work of the dramatist is to bring together characters representing divergent aims and tendencies, and to exhibit them in actual collision, in what we call a scene. There must be a unity of purpose in the story, and this must be led up to and elaborated by the dialogue. There must be entanglement and disentanglement, or the resolution of the plot, as it is generally called. A play, for stage purposes, must admit of intelligent people taking the book, associating themselves with the characters, and, by speaking the lines in the order written, telling the complete story. There must be

hints in the way of characterisation, which give the actor an insight into the character he is about to interpret, and the drama must proceed towards *crescendo* until the climax is reached. Pathos, humour, comedy, irony, invective must accompany the development of a plot in a way that will grip the audience by sharp contrast.

Does the Book of Job fulfil these conditions? If so, it is a drama, and by the number of these conditions it complies with, it takes its definite place in dramatic literature, and gives us some idea of its date.

Now let us, with these conditions in mind, examine the purpose and construction of the Book of Job as we have it to-day, more or less complete. The unity of the story is concerned with a problem of human existence, and the problem to be attacked is, 'Why do the religious suffer?' The author opens his story with a device in common use among the early Greek dramatists. He gets to the problem to be exploited at once by means of narration; and, like Æschylus, he adopts the 'simple' as opposed to the 'complex' method of construction. The problem, the ultimate issue, and the mode by which it shall be brought about, are known to the audience from the start, and then, following exactly on Æschylus's lines, the action moves on in one unswerving and impressive channel, while the dialogue is marked by intense life, movement, and dramatic force. He adopts the well-known expedient of Æschylus in bringing his chief antagonists face to face and exposing them to view in the very net of contention, thus imparting to the various situations just such energy and strength as drama, for stage purposes, requires.

The prologue acquaints us with the chief character, Job, and the nature of his calamities. He is depicted as a prosperous Arab sheik, rich in cattle and other possessions, displaying a tender solicitude for the welfare of his family. The scene changes, and we are transported by the poet from the plains of Uz to the halls of heaven, where, like an Oriental sovereign, the Almighty holds His court. The 'sons of God'—*i.e.*, the angels—'come from time to time to report themselves to their Sovereign.'[1] In this scene begins the actual staging of the story. The construction is so much in the nature of a play that half a dozen people, with the Bible in their hands, could represent it without any interference with the text. For modern stage purposes we should have:

SCENE: *The Court of Heaven, discovered the* ALMIGHTY, *angels presenting themselves before* HIM. [*Enter* SATAN.]

GOD. Whence comest thou?
SATAN. From going to and fro in the earth, and walking up and down in it.
GOD. Hast thou considered my servant Job? . . . For there is none like

[1] *Vide* Driver's Introduction to Job.

him in the earth, a perfect and upright man, one that feareth God and escheweth evil.

SATAN. Doth Job fear God for nought? . . . Hast Thou not put a hedge about him, and about his house, and about all that he hath on every side? Thou hast blessed the work of his hands, and his substance is increased in the land. But put forth Thine hand now and touch all that he hath, and he will renounce Thee to Thy face.

GOD. Behold, all that he hath is in thy power; only upon himself put not forth thine hand.

[*Exit* SATAN.]

Here we have a perfect scene, sublime in its simplicity. Change the names and we might be reading from a Greek play. There is an audacious originality in the author's conception of Satan. How it must have fascinated an audience to see the arch-fiend depicted as one of the sons of God, and sneering in the very face of the Almighty! How the dramatic strength is intensified by such audacity, and the knowledge that to the enemy of mankind is given, for the time being, almost unlimited power over a good man! This is the strong dramatic touch exactly of that character which grips a crowd of people. The atmosphere, in few words, is charged with the potentialities of tragedy.

A second time the celestial court is held, and the story is carried on by narrative, still keeping to legitimate dramatic construction. We have Satan, dissatisfied with his efforts, again, under dramatic conditions, receiving permission to afflict Job. In *Hamlet* Shakespeare sought to depict a great deed laid upon a gentle soul unequal to the strain of it. As Goethe puts it: 'An oak tree planted in a costly vase which should have received into its bosom only lovely flowers: the roots spread, but the vase is shivered to pieces.' Job is the Hamlet of the East. We have presented to us a pure, beautiful, idyllic nature, which sinks beneath a burden which it can neither bear nor throw off. Like Hamlet, he turns and winds and agonises, advances and recoils, as he argues out the problem. 'The hero has no plan, and yet the piece is full of plan.' We could easily imagine Job turning on his comforters, who insist that the unfortunate man alone is responsible for his calamities, and saying:

> The time is out of joint: O cursed spite,
> That ever I was born to set it right!

As a matter of fact Job says:

> Let the day perish wherein I was born,
> And the night which said, There is a man child conceived.
> Let that day be darkness:
> Let not God regard it from above.

And it might be Job who says:

> O that this too too solid flesh would melt,
> Thaw and resolve itself into a dew!
> Or that the Everlasting had not fixed
> His canon 'gainst self-slaughter.

And again we have the language, atmosphere, and sentiment of Job:

> How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable
> Seem to me all the uses of this world.—HAMLET.

It would have been interesting to have had Shakespeare's opinion on 'Job' as a drama. His opinion, I feel, would have been a dangerous venture in those days, but there is no doubt in my mind that he helped himself to what he wanted of 'Job' to build up the character and play of 'Hamlet.'

The author of 'Job,' with great daring, but with realistic and human touch, introduces a comedy scene into a situation of surpassing pathos. You have the hero staggering under successive blows, smitten with sore boils and in pitiable condition, and upon this scene come Eliphaz, Bildad, and Zophar. They come, too, with the proclaimed intention of comforting him. The first note of comfort they strike is to announce that he is so altered they do not recognise him. This would scarcely add anything of the nature comforting to Job in his state of mind. He meets this with silence, and very masterly indeed is that silence with which these men regard each other. One appreciates the tension of it all, and the situation is again solemn and impressive. But the master is a genius for light and shade. The men who come to comfort remain to argue that, after all, it is Job's own fault, and in so many words tell him that it serves him right. They are shocked at his language, and at once you are plunged into the debate, and here the author of the drama exploits to the full his problem: 'Why do the righteous suffer?'

The debate is symmetrically planned. We have first one and then another up against Job. All have been trained in a school which taught that afflictions are God's testimony for sin; but Job is conscious that he is not a sinner to the extent of meriting such punishments as have come upon him: hence you have a fine situation. He must hold to a belief which is impossible, or deny the justice of his Maker. Further, that God Who knows him to be innocent punishes him as if he were guilty, and is therefore regardless of justice in the cosmic ordering of things. The author gets his chance now to attack the accepted beliefs of his day, of advancing ideas that are outside popular theology, and he does so with a daring that proceeds on its way building up a strong story.

In the first cycle of speeches his friends occupied themselves with presenting what, we may take it, is the accepted theology of the day, God dispensing to every man according to his morals, not arbitrarily, but with mathematical accuracy, giving each man what he deserves. Therefore, Job in his suffering is the mark of Divine displeasure. What, then, has Job done? They urge him to confess. Job meets this with a denial, and protests his innocence. They imply bluntly

that he is a liar.[1] Here is the dramatist's art in perfection. The audience is admitted into the secret, the actors are not. Any stage-manager who knows anything about his art would say: 'This is good work; this is drama.' The situation is no mere house of cards. All the characters are strong, and the dialogue of each is to the point and vigorous. At the same time there are just those touches which one expects in a play.

The men are no mere puppets repeating speeches. You have real characters of flesh and blood, diverse and of different temperament. Eliphaz is most courteous and inclined to be conciliatory, while maintaining his own position. Bildad is arbitrary and accusing. Zophar is insinuating and provoking. Job is as some philosophic Titan who would scale the height where God is enthroned, and tear away the veil that conceals Him from mortal gaze. The characterisation is excellent, but it is the characterisation of public presentation. Again and again you get expressions which imply hot interruption which would be natural in spoken debate. 'Behold now.' 'Hear it and know it.' 'Be content. Look upon me.' Bildad complains of Job's long speeches—'How long wilt thou speak these things?'; and, again, 'Hold your peace; let me alone'; and 'Suffer me that I may speak.' 'Look straight at me! is it likely I shall lie to your face?' Chap. vi. 28.

Every now and then the high tide of eloquence is broken by some humorous or ironic allusion which only a dramatist would use, and use with the distinct object of providing fresh interest for his audience. Job asks: 'Am I a whale or a sea that thou settest a watch over me?' And there would be a ripple of laughter when Job remarks to his antagonists: 'No doubt but ye are the people, and wisdom will die with you.' And an outburst of merriment when he adds, 'Miserable comforters are ye all.'

From general charges, Job's friends pass on to accuse him of definite sins, which, still arguing *a posteriori*, they are persuaded he must have committed: inhumanity, avarice, abuse of power, the ordinary faults of a wealthy Oriental. Job in reply still insists upon his innocence, but admits that he cannot solve the mystery of God's providence, and that his position is at variance with the belief of the age.

He appeals from the God of cruelty and injustice, whom in his madness he had imagined, to a God of truth and justice Who will vindicate him in heaven, whatever his earthly fate may be. But the gleam of light is transient.[2] It is evident that the author here is throwing upon the argument all the force which the religious philosophy of the age can produce. Driver says it is difficult to find a logical place in Job's argument for chap. xxvii, vv. 12–13, where Job

[1] Notwithstanding my right,
I am accounted a liar. Chap. xxxiv. 6.

[2] Driver.

apparently affirms what he has hitherto consistently denied—viz., that an evil fate does overtake the wicked. Looking at it as Dr. Driver does, the difficulty is insuperable; but if we regard it as a play acted before spectators there is no difficulty at all. In a desperate moment of frenzied despair he could say on a stage and in a play what would not be regarded as a logical sequence in cold narrative.

The same might be said of chapter xxviii., where we have Job's monologue on wisdom, meaning the full intellectual apprehension of the physical and moral order of the world, which he asserts, with convincing and pathetic force, is unattainable by man.

Dr. Gibson remarks (page 141), 'Beautiful and impressive as chap. xxviii. is, it is not easy to see its connection with the speech in which it occurs, or indeed with the poem as a whole.' Perhaps, indeed, if we had only to consider the relation of the chapter to what precedes it in the book, it might be supposed that Job, no longer irritated by the retorts of his friends, has reached a calmer mood; not abandoning the attempt to discover a speculative solution of the perplexities which distract him, finds man's wisdom to consist in the practical fulfilment of the duties of life. Still, as Davidson says (page xxxix.), such contentment, in the face of the problems of history, is very unlike the spirit shown elsewhere by Job; and it is doubtful whether the cessation of his friends' attacks would suffice psychologically to explain it. And an even greater difficulty arises in connection with what follows. If Job has risen to this tranquil temper, how comes it that he falls back (xxx. 20–23) into complainings, and dissatisfaction at not having been justified by God (xxxi. 35)? And, further, if he has reached, by the unaided force of his own meditations, this devout and submissive frame of mind, how is the ironical tone of the Divine speeches (chaps. xxxviii.–xlii. 6) to be accounted for? If he is already resigned to the inscrutability of the Divine ways, how does it need to be again pointed out to him? Or is it possible that the author conceives of Job's tranquil frame of mind as temporary only? There is, however, as just remarked, an imperfect psychological basis even for a temporary recovery of calmness: Job is unmoved by all the arguments of his friends; and no other independent influence, as in chaps. xxxviii.–xxxix., has been brought to bear upon him. The difficulty is very great. Either it seems the chapter, as several recent scholars have supposed, is an independent description of the character and value of wisdom, which does not really belong to the poem of Job; or, if it is an integral part of the poem, we must suppose that the author's psychology is not to be measured by the standard that would be applied to a Western poet; and that he represents Job, in this part of the book, as passing through moods of feeling without what, as judged by Western standards, would be deemed the necessary psychological motives.

Dr. Gibson's criticisms are what one would expect, when Job is treated merely as a poem or a narrative; but if the book be regarded as a play, then these difficulties immediately disappear. We recognise the dramatist's play of light and shade, and his psychological dissection of Job. Doubt and trust alternately chase each other through the mind of the afflicted man. He hovers between heaven and hell—between darkness and light. It is one of those truly great scenes which stamp a work as a thing of genius. To relieve the tension we have here introduced Elihu, and Elihu presents so many difficulties to the commentators that most of them have agreed to regard the Elihu speeches as spurious, 'probably the addition of a later writer who wished to emphasise certain considerations to which he thought sufficient weight had not been attached by the other speakers.'[4]

'Job' regarded as a theological treatise, the character and speeches of Elihu are alike foreign to and destructive of the integrity of the book, and honesty of purpose compels the critics to throw it overboard. The introduction of such a character is not what the ordinary writer would do, but it is just what we would expect a dramatist to do. From his point of view all the characters are consistent, each an agent in unfolding the story, bringing his own distinct peculiarities of thought and feeling which give him a distinct personality. These character touches, which in an ordinary treatise would have been noted in a vague indistinct way, are here narrated with minuteness and with an accurate grip of temporary conditions.

Elihu is the man who would have rejoiced the heart of Socrates, as offering a target for his wit and rapier thrusts. His somewhat self-confident and boisterous manner of comporting himself differs entirely from the bearing of Job and his other antagonists. In Elihu we have manifestly a comedy character, who represents a distinct class of men and school of thought. He is your cock-sure religionist, who has leaped over the boundaries of all knowledge, and has come back to put people right. The Cosmic scheme presents no difficulties to him; everything is as simple as the making of an apple dumpling. He is so true to life that we feel we have met the man. The author of 'Job,' in the character of Elihu, is doing some hard hitting against prevalent methods of thought and argument. I am inclined to think that Elihu represents some self-satisfied theologian whom the author of 'Job' intended to exhibit and provoke ridicule.

Another important point to be considered here is the fact that the author causes Elihu to speak a more decidedly Aramæan dialect than the others. This is very up-to-date proficiency in the art of dramatic technique, which Dr. Davidson sees the force of, but dismisses it as scarcely probable in that early age. But everything had to have a beginning, and the same argument of improbability can be urged against any trick used for the first time. Elihu speaks a dialect

[4] Driver.

of Aramaean, just as Shakespeare occasionally makes a character talk something supposed to be Scotch. It would give a homely touch, and if Elihu be the representation of a real and possibly known character it would be a very realistic touch, but it is the touch of the dramatist. We recognise it again, too, in the professed modesty of his opening words, as compared with no small opinion of himself which he exhibits later. There is, too, something amusing about his introduction to this scene. He is, it would appear, a bystander who has nothing to do with the disputants, and the author gives him as an example of that particular class of people . . . 'who rush in where angels fear to tread.' Words flow from his eloquent mouth with all the captivating ardour of youth :

> Mark well, O Job, hearken unto me :
> Hold thy peace, and I will speak.
> Hold thy peace, and I will teach thee wisdom.

This from a youth who professes modesty and respect for years is delightful, and in representation must have caused intense enjoyment to the audience.

In the midst of Elihu's bold eloquence, there is suddenly heard the murmur of the rising storm, and the first clap of thunder, and the man who is shouting,

> I have yet to speak on God's behalf,

and claiming to be His representative in a special way, suddenly shows abject terror at the sound of what is held to be his Master's voice, and you have him saying,

> my heart trembleth
> And leapeth up out of its place.

How this would tickle the audience may well be imagined. We see the value of it from a stage point of view. In the sudden demoralisation of Elihu at this growl from the heavens, you have his gentle punishment for his officious interference.

So far, the problem has been debated without mercy or quarter, and the situation has been strongly held up. The resolution of the entanglement is not in sight. The audience get the first hint of it in the murmur of the rising storm. Their thoughts go back to the prologue, and they know the solution must come by means of Divine intervention. There is a delicacy of handling here which calls for special notice. In the prologue you have the Almighty speaking—among immortals to immortals. The author feels the difficulty of producing God upon a stage, so he causes the Divine voice to be heard from the midst of the storm. If 'Job' were merely a speculative treatise, or a story of rural and patriarchal religious life and thought, all these stage devices would be quite unnecessary.

The resolution of the drama is planned and executed with a large-

[illegible] of design, a depth of purpose, a poetical imagery to which it [illegible] be difficult to find any parallel. Although from the opening [illegible] are expecting the *Deus ex machina*, yet when it does come it is [illegible]expected, and the general effect is to impress the mind with a sense [illegible] unapproachable power and majesty. In a way the problem is never [illegible]ved, and yet it is answered for all time. The question is lifted to [illegible] higher atmosphere, the equation is stated in other terms, the relative [illegible]sition of things is defined in an elevation of treatment profound and [illegible]ving.

We have a series of searching questions which are addressed to [illegible]b, and to the hearts of all, actors and spectators alike. Each [illegible]estion is a blow of the master artist, driving his chisel into the [illegible]w marble which shall presently reveal the figure to be, and Job [illegible]mes out of the ordeal changed, because he sees things in a new [illegible]ht. Each humiliating answer he gives marks his way of progress, [illegible]moves the films from his eyes, and then we have passing before Job [illegible]e 'panorama of creation exemplifying not only the wonders of [illegible]animate nature, the earth, the sea, and the heavens, but also the [illegible]tonishing variety of instincts and powers possessed by the animal [illegible]eation.'[5] The infinite resources of the Divine intelligence are flashed [illegible]pon the mind of Job, and he is ironically invited to take God's [illegible]ace in the universe. Earlier in the drama Job expresses his desire [illegible] meet God in argument, the wish is granted,[6] and we can only say [illegible]hat a scene for an actor! What a magnificent object lesson it must [illegible]ve been for the times!

Now as to the date of 'Job.' It must have been written in times [illegible]hich admitted of some speculation in matters theological. The first [illegible]eethinker, I use the word in the Academic sense, was Solomon, so [illegible] must have been later than his day, and by someone who is well [illegible]quainted with the Poet-King's writings. That it was written by [illegible]oses must be dismissed. The man who said 'the sins of the fathers [illegible]all be visited upon the children unto the third and fourth genera[illegible]on' made an *ex parte* statement which could not have come from the [illegible]an who conceived the lofty conception of God as we have it in [illegible]ob.' The dialogue is conceived in a spirit of what may be termed [illegible]hilosophic contradiction to the Mosaic view of things. The chief [illegible]rgument in favour of the older date is the setting of the story in [illegible]atriarchal, pastoral times; but this very reason furnishes an addi[illegible]onal argument that it was written as a play. The author naturally [illegible]ould place so daring a theme in an age and atmosphere different [illegible]om present day, just as a modern writer might work out a problem [illegible]ith the men and women of, say, Stuart days. To attempt to fix a [illegible]ate by the setting is very much like judging the age of a picture by [illegible]e frame. Dr. Driver fixes the date about 538 B.C. I venture to [illegible]ink it is even later, for the man who wrote 'Job' admits that he

[5] Driver.   [6] Chap. ix. 35; xxxi. 35; xiii. 22; xxiii. 3–7.

gathered his illustrations and material from different corners of the world (chap. xii.) and various grades of society. The age of Solomon was a commercial one, and had opened up the West to the Hebrews. This eventually would bring them into touch with Greek literature. At all events, by 538 B.C. the Greek drama was fairly well established. Æschylus was born in 525 B.C., and it is quite possible that Æschylus drew from Job, or Job from Æschylus. The indications are many, but the construction of the sacred drama is more after the style of Sophocles. The art with which the author of the well-devised dialogue of 'Job' enhances the value of philosophic argument over a narrow assertion of dogma points to a later date than 538 B.C. If the reader will turn up his copy of the 'Electra' of Euripides he will find the identical construction that he finds in 'Job.' The two dramas open in precisely the same way. In the dialogue of Orestes you get such expressions.

> ORESTES. Then let me urge my plea, and oh, forgive me,
> If I seem tedious—grief is fond of words.
> ELECTRA. Why should I tell thee what thine eyes behold?

The characteristics of the dialogue suggestive of 'Job' are many, and so marked in their identity, one might be quoting from 'Job.'

> In Æschylus it is the unrelenting power of fate, the justice of Providence, the effect of crime and wickedness that form the keynote of every scene, and the purpose of Æschylus is not, like that of other dramatists, to analyse the complex machinery of the human mind, but to reveal the relation in which men stand to the universal order of things, and to teach them how to read the mysterious decrees of destiny, and adjust their actions to the will of Providence.[7]

Omit 'Æschylus,' and insert 'Job,' and every word of this passage is true of the sacred writer. There is no doubt in my own mind that the author was acquainted with the work of the Greek dramatists, and that he was inspired by them to conceive his splendid problem in the form of drama.

In this opinion, I am pleased to say, I have the support of one bishop, though I only learnt it after the notes of this article were put together. But those who know the cold suspicion, and worse, to which a clergyman is subjected if he venture to think for himself, will appreciate the measure of comfort I derive from this episcopal support. True, my bishop has been dead nearly fifteen hundred years; but, fortunately for me, his opinion is preserved.

Theodore, Bishop of Mopsuestia, in Cilicia, who made a great name for himself in the Antiochean school of exegesis, appears to have been remarkable for his fearless handling of the Canon of Scripture. Certainly he gave a friendly lead to the higher critics of his day. He believed that Job was a real person, but he characterises the book as 'fiction written in imitation of the dramas of the heathen by an author

[7] Haigh, *The Tragic Drama of the Greeks.*

familiar with the Greek wisdom.' The dialogue in the prologue, between God and Satan, Theodore regards as offensive. He is very much upset to find in the Septuagint version from which the bishop derived his knowledge of Job, that the patriarch had named his third daughter 'Horn of Amalthea.'[6] Such a name, he is sure, shows the author's love for heathen mythology, for what should an Idumean know of Jupiter, Juno, and the heathen gods? he asks. Dr. Cheyne fixes the date of Job about 500 B.C. However, the characterisation of Satan points to a later period, but the pursuit of indications of later date are not essential to this article.

The only thing wanting in this drama, and it shows the Hebrew deficiency, is the female character. A woman is introduced and she makes one remark, but a woman to be noticed in Jewish literature has to be altogether an extraordinary example of her sex. As a rule she ranked with the ox and the ass. In the tragedies of Æschylus, female characters, with the exception of Clytæmnestra, play an unimportant part. Dramas which seek to give a revelation of religious truth do not require passion as a motive. In 'Job,' certainly, the introduction of love would have taken attention from the grand theme the author sets out to exploit. Aristophanes in the 'Frogs,' taunts Æschylus with this omission, and remarks that he had 'little of the goddess of love in his composition.'

The objections which might be urged against the theory I am putting forward are trivial and unimportant. Is it not loosening the foundations of belief to assert that a book like 'Job' is an effort of imagination, rather than the narrative of facts? My reply is—Does it lessen the value of Christ's parables to know they are allegories, a method of teaching peculiar to the East? Why should a drama be considered an impossible channel for Divine precepts to reach the hearts and minds of men?

My attention has been called to the absence of stage resources in the way of scenery. One notices the same lack in the plays of Æschylus, Euripides, and Sophocles. The fact is, the early dramatists obtained their effects without scenery. They depended entirely upon the human voice, the action and dialogue, with, of course, the addition of music. The treatment of such lofty moral and religious themes required as little of the world as possible. The stage carpenter was not the man of importance that he is to-day, though the producer, in the real dramatic sense of the word, was. The author of 'Job,' like the Greek writers, endeavoured to inspire the mind rather than deceive the senses. The actual catastrophes take place off the stage, it will be noticed, and are reported by a messenger. We observe the same construction in Euripides.

Briefly, to sum up. The theory that 'Job' was written as a drama

[6] Job xlii. 13, 14, Keren-happuch. The Septuagint renders this *cornu copia*, horn of plenty.

is the natural explanation of a puzzle; and so admirably is it constructed that it could be put into rehearsals to-morrow without requiring a tithe of the 'touching up' given to plays by up-to-date writers. The actor-manager who has the ability and the courage to present 'Job,' who has sufficient of the religious instinct to get every ounce of strength out of 'Job's' glorious lines, for him there is awaiting a great artistic success, and, I venture to add, an eager and appreciative public.

FORBES PHILLIPS.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY AND MR. MARCONI

NOT many weeks since a grave statesman, with the care of a great British Colony on his shoulders, sat at a table in a modest cabin on an ocean liner, in mid-Atlantic, a thousand miles on his way from England to America. Before him was a small telegraphic instrument. He had begun life (and was proud of the fact) as a telegraph officer, and the old skill had not deserted him; but never had he expected to send messages from a rapidly moving ship. A few taps; and, as he rose, his two despatches were being deciphered in London, to be presently delivered. They were addressed to the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Postmaster-General, urging them forthwith to establish penny postage to the United States; and the sender was Sir Joseph Ward, Premier of New Zealand. Both the occasion and the matter of these communications seem to me noteworthy and interesting. Thanks to genius that has laboured patiently while we slept, every great ship is all through a voyage in full communication with the shore—the world is one vast whispering gallery.

OUR BULWARKS ON THE DEEP

A few months ago Mr. Balfour acknowledged that communication was maintained, by means of wireless telegraphy, between the Admiralty and each squadron and lonely cruiser on the 'waste of waters' from Plymouth to Gibraltar, Malta, Suez, and dotted over the stormy Atlantic. Every time the sun rises our isolated warships, invisible one from the other, exchange a cordial 'Good morning.' Mr. Wilson, in a recent account of naval warfare (happily only a wild romance), has impressively pictured the scene on the British flagship, leading England's hastily massed fleets to destroy an invading force, as 'strange' wireless messages come in from beyond the horizon betokening the unsuspecting foes' approach. By this potent influence the striking power of our admirals has been incalculably reinforced, and it becomes safe for an economic Government to take off two and a half millions from the Navy Estimates. I wonder if any dignified

official, or fervent orator, or gifted poet, will say a word of graceful acknowledgment to the retiring, secluded worker and inventor, whose existence is only manifested from time to time by some new and blinding flash of beneficent discovery!

The 'Alien' Objection

It is curious that a man so amiable, unobtrusive, and gentle as Mr. Marconi should excite such widespread jealousy and animosity. I say 'Mr.' Marconi. It is the custom of his rivals to emphasise his semi-Italian origin by describing him as 'Signor Guglielmo' Marconi, just as Napoleon's enemies always spelt his name 'Buonaparte.' We thankfully accept, however, the benefit of discoveries by Signori Galvani and Volta, without taunting them as compatriots of Cæsar, Dante, and Garibaldi. I do not dwell on the facts that his mother is an Irish lady, that he married an Irish lady, and that he speaks our language and loves our institutions like a native, though these considerations would go a long way in the United States. His claim to be regarded as one of us is based on the splendid scientific achievements which he has dedicated primarily to our service, achievements which would do honour to the purest patriot of our country.

German Feeling

American scientists dislike Mr. Marconi, not exactly because he has succeeded where they have failed, but because he is a 'foreigner.' German statesmen, on the other hand, fully admitting his success, object to him as being among the most dangerous of Englishmen. In a note intended to stir up the Washington Government against him, the German Minister writes: 'The efforts of the English Marconi Company to secure for its system of wireless telegraphy a world monopoly become apparent.' We all know that the German people are our very good friends; and the Kaiser, as is natural, the best of all. But we also know that in connection with German commercial competition (to which we have no sort of objection, for the world is surely large enough for both) they are served by a Government trained in the Bismarckian school of diplomacy, preserving perhaps the forms of fair dealing, but essentially hostile to our commercial and maritime success and employing every legitimate means to compete with it. Some ten years ago the German Professor Slaby came over with high recommendations to see Mr. Marconi, as one scientist visits another. After spending a week in learning all that had been done and requesting to be kept informed of further improvements, he returned to Germany, and made arrangements with the Allgemeine Electricitäts Gesellschaft for a competing wireless agency company. The visit, however, was paid, and the company formed, too late.

The Marconi Company had practically covered the navigable world with its stations; every warship of importance in the British and Italian navies carried its instruments; sixteen shipping lines, including the North German Lloyd, adopted them; and the belated Gesellschaft had but one resource—to fall back on its Government.

A Ring Round England

The Wilhelm Strasse promptly rose to the occasion. In 1903 invitations were issued to a conference to be held in Berlin on wireless telegraphy. Notes were sent round alleging that England, through the Marconi Company, designed 'to obtain a monopoly in wireless telegraphy similar to that which she had of the cables, and calling upon foreign Powers to assist in overthrowing, or in preventing the establishment of this monopoly.' At the conference the German president 'urged that in the interest of the world's shipping there should be intercommunication between all systems of wireless telegraphy, that any "wireless" ship or coast station should be compelled to accept messages from any ship, irrespective of the wireless system employed.' Translated into plain English, this means 'that Marconi-rigged ships and stations should be compelled to accept messages from those Slaby rigged, irrespective of the fair start acquired at an immense expenditure of time, labour, and capital, by the Marconi Company.' In other words, it is proposed to annex British capital and property for the advantage of Germany. In October a second conference on this question is to assemble in Berlin, when most determined action may be expected on the part of Germany. One might allow for preliminary attempts to 'nobble' States with small maritime interests. But, as the Marconi system is the one adopted in the British Navy, one may sincerely trust that our own Government has not, as is alleged, a leaning towards tame surrender of the national interests.

This is the first time since the Congress of Vienna, in 1814, that a European council has been called to deal with one man. In 1814 the hunters were deliberating on the partition of the bear's skin, when a roar from escaped bruins scattered them. I do not like to compare John Bull to a bear; but he certainly would not quietly submit to be flayed alive. One is also reminded of the consultation at which the Lilliputians resolved to tie down the sleeping Gulliver with pack-threads; or of the infant giant Gargantua, who was tied in his cradle to prevent him from attending a banquet of his elders, at which nevertheless he appeared, to the amazement of the guests, carrying the cradle still bound to his back. Mr. Marconi is believed to have wonderful things in reserve, and it is by no means safe to regard him as an exhausted Leyden jar, which may be handled with impunity.

The Magician

The formidable personage who has agitated all the Chancelleries is not yet thirty-three. He was born at Villa Griffone, near Bologna, in 1874, and was educated at Leghorn, under Professor Rosa, and at Bologna University, under Professor Righi. At the early age of four or five budding invention displayed itself, to the dismay of his mother, in the manufacture from wild berries of an excellent ink, so excellent that his white summer clothes were permanently 'marked,' for which feat he was scolded. In 1888 the late lamented Professor Heinrich Hertz demonstrated that a disruptive (spark) discharge of electricity causes electro-magnetic waves to radiate in all directions through the ether, exactly as waves radiate from the spot where a stone falls in still water. (The ether, I may remind unscientific readers, is a convention for the medium of transmission of energy, and is assumed to permeate all space and all matter.) The Hertzian waves travel with the same velocity as light, and would go eight times round the world in a second. With like rapidity the idea of utilising them for telegraphy darted through the minds of many students of electricity, among others young Marconi, men of world-wide fame like Oliver Lodge, Sir W. Preece, Professor Branly (inventor of the metallic filings tube afterwards named a coherer by Sir O. Lodge), Professor Langley, Professor Slaby, and others. But little progress was made. The problem was a double one, how to transmit energy to a distance, and how to devise a receiver sensitive enough to be affected by it; and the difficulties were largely of a mechanical character. The cable company shareholder, who had trembled at Hertz's discovery, smiled as year after year rolled by without practical application of it, and continued to draw his 15 per cent. dividend in peace. Sir W. Preece (one of the ablest scientists ever employed in the public service) succeeded, by means of an induced current (not the Hertzian wave) in telegraphing several miles without a connecting wire. So far back, indeed, as 1844 Professor Morse had telegraphed without wires under the Susquehanna River; and in 1854 that remarkable genius, the late James Bowman Lindsay, whom, like the Ayrshire Genius of Song, Scotland sadly neglected, patented an invention for telegraphing through water without wires. He actually sent a message two miles. It is pleasant to note that Mr. Marconi early made a pilgrimage to Dundee, in token of homage to this humble man of science, who had died before his brilliant successor was born. Now, in the eighties there was a popular Irish member, with the proportions of Falstaff, and the voice of Stentor. When at still midnight he stood in St. Stephen's portico, and roared 'Four Wheeler!' he was heard at a distance which it would have defied our experimenters in wireless telegraphy to cover. They had failed.

THE SOLUTION

Meanwhile, Marconi had been working indefatigably, with one device after another, on his father's estate; and in 1895 he attained complete success, and at once patented his invention in Italy. Dr. Slaby says in his work: 'Marconi . . . has thus first shown how . . . telegraphy was possible.' In May 1896 the inventor came to England, and took out a patent (No. 12,039 of 1896); a similar patent being secured in the principal foreign countries. He introduced his system to the British Post Office through Sir W. Preece, Engineer-in-Chief of Telegraphs, who very handsomely admitted its merit, and even lectured upon it. In the first place Marconi, at the House of Commons, telegraphed across the Thames, 250 yards. In June 1897 he covered nine miles, in July twelve miles; in 1898 (to France) thirty-two miles; and finally in 1901, 3,000 miles. In 1898, during the confinement of the Prince of Wales (now King) to his yacht through an accident, communication was maintained between the Prince and his royal mother, at Osborne, by means of the Marconi apparatus. We can picture the venerable Sovereign, towards the close of a long reign that had witnessed so many vicissitudes and perils, due to the widely scattered nature of her dominions, conscious that she was bequeathing to her successor an Empire on the inconstant waves, one that hung, as in 1805, on the maintenance of communication with a distant admiral; we can picture her, I say, looking out on the sea for the first time without fearing it; with a full and grateful heart, and a kindly thought for the boyish inventor who had pointed the trident of Britannia with electric fire!

DEVELOPMENTS

Soon the Trinity House obtained an installation between the East Goodwin Lighthouse, which at once proved of practical value in preventing shipwrecks. The Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company, formed in 1897, signed agreements for the erection of coast stations with the Italian, Canadian, and Newfoundland Governments, and with Lloyd's (Lloyd's undertaking to adopt the Company's apparatus exclusively for fourteen years). Sixteen great shipping lines, including the North German Lloyd and Hamburg-America, use the system, and stations have been erected in suitable positions all over the world. All the fitted ships maintain a busy correspondence *en route*, with land and with each other; and one vessel sends and receives some 15,000 words between port and port. Some of them publish a daily paper, containing the latest news from shore. Financiers direct their businesses from mid-Atlantic; invalids send bulletins to anxious friends. There is now, by agreement with the Board of Trade, a set of installations in lightships round the coast; and the spectre of fog

no longer haunts the captain's bridge. The Post Office accepts wireless messages to and from any fitted ship. Helpless, disabled, driven into remote seas, the mariner feels that he is never out of reach of sympathy and aid.

RIVALRIES

We now reach the thorniest section of our survey. As might have been expected, it was not long before rival inventors began to patent competing systems, some of which are undoubtedly workable and efficient. By the Wireless Telegraphy Act, 1904, the Post Office controls the establishment of stations, for which its licence must be obtained. There are four serious competitors with the Marconi Company—namely, the German Telefunken Company, using the Braun-Siemens and Slaby-Arco inventions; the American National Electric Signalling Company, operating the Fessenden system; the American De Forest Company; and the British Lodge-Muirhead Wireless Syndicate. Without pretending to any scientific qualifications for discriminating, I may say that each claims some peculiar advantage. The Telefunken system is patronised by Germany and other Continental States; the Fessenden is the cheapest to establish and work; the De Forest was distinguished by the *Times* using it in the Russo-Japanese conflict; and the Lodge-Muirhead, besides boasting the great name of the Principal of Birmingham University, is said to be the favourite of the British military authorities. 'Now why,' the good-natured reader will ask—'why should not all five work harmoniously together?' Why should not the Marconi Company, which has the stations, and has devoted all its revenue for years to perfecting wireless telegraphy, accept messages from one and all of the seventy-three systems perfected without being coerced by a congress? The answer is, first, that it is practically impossible. After long toil and heavy expense, Mr. Marconi invented a means of securing the privacy of messages by 'tuning' transmitter and receiver to the same 'wave-length.' If the hostile admiral whose 'strange' messages Mr. Wilson describes our admiral as receiving knew our ethereal cipher, he could mislead and destroy our fleets without difficulty. How can a station operator cope with seventy-three ciphers? The pointsman at Clapham Junction would have a comparatively easy task compared to this. Moreover, not only would the Berlin Conference annex our naval secrets, and the hard-earned property and pre-eminence of a British firm, but valuable patent rights would be thrown into hotchpot, and the wireless transmitting business would be carried on by a motley multitude of untrained shipping hands.

A SUGGESTION

If speech had only just been invented, we should certainly choose to have one universal tongue rather than seventy-three. We have already one practically universal and admittedly perfect wireless system; why displace it? Let me repeat, I do not presume to question the scientific eminence of Marconi's competitors or the merit of their inventions. But we are in presence of an accomplished fact. Nobody denies that the Marconi system is at least as good as any, the only one doing practical work, and it has established itself legally. To attack it is to attack the venerable principle distinguishing *meum* from *tuum*. Marconi was the pioneer and first brought wireless messages into practical daily use. Lawyers and diplomatists are bound to come to loggerheads over this matter; and if a layman, ignorant of diplomacy, may venture a suggestion in the character of pacificator, it is this: Let an International Commission be appointed by the Conference, including twelve great electricians, and let the use of valuable improvements which Mr. Marconi's competitors may have devised be leased at a handsome figure to the Marconi Company. That Company even now is willing, in time of war, or in case of danger to any vessel whatever, at any time, to do its best to receive and transmit messages sent or required by vessels fitted with apparatus other than its own. He would be morally bound, if confined in its present position, to accept any reasonable rules and conditions unanimously adopted by the Conference. Whether this suggestion be welcomed or rejected, it is as well that the British people should clearly understand what and whose interests are at stake in the forthcoming Conference.

MEMORABLE MESSAGES

I cannot conclude without alluding to one or two interesting incidents in what one may call the Marconi Epic. What figure in the 'Æneid' is more heroic, in the classical sense, than that of the silent youth, sitting at noon on the 12th of December, 1901, in a room at the old barracks on Signal Hill, near St. John's, Newfoundland? By arrangement his assistants at the Poldhu (Cornwall) station were to telegraph across the Atlantic Ocean the letter S on the Morse Code, represented by three dots, for certain hours each day. On the table was the sensitive receiving apparatus, supplemented for the sake of absolute certainty by a telephone receiver. A wire led out of the window to a huge kite, which the furious wind held 400 feet above him. (One kite and a balloon had been carried out to sea.) He held the telephone receiver to his ear for some time. The critical moment had come for which he had long laboured, for which his 300 patents had prepared the way, for which his Company had erected the costly power station at Poldhu. His face, watched by his assistant, showed

no sign of emotion. Suddenly there sounded the sharp click of the ting 'tapper' as it struck the 'coherer,' showing that somethin was coming. After a short time, Mr. Marconi handed the telephone receiver to his companion: 'See if you can hear anything, Mr. Kemp.' 'A moment later,' says the writer of a picturesque account of this scene, 'faintly, and yet distinctly and unmistakably, came the three little clicks—the dots of the letter S, tapped out an instant before, in England.' The victory over ocean and space and Nature was won! But not yet over man; for the Anglo-American Cable Company at once served him with an injunction to discontinue his experiments at Newfoundland, as constituting an infringement of their monopoly; an unconscious tribute which the inventor valued more than all the congratulations that poured in upon him. When I think of his ordeal in that little room, with the winter winds raging around, I am reminded of another patient, unconquerable figure, standing, in 1492, on the storm-swept poop of a Spanish ship, with the western gale beating in his teeth and the curses of his crew sounding in his ears. Columbus, too, was an Italian.

The writer may be excused for recalling with special pleasure the fact that on the 16th of July, 1906, the first wireless message was sent across Bass's Straits from the Australian mainland to Tasmania. But, after the eloquent S message whispered across the Atlantic, perhaps the most striking feat was the receipt in October last of a 'Marconigram' from England on H.M.S. *Renown*, escorting the Prince and Princess of Wales to India, at the entrance of the Suez Canal—a message which crossed alps, mountains, and cities of Europe.

The following was the first 'official' wireless despatch sent across the Atlantic on the 19th of January, 1903, from Massachusetts by Mr. Roosevelt:

To his Majesty King Edward the Seventh, London.—In taking advantage of the wonderful triumph of scientific research and ingenuity which has been achieved in perfecting the system of wireless telegraphy, I express on behalf of the American people the most cordial greetings and good wishes to you and all the people of the British Empire.

The *Daily Telegraph* publishes every morning an elaborate Marconi wireless weather report from every port of the Atlantic; so that ships entering a storm zone may be warned from London.

Before concluding, I venture to express a hope that I have written impartially, as I intended. That I have assigned the palm to Mr. Marconi is no proof of unfairness, for no unprejudiced person studying the facts could do otherwise. In self-justification I would quote the words of the American (U.S. Circuit Court) Judge Townsend in a patent action last year:

It would seem, therefore, to be a sufficient answer to the attempts to belittle Marconi's great invention that, with the whole scientific world

awakened by the disclosures of Hertz in 1887 to the new and undeveloped possibilities of electric waves, nine years elapsed without a single practical or commercially successful result, and Marconi was the first to design and the first to achieve the transmission of definite intelligible signals by means of these Hertzian waves.

There is no such thing as absolute originality in any field of human activity. Rowland Hill was greatly surprised to hear that another Hill had written in Cromwell's time a pamphlet advocating Penny Postage (a copy of which is in the British Museum). But it was Rowland who carried the reform, against bitter opposition. Just as a great book embodies the collective wisdom of preceding writers, and fuses it into priceless gems of truth, so a great inventor, interpreting a fact here and an idea there, deciphers one of Nature's grand secrets, and unfolds the scroll for the benefit of his fellows.

Let me once more express an earnest hope that the fruits of so much genius and labour will not be lightly sacrificed by this great country at the bidding of rapacious foreign Governments.

The Future of Wireless Telegraphy

May I be allowed to sum up one or two considerations as to the probable influence of wireless telegraphy on the future of our race?

In the first place a severance of communication with any part of the earth—even the Antipodes—will henceforth be impossible. Storms that overthrow telegraph posts, and malice that cuts our cables, are impotent in the all-pervading ether. An explorer like Stanley in the tropical forest, or Geary amid ice-fields, will report daily progress in the *Times*. Every wandering tramp-steamer will have its wireless spar, and will be in constant touch with vessels that dot the ocean all about it. Sir William Preece's dream of signalling to Mars may (say by utilising Niagara for the experiment) yet be realised.

A governing fact is the cheapening of the new force. Everything essential to human happiness is cheap—air, water, the bountiful fruits of the earth—and electricity is no exception. Hitherto the cost of wires has kept this blessing from the bulk of mankind. Already the Marconi Company (in a letter which I possess) offers to telegraph to India at half the present rates, and Mr. Marconi promises messages to America at a penny a word. The speed attained is twenty-five (or with two sets of apparatus, fifty) words per minute.

For some time wireless telegraphy will not replace wire and cable systems. But it will supplement and cheapen them, coming to their aid and the aid of humanity in case of mishap; and meanwhile cutting down rates.

Our ultimate ideal must be instantaneous electrical communication with every man on earth, ashore or afloat, at a cost within the

reach of everyone. To profit from this human necessity is as wrong as it would be to tax speaking or walking. It follows that all the machinery of the world's communications should belong to the State. Let our Government rise to the occasion and buy up all the British Cables and Wireless Company's shares at the market price of the day on which this Review appears. Whether this suggestion will please those companies I know not. I have no pecuniary interest in any; my one thought is, as it always has been, to secure the best, cheapest, and most widely available communication between man and man.

J. Henniker-Heaton.

'THE INSULARITY OF THE ENGLISH' AND IMPERIAL FEDERATION

ANOTHER COLONIAL VIEW

'To a Colonial on a voyage of exploration amongst the elder civilisations of the globe, nothing offers a more fascinating interest than a study of the surviving racial characteristics of the English stock, from which we, the newer English, have sprung.'[1] These are the words of Mr. A. H. Adams, a New Zealander, in his article on the insularity of the English. After two years' residence at Oxford, and travel in many counties of England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales, and in several Continental countries, I would rather write: 'To a Rhodes scholar on a visit to the home of his fathers, nothing offers a more fascinating interest than a study of those distinguishing racial characteristics that have built up the basis of freedom and sanity on which the newer Colonial nationality may flourish.'

The former writer, illustrating his arguments with references to the climate, food, education and social life of this country, tries to show that the English and Colonials are now racially distinct, and that the Colonials are superior. His conclusion is that union is impossible between England and the Colonies, except as an alliance of distinct nationalities. With many statements that are brought forward one may heartily agree, but with the conclusion reached, and with the superior tone of the article, most Colonials will be quite out of sympathy. The following comments on his article in the chief paper[2] of his native town will amuse English readers:

> The April number of 'The Nineteenth Century' has an article by Arthur H. Adams, an old Otago boy, holding up the mirror to the forty millions of home-grown British people for the purpose, amiable but hopeless, of showing them what poor degraded people they are. The home-grown Englishman is a stay-at-home, a stick-in-the-mud, inhabiting a tiny archipelago which limits his whole mental outfit, gives him a coast-bound mind, restricts him to the most rudimentary ideas of travel, forbids him to emerge from that earlier evolutionary stage in

[1] *The Insularity of the English: A Colonial View.* Arthur H. Adams. *The Nineteenth Century*, April 1906.

[2] *Otago Daily Times*, Dunedin.

which man is a vegetable rooted to one spot. How much wider his outlook on life had he been favoured with the privileges of Arthur H. Adams!

Let us examine some of his statements. The English climate is, to say the least of it, trying. 'Three London fogs would kill a healthy Queenslander,' he writes; but is the comparison fair? Three Queensland heat waves would certainly kill the majority of Londoners. Has not that very survival of the fittest, to which Mr. Adams refers, created a race that can laugh at Nature?

To be personal, my first winter in Oxford was trying to health and depressing to spirits. The second was neither; I hope the third will be positively exhilarating. Oxford has about as dull a climate as can be found in England; yet the Master of Balliol, Professor E. Caird, of whom none would say that 'climate had dimmed his life' or 'emaciated his mental outlook,' declares that his health is never so good as at Oxford. The English climate is far from perfect, but surely it would be difficult to prove that it is detrimental to national intellect!

What irony, too, for a Colonial to carp at an Englishman as a 'ruddy, ponderously built product of centuries of meat-feeding.' In Australia it is too hot to eat much meat, or even much food, but can a New Zealander from the land of 'Prime Canterbury' owe his racial characteristics to abstemiousness in meat? The shearer, whose habit it is never to eat his mutton cold, but to have a fresh hot joint for every meal, will eat more meat this century than his ancestors have eaten in the last two, and, if Mr. Adams' statements are justifiable, where will our poor New Zealand be then?

But these things are accidents of environment: his real quarrel is with the educational system of this country as typified in Oxford, and with the social life in the homes from which Oxford men come. He is horrified because Oxford teaches 'tone,' while the New Zealand University does not.

'Questions of "tone," of demeanour, of manners and dress do not enter into the New Zealand curriculum.' Taking New Zealand first, as a graduate of the New Zealand University I cannot agree that the 'University has but one purpose, the teaching of useful knowledge.' Is his paraphrase of 'useful knowledge' for 'sound learning' quite just? Although from force of circumstances most Colonial students undertake a course of study primarily to fit themselves better for winning a livelihood, few, if any, do not hope and believe that their studies and the college life will give them a culture which they could not otherwise attain. Does not the movement for residential colleges, so much afoot in New Zealand at present, show that the want of this culture is felt? Does not the keen competition for the Rhodes Scholarship show that the students themselves appreciate the value of the Oxford system? Does not the frequent election of English

graduates to the Professorial Chairs of the various Colonial colleges show that the governing bodies are alive to the same need? Are there not in New Zealand two successful secondary schools, modelled on the English public schools, which can draw boys from all parts of the country simply from their reputation for tone? Questions of tone, of demeanour, of manner and dress—in short, of that unique type called the English gentleman—do not in themselves enter into the Oxford curriculum; and what is more, they do not enter in an inordinate degree into the mind of the undergraduate. There are snobs at Oxford, as elsewhere, and perhaps more than elsewhere, and it is the misfortune of Oxford to be judged in the Colonies by these aberrant types. But for a healthy full life, under favourable formative influences, there is nothing to come up to the two English Universities. The wonderful thing is that the tone, the distinctive qualities that make 'an Oxford man' (and the same naturally applies to Cambridge), come all unconsciously. One recognises a something in the other men that one does not recognise in oneself. This 'spirit' may be due to the old world-surroundings, to the association with the wise men of the past and present, or to the intercourse and shoulder-rubbing with one's fellows, probably in some degree to all. But it comes to everyone who lives the ordinary undergraduate life, unless he be by nature a cad.

Mr. Adams' remarks on the Indian Civil Service show a lack of appreciation and sympathy for some of England's greatest unknown statesmen which can only excite wonder in those who, like the writer, number Indian civilians of the past, the present, and the future among their best friends.

'Oxford,' he continues, 'crushes out individuality.' 'There are brilliant men in Oxford, but they are all brilliant in the same way.' One is tempted to speculate whether this typical brilliance Mr. Adams condemns is not merely a specially bright side of the Oxford 'tone' he deprecates, and the lack of individuality he deplores merely a want of 'push' and 'cheek,' which he would like Englishmen to think is the Colonial characteristic.

'The tremendous cult of sport, the almost sacerdotal ritual of athletics, are in the newer nations almost unknown.'

The average New Zealand boy is every bit as keen on sport as is the English public-school boy. The hero-worship of the New Zealand football team far exceeds that given to Blues, while it is a byword in New Zealand that the national religion of Australia is sport.

In Oxford sport takes a great place in the undergraduate life. Blues certainly receive a great deal more respect than they often deserve. But even here there is a purer element of sport than is to be found in the Colonies. Nearly all men play some game for love of it, and for exercise, while the crowd of 'barrackers' and the gambling touts that characterise Australian sport are almost unknown.

Sport, after all, has a legitimate place in 'Varsity life. Apart from the advantage to limb and muscle, it is a most valuable disciplinary agency. It must be recognised, too, that sport has become a part of national life. It is necessary that some form of 'gymnastics,' in the wide Platonic sense, should be popular in a country where population is crowded, and the great danger of professionalism seems almost inevitable. It is fitting, therefore, that sport should take its right place in 'Varsity life, and that the 'Varsities should be the staunchest bulwarks against its dangers. At Queen's Club, at Putney, one can rely on the game being played and the race rowed in the best of spirits and with the stubbornest endeavour, no slacking, no malingering, no foul play.

'A corollary to the Oxford discipline is the English country life.'

And seeing it is so, I need not enter into details. His picture of the English family is successful—as a caricature. But lest the English girl should think that all Colonials are as ungallant, or have been as unlucky in their acquaintances as Mr. Adams, let me pay my humble homage to the beauty and charm of the girls, the hospitality, the individuality, the knowledge of such English home life as I have been privileged to enjoy.

Enough has been said to show that Mr. Adams has greatly overstated his case against the Englishman. Yet there is a substratum of truth in his indictment. The English climate is bad, and may be conducive to stolidity. There is a certain amount of insular pride, class prejudice, stiffness and want of initiative in the English, taken as a whole. Travel and new conditions of life are no doubt the best correctives. On the other hand, the English race has a history behind it, a history of which any race might feel proud, and of which it is the misfortune of the Colonial to be largely ignorant and unsympathetic. The Englishman is insular because he lives in an island; so is the Japanese; and so let us hope will become the New Zealander, for 'a tight little island' and a glorious history seem to be causally connected.

Let no Colonial ever forget to whom he owes the healthy conditions of his national life, the settled law, the open Bible and religious liberty, the freedom of the press, the literature he inherits. He starts with a freedom of the individual that has taken his parent race a thousand years to fight for, a fight of which the scars still remain in the social system of the parent land. He starts with a superabundance of virgin land, won for him by the daring and hardships of his parents, Englishmen born and bred. He starts with a healthy stock of vigorous manhood inevitable from the early conditions of colonisation. He starts with a freedom from poverty and overcrowding in badly built cities, with all the experience of the centuries to warn him from their dangers. One generation gives him freedom from that Conservatism that is both the strength and

anger of English life, and shall our New Zealander after one brief eneration begin to upbraid his Motherland for her slower development and her different political ideals?

After all, is his own development on the right lines? Are the Labour laws of New Zealand so dear to the majority of her inhabitants and are they so absolutely sane as Mr. Adams assumes? That they are in the main just and sane I personally believe, but the spirit n which they have been won, that of pure class selfishness, is one hich any thoughtful man must regard with grave mistrust. Opposition to immigration and disregard for the development of industries, haracteristics of our Labour party, may yet cost New Zealand many year of depression.

Coming from a younger country, where social distinctions are not o sharp or insuperable, and where the political parties are not so xed, the first things to strike a Colonial are the stiffness and the onservatism of the English, or rather they are the first things he ooks for. With good fortune, he soon finds that the personal quality f stiffness is rather rare, or, if present, very much on the surface. he average Englishman is a man of the same flesh and blood, passions, interests and ambitions as the Colonial. He is as keenly alive o the pleasures and duties of life, and to the fact that he must xert himself to win a place in the world. He differs in initiative, nainly because he has less self-confidence, and shrinks from selfssertion.

The Colonial, however, must disagree with the English party ystem, or rather with the spirit in which it is observed. That it is ecessary for a party to combine on more than one question is easily omprehensible, but to take one's ideas from one's party, as so many eem to do, is quite against his independent spirit. But with the rue Conservative spirit, without regard to party, the Colonial who tays long enough in England must fall frankly in love. Its soundness, s freedom from rash experiment, its careful weighing of the stakes t issue, its wish to perpetuate all the hard won liberties of the ace, all these appeal to the sober judgment. The admiration of this pirit is aided largely by the veneration which the grey monuments f history call forth, the soaring cathedrals and towered castles. t is this spirit of Conservatism, a danger though it is in a country so ull of social inequality and evil, that is wanting in the younger eneration of the Colonies. Let us hope Mr. Rhodes' scheme will elp to introduce it to them.

The idea that Federation of Great Britain and the Colonies is npossible is much exaggerated, and does little justice to the eeling in the Colonies. If there is a white man's burden to be orne, am I not a white man? If there is a British Empire to be uilt up and defended, shall I as a Colonial be shut out? As a olonial I demand my rightful share in the government of the Empire.

I demand the right to suffer and to make sacrifices for its sake. I know that I speak in the name of the great majority of Colonials.

These are, of course, though they come from the heart, mere words, and some practical suggestion is wanted. To a Colonial nothing seems simpler than that there should be an Imperial Parliament or Council of the Empire, in which should be vested full powers to deal with all Imperial matters—the defence of the Empire, Imperial trade and communications, foreign policy, and the taxation of the Empire for all necessary purposes. Willingly then would the Colonies contribute their fair share of men, money and brains to the Army and Navy. Relieved of these weighty and ever pressing matters, the British Houses of Parliament would be better able to cope efficiently with the burden of local legislation and the aggravated problems of social inequality. The chief difficulty in the way of this Imperial Parliament is the high veneration with which the British Houses are regarded, and the fear of British supremacy being weakened. In fifty years the population of the Colonies may exceed that of the British Isles, and in this Parliament of the Empire, the British Empire, is Britain going to take a subordinate place? Things seem very well as they are, say the parochial M.P.s; the Empire is well run, the Colonies get protection without paying for it; why should they want more? But the Colonies ask whether it is wise to treat growing youths as children if you wish to keep their respect and affection. Soon we shall be grown up, and shall then demand a voice in our own relations with the world.

The suggestion I bring forward is one that does justice to each point of view. Let the Colonies recognise that Britain has built up the Empire, and has governed it on the whole wisely. By every right of possession she is entitled to the largest voice in its direction. Let us have a Parliament of the Empire, a Parliament of two houses, thus preserving the Conservative spirit of the British Constitution. Let the House of Commons of the Empire be such as has been frequently advocated, composed of representatives on some suitable basis from Great Britain, India and the Colonies, and let it have functions similar to those of the British House of Commons. Let the House of Lords of the Empire be elected by the British Government, and have similar functions to those of the House of Lords, holding its position in the eyes of the public (the Colonies) by a similar record of single-hearted service to the Empire. Then need the British nation have no fear that the balance of power will ever depart from its hands, while the Colonials' fullest aspirations will be satisfied.

St. John's College, Oxford.

J. ALLAN THOMSON
(*Rhodes Scholar*).

A RELIGIOUS 'REVIVAL' OF THE RENAISSANCE

Much has occurred lately to bring into prominence the subject of Religious Revivals. We have watched the strange phenomena of the revival in Wales, and have tried to analyse the forces at work. We have attempted to trace their relation to human nature in its normal condition, and to estimate what elements of permanent value are likely to emerge from the exceptional conditions under which the revival itself takes place. A study of the Welsh Revival leaves the impression that we are in the presence of psychological forces which we only vaguely understand. But we shall at least recognise that for the appearance of a religious revival two things are necessary—the Time and the Man. There must be some element in the conditions of the time which will induce in the people a readiness to yield to deep emotion, like a train of powder ready to be fired; and then there must appear the man who has the special qualities that will enable him to fire the train.

This has always been the case with the religious revivals of the past. And history never fails to throw light upon present problems. It may therefore be of interest, in this connection, to recall the story of a great religious revival which belongs to that fascinating period of transition when the mediæval world was passing away and the world of modern thought and life was coming to the birth. The religious revival, moreover, associated with the name of Savonarola has a special interest, in respect of both the character of the time and the personality of the man.

For the student of human progress the fifteenth century must always possess a peculiar interest. It witnessed the birth-throes of a new world, the breaking of the fetters of mediæval thought, the growth of a new knowledge, the widening of the horizon of life. The Italian Renaissance, rendered glorious by those marvellous products of art which must make its memory immortal, is at the same time full of the deepest interest on its historical side. Let us examine some of the elements which give it its special character.

Constantinople, till then the focus of Greek learning, had in 1453 fallen before the Turks. The scholars of Eastern Christendom,

driven from their homes, took refuge in the West. Many of them came to Italy, bringing with them precious MSS. of the Greek classics, treasures of which Italian learning had long lost sight. A new realm of thought was thus opened out before scholars, who till then had studied Aristotle through the distorted medium of Arabic commentators. A new revelation of beauty lay outspread before their eyes.

What was the effect of this new culture? On the artistic and intellectual side the result was to give a wonderful stimulus throughout educated Italy. On the moral side the high estimation in which the classics were held was taken as giving a sanction to pagan vices. On the religious side there was manifested a desire to return to paganism, and Marsilio Ficino, the great Florentine philosopher, wrote a treatise in which paganism and Christianity were treated as almost convertible terms.

And what of the Church during this period? The Church was the one institution which, in the Middle Ages, stood before all others in outward distinction and magnificence. It claimed and exercised complete dominion over thought. True, its prestige had been greatly lowered by the Avignon captivity, but its power was still very great and its spiritual sway still undisputed. The terrors of Church censures were still very real, and in the powers of excommunication and of interdict the Church held a weapon that could be used with tremendous effect.

But the Church, outwardly so powerful, was inwardly a mass of corruption. An almost complete divorce of religion from morals had taken place. Superstition has been defined as the expectation of supernatural results without moral co-operation, and, in this sense, superstition was supreme. The Sacraments were treated as mechanical agencies which would produce their effect without any moral co-operation on the part of the recipients. The corruption of the Roman Curia was almost beyond belief, and reached in Alexander Borgia its nadir of infamy.

In Italy, then, the Church was regarded with superstitious awe, was largely a power for evil, and was almost entirely inoperative as a power for good.

But in the closing decades of the fifteenth century the old and the new were engaged in a struggle, of which the significance could not yet be fully seen. Indeed, the tendency might have seemed, at first sight, to be not towards the birth of a new world, but the re-birth of the old; not the forming of a new civilisation, a new philosophy, but a return to that of ancient Greece; not the setting free of thought, but the exchange of one bondage for another, of scholasticism for Platonism.

But the sway of Platonism was only a phase of the movement. The true forces lay deeper. A vast movement was on foot to break

through the old chain of superstition and of false scholastic method, and to set Europe free for an intellectual and religious advance. Of this movement Savonarola was, half-consciously, half-unconsciously, the prophet and the martyr.

It was at the darkest moment of religious corruption in the fifteenth century that a voice was heard echoing through Italy and proclaiming, with reiterated emphasis, three assertions: 'The Church shall be scourged,' 'The Church shall be regenerated,' 'These things shall happen swiftly.' It was the voice of a Dominican monk, Fra Girolamo Savonarola, of Ferrara, and the words quoted were the three great 'conclusions' (for so he called them) which were to form the burden of his preaching to the end.

He was born at Ferrara in 1452, and brought up at the court of the Marquis, his grandfather Michele having been Court physician. His training had been the accepted education of the times in scholastic philosophy. He became a master of the methods of St. Thomas Aquinas, and was destined for a brilliant life in the world. But the world, with its corruptions, had no attraction for him, and it was inevitable that he should enter the cloister. So in 1474 he was received into the Dominican monastery at Bologna, and after seven years came to Florence, where he entered the convent of St. Mark.

To the modern visitor the stones of Florence seem to speak of Savonarola at every turn. To stand in the convent of St. Mark—now, alas! a museum—is to bring back vividly the memory of the greatest of its priors, with those prominent features so well known to us through Fra Bartolommeo's portrait. We study the frescoes of Fra Angelico on its walls, and we remember that it was upon them that the eyes of Savonarola, too, were accustomed to rest. The calm, unquestioning faith they show must have given many a message of encouragement to the hard-pressed monk in his great struggle. We stand in San Lorenzo, and we think of it as the scene of his failure; in the Duomo, and it recalls the marvels of his success. Once again it seems to be alive with the throng of upturned faces, with eyes fixed upon the preacher, who holds them spellbound by his words. We gaze at that strange tower of the Palazzo Vecchio, and we think of that cell, high up within its walls, where with tortured body, but soul unshaken, the last hours were spent in composing his meditations on the fifty-first Psalm; or we stand in the Piazza Signoria, and seem to see again that cross-shaped gibbet upon which, as a martyr, he died.

Let us recall the circumstances under which Savonarola arrived in Florence. The city was under the despotic rule of Lorenzo de' Medici. Though keeping the forms of a republic, the Medici family had, in fact, usurped the entire power of government. Their rule was a tyrannical one, involving the grinding down of the poor by arbitrary taxes, and the oppression or exile of all who were not of

their party. In the character of Lorenzo the Magnificent appears a curious medley—on the one side an enlightened patronage of learning and of the arts, on the other a degrading licentiousness. The intellectual atmosphere which he encouraged was one of Platonic philosophy and classical culture. The Bible was condemned as bad Latin. The scholar and the dilettante refused to read it for fear of corrupting the purity of their style.

Such were the leaders of thought and of manners when Savonarola came to Florence in 1481. Society was licentious, the Church was utterly corrupt. No voice was heard in the pulpit to condemn the crying sins of the day. Sermons, indeed, were readily listened to provided that the preacher was not guilty of the bad taste of rebuking immorality, and provided always that his style followed the correct classical models, so that his words might provide an oratorical feast for the fastidious ears of his cultured hearers.

We need not then be surprised that, when in 1482 Savonarola was appointed Lent preacher in San Lorenzo, he should have completely failed to hold his audience. It was no time, he felt, for soft words and rounded periods such as were employed by the fashionable preachers of the day, who, with apt quotations from Plato and allusions to pagan mythology, attracted audiences large in proportion to the correctness of their style. But the rugged speech of Savonarola did not please these fastidious admirers of classical diction. They smiled at his denunciations or met them with a stony stare of indifference. His day had not yet come.

He left Florence, sick at heart at the corruptions of the Church and of society and at his failure to reach the people. For seven years he worked in the towns of North Italy, and then in 1489 he was recalled to Florence by his superiors, apparently at the request of Lorenzo himself.

At this point let us pause in the narrative to try to estimate his character and his equipment for his work.

We notice first of all his vivid faith, which shows itself in a deep spirit of devotion, in an overmastering sense of the immediate presence of God. His belief is strong in God's providence and justice; his conviction is deep that God's justice must and shall be vindicated; the wicked shall be punished. His three central 'conclusions' may be said to be the outcome of these general principles. 'The Church shall be scourged,' 'The Church shall be regenerated,' 'These things shall happen swiftly.' But, unfortunately, he did not rest content with declaring his 'conclusions.' He laid down the way in which they were to be realised. He is not content with saying 'God's justice shall be vindicated.' He declares the specific worldly means through which this shall be done. Thus he claims the gift of prophecy. And certainly, in a most remarkable way, his prophecies seemed to find fulfilment. Thus, when in 1491 a deputation of distinguished

Florentine citizens was sent to him by Lorenzo, to induce him to modify his denunciations, he foretold, what then seemed most unlikely, the early deaths of Lorenzo himself, of the Pope, and of the King of Naples. This prophecy, which is well authenticated, received striking fulfilment. In the next year, 1492, Lorenzo and Innocent the Eighth both died, and in 1494 Ferdinand of Naples followed them to the grave.

Connected with his belief in his gift of prophecy is his belief in visions. These are sometimes striking, sometimes fantastic. They are made from time to time the subject of his sermons. Thus, for instance, he sees a hand stretched out from heaven holding a sword, directed towards a city on the earth, and bearing the words 'Gladius Domini super terram cito et velociter'—a vision which has an obvious bearing upon his 'conclusions,' the city probably being Rome.

And, once again, this same mystic temperament leads him eagerly to expect a miracle. To one who believes that God constantly speaks to him through visions, the expectation of miracle becomes natural. So we read of that strange scene in the Piazza of St. Mark, in which he stands aloft in the pulpit, facing the vast throng with the Host in his hands, and invites a thunderbolt from the blue sky above to strike him down if his words have been false. It is true he never said that a miracle would take place, but the possibility was ever present to him, and so, when circumstances began to turn against him, he had laid himself open to the taunt: 'Prophet, show us your miracle.'

It is this element in Savonarola's character which marks him so clearly as belonging to a period of transition. He is still in great measure the child of the Middle Ages, though at the same time the prophet of the new era. His strength lies in his deep spirituality, his intense earnestness, his fearlessness, his hatred of evil, and his love of the people; his weakness in the insecurity of his visionary and prophetic claims, and his proneness to arrive at the conclusion that God must work in a particular way.

When Savonarola returned to Florence in 1489 he quickly caught the ear of the people. Doubtless his preaching was by this time more matured. In any case, his terrible denunciations and earnest exhortations, which echoed through St. Mark's like the words of some Old Testament prophet, drew a crowd of hearers, which soon exceeded the capacity of the convent church. So in Lent 1491 his voice was first heard in the Duomo. What a wonderful sight must those vast and ever-increasing audiences have been, which day after day through Lent thronged the great church, to listen to his warnings and his call! Utterly fearless, he spares none; neither those who have sold the Church, nor scholars with their immoral lives, nor those guilty of oppression in high places, nor even Lorenzo himself.

What was the effect upon Lorenzo? He was compelled to admire the fearless monk. By overtures of friendship, he tried to seduce

him, but in vain. He then selected one of his courtier preachers, Fra Mariano, to denounce the new prophet from the pulpit. But Mariano's intemperate language recoiled upon himself, and Savonarola was unscathed. Very remarkable is the scene of the following year, historic in fact, though probably apocryphal in detail, when Lorenzo, lying on his death-bed, sends for the fearless monk, now Prior of St. Mark's, as being the only priest whose absolution would satisfy him. All others would be afraid to speak truth to him. Savonarola alone could be trusted. But Lorenzo, it is said, refused to make the restitution demanded of him, and Savonarola left the presence of the dying man without pronouncing absolution.

The worthless character of Piero de' Medici, Lorenzo's successor, produced a deepening discontent among the people of Florence and an increasing eagerness to hear Savonarola's sermons. They listened spellbound to his denunciations and his prophecies of coming punishment. And, indeed, his words seemed likely to be swiftly verified. For the rumour spread that Charles the Eighth, the new King of France, had resolved to invade Italy, in pursuit of his fantastic claims to the crown of Naples. In this threatened invasion Savonarola saw the hand of God. Charles was a new Cyrus, through whom the Church was to be purged of its corruptions. And so he hailed his coming and, from the pulpit, welcomed the approach of the French army as the agent of God.

It is easy to be wise after the event. We can see the evil which the coming of the French brought to Italy. We may say that Savonarola was too hasty in hailing the expedition, when he knew so little of the character of Charles; that he was too eager to see in this invasion the fulfilment of his prophecy. But at all events the immediate result, in the confusion that followed the near approach of the French and the flight and treachery of Piero, was to greatly strengthen the Frate's position. For he alone possessed the confidence of the citizens; to him alone could they turn for advice. At this moment of popular fury and indignation against the Medici, the smallest provocation would have led them to sack the rich houses of their oppressors and the streets of Florence would have been red with blood. But, by a wonderful display of moral force, the Prior of St. Mark's held the great multitude in perfect control. Never had there been such a revolution in Florence as this, by which the Medici were expelled. Not a drop of blood was shed. The triumph of the Frate was complete. It was a triumph of moral forces over brute passions.

Nor did his work end there. His leadership was still indispensable. He must go to the French camp as ambassador of the city, for he alone can influence the King; he must reconstruct the government of the city; the building up of the new Florentine Republic must be his work. He alone was competent to undertake it.

For the old instincts of government had been crushed out of the

people by sixty years of Medicean oppression. How, then, were they to set about establishing their new institutions? Bewilderment and hesitation marked the anxious deliberations of the Signory. And so it came about that the one man who possessed the confidence of the people was constrained to lead. Savonarola felt driven by stress of events to take his place in politics. His motive is clear. He entered politics because he felt that they were intimately associated with morality. It was essential to establish a form of government which would exclude the Medicean despotism, with its licentiousness and oppression. He has been blamed for his interference. But his action is certainly not to be judged by twentieth-century notions. Our own long line of ecclesiastical statesmen from Dunstan to Wolsey reminds us that, when ideas of civil government are as yet undeveloped, the Church may usefully act as the guardian of the State, and its representatives shape its politics. Certainly Savonarola, with his extraordinary knowledge of affairs, his political acumen, and his keen insight into Florentine institutions and into the character of the Florentine people, was able to render great service to the city in the reconstruction of its government upon sound democratic lines after the expulsion of the Medici.

This political work, however, was but subordinate to Savonarola's main object—the reform of moral life. During Lent 1495 he preached a wonderful course of sermons on the Book of Job. His deep earnestness, the mystery of his revelations and visions, filled men with the vivid sense that here was a man who held converse with God, whose prophecies had been fulfilled, who was now speaking with God's message. As Lent advanced, his form became emaciated, but his eye burnt with fiercer fire. His appeal became more penetrating, his words more passionate. Now he held the Crucifix aloft, appealing to the vast throng by the love of God, now he threw himself forward in the pulpit with arms outstretched as though his own love for the people would gather them to himself from the paths of sin. And how wonderful was the result! The city seemed utterly changed. Ribaldry and licentiousness disappeared from the streets, and the churches were crowded with worshippers, the poor-boxes filled with alms. Fra Girolamo's triumph seemed complete. It was a religious revival indeed!

But already there were signs of the coming change. Savonarola could see beneath the surface. He himself never seems to have been in doubt as to his end. He must die a martyr's death. Such a mission as his could have no other close.

Let us trace the elements of the growing enmity to his work. Within the city itself the party of the Arrabbiati were his bitter enemies. They were the party of aristocratic licentiousness, who hated the Frate for the double reason that it was his influence that had liberalised the city institutions, and that he had now suppressed the open

flaunting of vice and licence. Even as early as December 1494 they had managed to secure a brief from Rome, ordering Savonarola to leave Florence. There were many dissolute young men among them who longed to compass the ruin of the man who had made their lives dull by his successful crusade against immorality.

But Fra Girolamo's enemies within the city found a powerful ally in the Pope. It is easy to imagine the fury of Alexander Borgia against the man who dared to denounce the corruptions of the Church. Indeed, the Papacy had reached the lowest depth of degradation. Sixtus the Fourth, Innocent the Eighth, and Alexander the Sixth sat in succession in the chair of St. Peter. The Papacy could not sink lower. Alexander was the father of six or seven children; he owed his election to unblushing simony, the votes of the cardinals having been shamelessly bought. What wonder then that his fury blazed out against the man who dared to denounce the sins of the Curia and the clergy, and whose avowed aim it was to secure the summoning of a general council for the purpose of reforming the Church?

We can understand the difficulty in which Savonarola, as a loyal son of the Church, was placed by his conflict with the Pope. He was forbidden to preach, and he obeyed. But doubts began to shape themselves in his mind. Was obedience a duty? Was Alexander really Pope? Did not simony invalidate the election? But still he continued to obey; still he kept silence, while the people of Florence became increasingly anxious to hear his voice. At last the Signory obtained from Rome the removal of the inhibition, and decreed that the Frate should preach in the Duomo during the coming Lent, 1496. That vast interior must have presented a wonderful sight when Savonarola returned to the pulpit after his enforced silence. The floor was packed from end to end, while all around the walls wooden galleries had been erected and were crowded with children. Yet even then his life was in danger from attacks by the Arrabbiati.

A change had necessarily come over his sermons. He could no longer speak simply of morality. He had to justify his action in regard to Rome. So he made emphatic statements of his Catholic obedience and his submission to the authority of the Church. But he qualified the duty of obedience. The Pope may not give any commands contrary to faith or charity. If he should do so, it becomes a duty to disobey.

Meanwhile the hostility of the Pope, carefully fomented by the Friar's enemies at Rome, became daily more intense. Moreover, the party hostile to him in Florence itself was growing in strength, and on Ascension Day, 1497, they were able to raise a riot against him and to defile the pulpit in which he was to preach. This evidence of enmity against Savonarola led the Pope to believe that the time had now come for extreme measures. So, on the 13th of May 1497, a

brief of excommunication was launched against the Friar, and the city was threatened with an interdict if the excommunication were not observed. Thus, in a moment, the Arrabbiati became triumphant, and immorality once more flaunted itself in the streets. Savonarola was silenced. At Christmas, however, he determined to celebrate and preach. The excommunication, he said, was invalid; it would be wrong to observe it any longer; Alexander was no true Pope. But once again he was compelled to be silent. The Signory, dreading the effect of an interdict upon the commerce of their city, held that the preaching must be forbidden.

From this time forward events hurried rapidly to the close. The drama was brought to a swifter finish by the strange event of the Ordeal by Fire. But even apart from that humiliating fiasco, the enmity of the Arrabbiati and of the Pope must soon have compassed his fall. On the 8th of April 1498, the day after the failure of the Ordeal, the Compagnacci made an attack upon St. Mark's. Then came the surrender of Savonarola to the Signory; then the terrible weeks of trial, torture, and falsification of evidence, closed by the martyrdom on the 23rd of May.

What, then, is the significance of Savonarola's life? What was the permanent value of the religious revival which he inspired? As prophet, preacher, visionary, mystic, politician, martyr, he presents an extraordinary personality. He is a creation of the times of transition in which he lived, showing on the one side the old view of nature, the old philosophy, artificial methods of reasoning from artificial premises. Yet in his contact with real life, its needs, its corruptions, he asserts his freedom. A human heart beats in his breast, a human soul seeks for God and strives to lead men to righteousness, feeling dimly the birth of a new world and desiring to lead his people towards it. He accepts without questioning the ecclesiastical system of his day. Even when resisting the excommunication, he asserts his submission to the Catholic Church. He had no thought of a schism. He longed to reform the Church from within. He failed.

If only he had succeeded, how glorious might have been the future of Christendom! The outward unity of the Church might then have been preserved. But it was not to be so. The Church, as he had said, was to be scourged, and in a terrible way. Division was to rend the robe of Christ.

Savonarola died a martyr, as was inevitable. He seemed to have failed. But assuredly his life and preaching were not in vain. Many souls must have been drawn to God, many lives saved from ruin by his influence; there must have been many who found in him a rock on which to lean in those strange days, when the very foundations of thought seemed to be broken up, when infidelity and immorality held almost undisputed sway, when a new world was coming to the birth. It was indeed a Time which called for a religious revival, and with

the need there arose the Man, who in wonderful measure was able to respond to the call.

It would be well if ministers of religion of the present day would seek an inspiration from the work of the great Dominican, a true *Domini canis* or watch-dog of the Lord. Let them learn from him to study the special conditions of the times in which they live, so that their message may be real. Let them remember that they are citizens as well as clergy, and that no true interest of the people is alien from their work.

J. C. V. Durell.

GEORGE GISSING

One evening, late in the year 1882, two very small boys were sitting on the stairs in a London house, junketing merrily on an assortment of viands and delicacies purloined from the dining-room, where a dinner party was proceeding, yet with much dread in the inner man. For the first time in their lives stern reality fronted them. On the morrow at 9 A.M. they were to begin life by initiation into the past. The golden age was over, the gossamer reign of licit irresponsibility; they were to have a tutor. No wonder if a few tears—the last tears of babyhood—fell sympathetically into the champagne glass beside them. The talk was of thwackings and impositions.

Punctually to the minute on the next day the front door bell rang. How vividly I can recall the agony of suspense ensuing! My brother, who even at that age was ever drawing, broke his slate pencil; we rose as the door opened, and there walked into the room one of the gentlest looking beings we had ever seen. With the instinctive perception of children we measured our man at a glance. Before the lesson began we had both ceased to fear him, long before it was finished he had become a dear friend. He talked to us of the Greeks and Romans with boisterous enthusiasm; gave us quaint Latin terminations to our names, and we, struck by his gentleness and the singular pathos of his countenance, retorted with 'Gissinus-y creature'—and as such he was known to us to the very end.

Tall, spare, and lissom of movement, George Gissing had a marked personality even then. Here is a conscious autobiographical portrait of himself taken from his first novel, *Workers in the Dawn*. 'His eyes were of light blue, his nose was of a Grecian type, his lips and chin were moulded in form expressive of extreme sensibility and gentleness of disposition, showing traces, moreover, of instability in moral character.' Thick, brown hair clustered round a brow of noble shape; his head was well shaped. Though his cheeks lacked colour he looked healthy, strong and vigorous. His facial expression was extraordinarily mobile, sensitive, and intellectual. I have never seen so sad and pathetic a face. In repose his features contracted into a look of ineffable dreariness, sorrow and affliction, of mute submissness and despair. Yet it was a noble face, dignified, delicate, sensuous,

thoughtful. And then it would flash and light up, and the eyes would beam in radiant transport, and the misanthrope would become a tempestuous schoolboy, and he would thump the table and positively shout with buoyant exuberance. For there was ever laughter in his heart—spontaneous, boisterous, sincere laughter. Gissing, the sad man, had the zest of life, and with it its joy. At times he would laugh so uproariously at lessons that my father, at work in the adjoining room, would come in to see what was amiss. And the Homeric joke would be repeated and we would all laugh the louder and merrier.

Let me say at once that it is no purpose of mine to lift the veil of mystery overhanging Mr. Gissing's life, to disturb what Michelet called *le désintéressement des morts*. Gissing's life was an infinitely sad, an infinitely pathetic one. To him it was decreed: 'Thou shalt live alone.' In the bitter years of pursuit and attainment he wrought literally in solitude, unknown. He had but one friend, an author like himself, whom he saw at rare intervals. He chose to live fiercely independent, proud and resentful, at war with the whole social organism. For years he was a kind of literary miser, spurning mankind, scorning sympathy: he, one of the kindest, gentlest natures that ever breathed, with his soul bared to the lash of circumstance. Fate made him a ferocious individualist. The world frightened him, and, as he himself says somewhere, 'a frightened man is no good for anything.' His repining spirit trod its own Calvary.

Legend has been both kind and unkind. It has woven a convention around his life, derived in the main from the autobiographical nature of his writings: in part fictitious, in part too grossly misleading and fantastic. The man whom none knew in life is now crowned with the wreath of posthumous compassion. Extremes lead to extremes. And so it has come about that Gissing has gone down to posterity as a man whose whole life was consumed in the reek of slum and garret, who for twenty years starved literally in the nether world of our great capital. As it was my privilege to have known Gissing from the very outset of his literary career and to have remained in more or less unbroken relationship with him till his sad death at St. Jean de Luz two years ago, perhaps I may be permitted to correct the perspective of certain erroneous impressions which it can now serve no useful purpose to maintain.

As a boy Gissing had been the prodigy of his school; he worked madly (as Mr. Wells[1] has said); 'already out of touch with life,' a lonely portent. From there he went to Owens College, Manchester, where in a career of meteoric brilliance he carried off all the first prizes, scholarships and exhibitions, and took first-class honours for English and classics in the University of London. From that time[2]

[1] *Monthly Review*, August 1904. [2] *Ibid.*

his is a broken and abnormal career.[1] It matters little now. Suffice it to say that at the height of a young life of quite unusual promise one of those aberrations of mental balance took place which in men of genius, alas! is by no means uncommon, and that the penalty was severe and, in Gissing's case, decisive upon his whole future. As he himself wrote many years later: 'Within my nature there seemed to be no faculty of self-guidance.'[3] The boy was dead. His life's struggle began. He fled to America. There he taught the classics for a space, dabbled a little in print, but his fierce spirit could find no rest; he broke away from the restraint of cities, roved penniless through the States, racked and distraught, and at last stood before the majesty of Niagara hesitating, as he often related to us, between life and death. He returned and went to Germany.

He taught and studied. In the quiet atmosphere of a German university town he found guidance and inspiration, He read Schiller, Goethe, Häckel, Schopenhauer, innumerable German tomes on ancient philosophy, Lucian, Petronius, and what not. In *Workers in the Dawn* he has left a faithful record of his own mind-growth. From Schopenhauer he turned to Comte, whose 'Philosophie Positive' profoundly impressed him. His leisure hours he spent in conversations with a learned German, at the time *Privat-docent*, with whom he remained in life-long friendship. The two young men discussed metaphysics and religion with German thoroughness and system. At one period he nearly became a Catholic. 'Yes, how much have I to thank Germany for,' he writes in *Workers in the Dawn*. 'I came here with a mind rudely ploughed by the ploughshare of anguish. . . . How well I remember the day when I took up Strauss's *Leben Jesu*. The book was to me like the first ray of heavenly light piercing the darkness of a night of anguish and striving and woe unutterable.' Hope returned to him. He acquired merit; he learnt the joy of struggling with the world. 'At no stage in its struggle is a human mind contemptible,' he wrote; 'for as long as it *does* struggle it asserts its native nobility, its inherent principle of life.'

> Schopenhauer, Comte, and Shelley—these three in turn have directed the growth of my moral life. Schopenhauer taught me to forget myself and to live in others. Comte then came to me with his lucid unfolding of the mystery of the world, and taught me the use to which my sympathy should be directed. Last of all Shelley breathed with the breath of life on the dry bones of scientific theory, turned conviction into passion, lit the heavens of the future with such glorious rays that the eye struggles in gazing upwards, strengthened the heart with enthusiasm as with a coat of mail.[4]

And again:

> With a heart full of noble phantasies and lofty aspirations; beating high with an all-embracing affection for earth and the children of earth, bred of a

[3] *Henry Ryecroft*. [4] *Workers in the Dawn*.

natural ardour of disposition, and nurtured upon the sweet and mighty thoughts of great men; with a heart yearning for action of some kind, weary of a life bounded within the lines of self-study, desirous of nothing more than to efface the recollection of self in complete devotion to the needs of those sufferers.

Gissing set foot once more in England. He had come to the conclusion that the true destination of philosophy must be social and practical; he determined to write. The result was *Workers in the Dawn*, a crude, incondite work in three volumes—in some ways the most powerful book he ever wrote. I have quoted from it because it is an unknown work and because it reveals the true Gissing of that time, the aching soul of torment and desire, the artist and pessimist. It is admittedly partly autobiographical. The hero, finding the world void and remorseless, plunges into the waters of Niagara. The writing is curiously raw and amateurish, which is instructive, as Gissing was then a scholar of real distinction, and was shortly to become one of the few great living writers of prose in the English language. Very few people have ever seen this book. Gissing, it so happened, had inherited the sum of one hundred pounds, and with this he published his first novel. But in those days there were no literary agents, and Gissing was an unknown scribe. He laughed long and loud when the bill came in for printing an edition of his book, which left him with a few shillings in his pocket. Only a few copies were sold; he was now face to face with hunger and destitution.

He sent the book to my father and, I think, to Mr. John Morley. Both agreed as to its power and interest. An interview followed; my father was deeply impressed with the forlorn figure of the young scholar and writer, and so by a fortunate coincidence my brother and I gained a tutor, and the tutor a livelihood. Gissing taught us from that day uninterruptedly till the autumn of the year 1884; and I make claim to affirm that from that moment the story of Gissing starving in garret and cellar, swinking all day and night with lard and dripping for his nourishment and the wooden boards for his pillow, is the fiction of fiction. A poor man certainly he was, but from the year 1882 Gissing never 'starved,' as he is commonly represented to have done. Through us he taught a son of Mr. Montague Crackanthorpe, K.C., the daughters of Mr. Vernon Lushington, and various other pupils whose names need not be mentioned. What is worth noting is that from the year 1882—two years before, that is, Gissing's first novel, *The Unclassed*, appeared—he was in receipt of a livable income derivable from teaching, which he could always increase or modify at will, and that for some years subsequently he did exist by this form of journeywork, while devoting the whole of his leisure and industry to novel writing. The sickness of real poverty Gissing never knew after the year 1882, when his literary career in fact began. Previously, without doubt, he had experienced very rough times—in America, where he nearly starved,

and later in London on his return from Germany. What I wish to point out is not that Gissing was not a poor man; not that he did not suffer physically and mentally; not that his whole life was not more or less of a struggle to make two ends meet, but that after the publication of *The Unclassed*, and subsequently during the whole of his literary career, he was not the necessitous starving writer convention has depicted him; not in any true sense of the word the literary jetsam of garret and cellar tossed hither and thither by poverty and hunger in the grim immensity of London. When Gissing lived in Milton Street, in Chelsea, behind Madame Tussaud's, at Cornwall Residences and elsewhere, from 1882 to 1890, my brother and I used frequently to visit him, and great times we had together; great teas, great talks and laughter. Sometimes we would drop in unexpectedly, and find Gissing and his friend in the fever of literary conversation, smoking and drinking pint after pint of tea. Sometimes we would go for long tramps with him to Harrow or Kew, and without ceasing Gissing would talk of his work and experiences, shouting with laughter at some of his stories of life in what he called 'the glorious black depths of London,' and on such occasions he would race us, walking or running with boyish zest and agility.

To tell the truth, in all practical things Gissing was idle and inept. He had in marked degree the artistic temper; if he remained poor it was largely because he chose to. My father introduced him to Mr. John Morley, at the time editor of the *Pall Mall*, who published a charming sketch of Gissing's, 'On Battersea Bridge.' We implored him to write again. But Gissing refused. He hated editors; he was no journalist, he said; he could not degrade himself by such 'trash.' In truth, at any time after 1882, Gissing could have obtained a place as critic or writer on some journal, which would have enabled him to write at leisure. But he would never hear of such a thing. My father begged him to accept some post, but Gissing declined to 'serve.' Gissing positively chose to live in strife. He writes a pathetic note to my mother, the 6th of July, 1884:

> A kind of exhaustion possesses me when I sit at my desk a quarter of an hour, and my will power gets weaker. At most I am able to produce a short poem now and then of a very savage character. Of course all this means that the conditions of my life are preposterous. There is only one consolation, that, if I live through it, I shall have materials for darker and stronger work than any our time has seen. If I can hold out till I have written some three or four books, I shall at all events have the satisfaction of knowing that I have left something too individual in tone to be neglected.

After that he went with us for three weeks to Bonscale in the Lakes.

Really Gissing's trouble was himself; he made his own poverty; he could not be practical. He used to fall into fits of despondency and gloom, when he would sally out into the streets, and walk through

the night. He was an outrageous pessimist. Four days in the week he would write from nine in the evening till four A.M., and on the fifth day he would marvel that what he called the 'bilious fever' had fallen upon him. It was not that Gissing was so poor—many a German student, and the mother of many an officer of nobility in the German Army, have less than Gissing had to live on—but that in all affairs of the world he was a very child, with a child's obstinacy and improvidence.

Here, in a letter addressed to my father, the 17th of August, 1884, Milton Street, is the Gissing of that period. My father was anxious that Gissing should take up the tuition of my two younger brothers, as my brother and I were going to school. He writes:

> With reference to your proposal concerning the little boys. Should you in very deed think that I can be of use with them I need not say how unreservedly I offer myself for the work. On the other hand, should the suggestion have originated only in kind forethought for myself, I have a sort of feeling that possibly it would be better for me to burn my ships, and commence in downright earnest the combat with the beasts of Ephesus—otherwise, with publishers in London—an absurdly mixed metaphor, by the way. Moreover, when young [another pupil] went away, his father distinctly asked me if I should be able to resume work in October so that almost a livelihood would be assured in that way for some months. . . . I have plans of all kinds—for a play, for articles, &c. Some day I shall of course look back with sad amusement at these initial struggles—and with keen enough feelings towards all who helped me.

So that in the year 1884 we find Gissing declining further pupils on the ground that for the time being a livelihood was assured him. *The Unclassed* had already appeared.

Gissing was an artist; a contemplative individualist; a man influenced by the mood of the sky, the procession of the year; by circumstance and environment. To understand and even to sympathise fully with him one must remember that all his hopes and ambitions had been shattered at the most impressionist period of his life; that he had been shipwrecked, as it were, at the outset of his progress in the world; and that, as a consequence, the youth had been transformed into a hard and bitter man. By nature he was made for the life of tranquillity and meditation, for cultured leisure and repose. Constitutionally he was an idealist, a dreamer, an impressionist, a scholar. In other circumstances he might have been a university don, a famous scholar, have amassed learning and fame. He worshipped the old, the dusty volumes of dead languages; vellum and parchment. I have seen him take up a worm-eaten copy of an old chronicle or Greek author and caress it as a child will stroke the coat of some fond animal. A library was to him a garden of roses; he loved books as women love flowers: emotionally, instinctively. He had a Grecian love for all beauty.

But in truth Gissing looked, and had to look, back upon beginnings of life deformed and discoloured. Unlike other men, he practically

began life with no disillusions to face. He came to London in a spirit of pride and revolt which struggled to find expression. Gissing was no philosopher, no Socialist reformer, he was not even a profound thinker. He was, as he himself says, an 'egoist in grain.' He deliberately regarded himself as a sort of social outlaw, making a virtue of self-indulgence and self-concentration, fostering the hunger of querulous self-pity. He gloried in the vanity of self-compassion. In literature he thought of poverty in avoirdupois. He revelled in the gloom of London's misery. Every fibre of him betrayed the artist, and because he was an artist he was also an aristocrat. His delight in poverty, in misery, and in vice was purely artistic and consciously egoistical. His social enthusiasm was purely literary, emotional, artistic. In *The Unclassed* he laid bare his confessions. 'The zeal,' he writes, 'on behalf of the suffering masses was nothing more nor less than disguised zeal on behalf of my own starved passions.' He passed rapidly through the phases of Socialism, Radicalism, philanthropic enthusiasm.

> I have only to go out into the streets all night to come across half a hundred scenes of awful suffering or degradation, every one of which fills me with absolute joy. Think you Hogarth would have rejoiced in the destruction of Gin Lane? Never believe it! . . . My artistic egotism bids fair to ally itself with vulgar selfishness. I am often tempted to believe that one great work of art embodying human misery would be ample justification of the whole world's anguish.[1]

And in the same way Gissing took an artistic pleasure in physical pain. This body is but as the cottage or clothing of the mind. 'Let flesh be racked,' he writes in *Henry Ryecroft*. 'I, the very I, will stand apart, lord of myself.' Once, I can recall, Gissing was suffering from severe toothache, and my mother urged him to have the tooth taken out with gas. But Gissing would not hear of such a thing. He wished to feel pain, and on the next day at luncheon he gave us a vivid description of the agony he had endured. Thus his vision was blighted, and his mind soured. He scorned the carpet-author, writing at leisure on a fat salary. He loved to flesh his satire upon the lad entering the literary profession with 'parental approval and ready avuncular support.' His whole soul relucted at the idea of leisured literary conception. He wrote, thought, and lived as an artist. As an artist he must be judged.

Listen to Gissing on the people in the dress of Henry Ryecroft:

> I am no friend of the people. As a force, by which the tenor of the time is conditioned, they inspire me with distrust, with fear; as a visible multitude, they make me shrink aloof, and often move me to abhorrence. . . . Every instinct of my being is anti-democratic, and I dread to think of what our England may become when Demos rules irresistibly.

Sentiments, those, of a pure aristocrat, yet written in the mellow serenity of age, when his life's work was done. I wrote to him on

[1] *The Unclassed.*

reading those words, and this is what he answered in a letter written at Ciboure late in the summer of 1903, a few months before his death:

Of a truth, I did not mean to be hard upon the poor. There are human sweepings in London and elsewhere, with which I hold no terms of kindliness, but 'the poor'—the decent, hard-working man or woman who will never know what it is to feel secure of next month's food and lodging, with *them* I sympathise profoundly. I do not say that we should get on well together—we should not; but that is my fault as much as theirs.

In a letter to my father (29th of June, 1884) Gissing makes some interesting remarks about himself:

Surely, there is a sense wanting in me. . . . I feel the irresistible impulse to strive after my ideal of artistic excellence. It is true, as you said, that I have a quarrel with society, and that, I suppose, explains the instinct. But the quarrel is life-long; ever since I can remember I have known this passionate tendency of revolt. It has sought for satisfaction in many schools and many modes of life. I write these social passages in a fury; but I scribbled in precisely the same temper when I was ten years old. If only I could hear someone speak a word for a tendency which in me is an instinct! I must ask you to let me try to express something of the gratitude I feel for your persistent kindness—kindness holding on in spite of everything.

The secret of Gissing's life was that his was an ill-balanced nature, lacking in firmness and volition. By constitution of mind an idealist, he was dependent upon external influences for the shape which his idealism should for the time assume. If noble impulse directed his activity, adverse circumstance forbade the implanted seeds from growing into a rich individuality. Yet Gissing was very English. He hated Pecksniff, and, though he described his countrymen as an Old Testament people, he was himself very insular in many things, and a bit of a Philistine. His hatred of parsimony, poverty; his almost snobbish respect for social position, his hyper-sensitiveness to his own; his shrinkage into scorn of his fellow-creatures; his fierce spirit of independence, intolerance; his love of air, and freedom, and nature; his shyness—though no man ever lived with a greater capacity for mirth; his love of comfort, hatred of control, discipline, pity and protection; his narrowness of vision, his yearning for sympathy while savagely refusing it—all these are English characteristics which Gissing had in marked degree.

A gentler nature, a more delightful companion than Gissing never existed. Both my brother and I were lazy and impish enough, yet Gissing never, during the course of two years' instruction, punished us. Once only, when, in imitation of frogs, we both chanted an Aristophanic chorus, seated on the table and declined to move or desist, did Gissing lose his patience. He rose, put on his hat, and strode in silence from the room and house. After that his every wish was, I am glad to think now, piously obeyed. As tutor he took a personal interest in both of us. Himself a good draughtsman, he

encouraged my brother's marked artistic gifts, gave him his first sketch-book and his first lessons in perspective, and drew in it a sea piece, which my brother has to this day. In those days I wrote plays, and my brother painted the scenery. On one occasion we gave a grand performance at which Gissing was present. Its reception seemed doubtful until the High Priest said:

> I, a holy man, am not a fool,
> Often as a boy along a pool, &c.,

which brought down the house. Gissing burst into a paroxysm of laughter, and continued laughing for fully ten minutes. All joined in; the success of the piece was assured. He used often subsequently to quote that line, and on each occasion he would laugh and shout with glee. Gissing was very fond of whistling too—in a peculiarly low and gentle tone. His favourite air was 'Twickenham Ferry.' After nearly every lesson he had to whistle it for us, and he would always end with the words, 'Yes, it is very beautiful.' Reverential was his love for music. He has told in *Ryecroft* how the barrel organs 'tuned' his thoughts, and in a fine passage he describes how once his racked mind was quieted by the strains of a piano in Eaton Square.

Pictures and music always afforded him a keen, almost ecstatic pleasure. I have seen him sit, when my mother was playing Chopin or Bach, with tears welling in his eyes. At such moments he would remain quite motionless. The sound of music seemed to stun and soothe him. Art, all forms of beauty, influenced him strangely, physically. In one of his London lodgings he lived above a well-known composer of waltzes, who never ceased from troubling and thrumming. Yet Gissing was happy; as he said, 'it made the words flow.'

He was extremely fond of cats. His solace and companion for some years was Grim—a big black common Tom, his lonely confidant. To Grim he would discourse aloud, of Grim he would talk to us as of an old and dear friend. When Grim one day went the way of other Toms, Gissing quite broke down, and he wrote an elegy to its memory. Gissing was no mean poet. In the summer of 1883, when my grandmother lived at Sutton Place, he used to come down three times a week to teach us in the mornings, and sometimes after luncheon he would stay and sit in the punt on the river and write poems. One of these was called *Only a Cigarette*. It was a dainty ode to a girl he had seen smoking, lazily reclining on the river-bank. He wrote, too, a powerful poem to *The Little Children*—both of which, unfortunately, I have lost. But I can see him now, sitting on the table in the long tapestried gallery at Sutton reciting verses with his voice and look of artistic enthusiasm.

Like all men of deep feeling and emotion, Gissing adored the sun and nature. Later in life, when he had shaken the dust of London for ever off his feet, he found in the contemplation of nature what

the city had never given him—peace and contentment. Of the sun he writes finely in *Ryecroft*: 'I went bare-headed, that the golden beams of the sun might shed upon me their unstinted blessing.' He learnt, too, the beauty of flowers; like his father, he became an enthusiastic botanist. He is speaking in *Ryecroft*:

> To me flowers became symbolical of a great release, of a wonderful awakening. I recall my moments of delight, the recognition of each flower that unfolded, the surprise of budding branches clothed in a night with green. Meadows shining with buttercups, hollows sunned with the marsh marigold, held me long at gaze. I saw the sallow glistening with its cones of silvery fur and splendid with dust of gold. These common things touch me with more admiration and of wonder each time I behold them. As I turn to summer, a misgiving mingles with my joy.

I well remember a walk I had with Gissing about the year 1895 on the Blackdown Hill near Haslemere. The townsman I had known as a child had become a passionate lover of the country. His hair was brushed back over his forehead like a musician; he was full with the enthusiasm of old days. His knowledge of flowers and plants was extraordinary. The purple heather, the moorland waste, the sense of loneliness and expanse delighted him. He picked up a little plant and explained its life and structure with the scientific knowledge of a botanist. Every fern and wild flower stirred him to rapture and to fresh discourse.

When Gissing went with us to Bonscale in 1884 he was rampageous as any schoolboy. He would row for hours on Ullswater lake, but his great joy was the Hills. All day he would tramp, sometimes with us up Helvellyn, and sometimes alone. One walk especially I remember his taking from Patterdale to Ambleside through Rysdale to Grasmere and back over Grisedale. His great joy was to lie on his back at the top of a hill and apostrophise the cairn. And coming down he was as fleet as an Alpine guide. Sometimes we would make him play cricket; and as for climbing trees, Gissing was up at the top branch before we could get a hold of the lowest. He was strong in his arms and could climb a rope like a sailor. Killing animals, hunting, sport of all kind he abominated. But he would walk all day through any weather; he had Ruskin's passion for hills.

Gissing was not a good conversationalist. For that he lived too much alone. He loved silence and solitude; he hated noise, the clamour of the human voice. Once we took him to a garden party at the country residence of Lady ——. Gissing sat on a chair in a corner of the room, mute and dejected. The cackle and scream of idiot mirth rendered him speechless. He sat for an hour for all the world like the figure of a wet bird, amid the rustle of silk and chiffon, and never smiled till we left the house. Society unnerved him. But on the hills, or in sympathetic company, Gissing was a wonderful talker, wildly enthusiastic, suggestive, imaginative, and the words

would flow in torrents from his mouth. On Homer, Shakespeare, art and poetry, Gissing rose to flights of rhetoric. Once he had a great discussion on patriotism with the late Mlle. Souvestre. She cited the case of Henri Regnault, who returned from Algiers to fight in the Siege of Paris, as a crowning example of noble patriotism. All Gissing's artist's feelings were aflame. He would not hear of it. Regnault was an artist—art the supreme thing in life; the Siege of Paris was not worth an artist's life. I don't think Gissing had much sense of humour, and he certainly was not witty. He took himself and life too seriously; he never got out of himself, never got beyond the littleness of the great I. It was years before his mind grew mellow with the calm of dignified reflection.

In no way should *Ryecroft* be regarded as an autobiography. 'The thing,' he wrote to my father, 11th of February, 1903, 'is much more an aspiration than a memory. I hope too much will not be made of the few autobiographical papers in the book.' To me it seems by far the maturest of his works, full of golden words and thoughts and fancies. His life was rounded; the end, he knew, was not far distant. 'They tell me that at my peril I shall try to live elsewhere —yet I hope to see Italy again before I die,' he wrote to me three months before his death. 'Does it seem long to you, the old days of Latin Grammar? To me, very, very long—I was strong then, and could do anything.' Gissing was no patriot in the political sense of the word; politics he hated and despised, but I doubt if any man wrote about Shakespeare and his country in words more noble than these:

> Among the many reasons which make me glad to have been born in England, one of the first is that I read Shakespeare in my mother tongue. . . . Let every land have joy of its poet; for the poet is the land itself, all its greatness and its sweetness, all that incommunicable heritage for which men live and die. As I close the book, love and reverence possess me. Whether does my full heart turn to the great Enchanter, or to the Island upon which he has laid his spell? I know not. I cannot think of them apart. In the love and reverence awakened by that voice of voices, Shakespeare and England are but one.[*]

Those who knew Gissing can never forget him. His was a life of bitter endurance, of toil and trial, of sombre tragedy. His was no vain endeavour, no mock enthusiasm. A weak vessel—a lofty intelligence, a noble mind, a sincere and beautiful nature—the words of Goethe seem fitting as an epitaph:

> Wer nie sein Brod mit Tränen ass,
> Wer nie die kummervollen Nächte
> Auf seinem Bette weinend sass,
> Der kennt euch nicht, ihr himmlischen Mächte.

AUSTIN HARRISON.

[*] *Henry Ryecroft.*

THE EARLY SCHOOL TEACHING OF THE JEWS

BETWEEN a nation's intellectual activity and its educational ideals some relation undoubtedly exists, although it may not be easy in all cases to discover it. The inquiries which have been made in recent years into the school systems of foreign countries testify to our belief in the connection, and prove its existence. The records of the nations of antiquity invariably tell us something about the methods adopted in the training of youth; but at best such information is scanty, and does not enable us to form any clear or definite idea of their educational aims and efforts. In the case of the ancient Jews, the task of presenting in some detail a picture of their school system is less difficult. Questions of school organisation, of educational policy, and of methods of instruction occupied, during their early history, a prominent place in the thoughts of the people, and in their voluminous literature we possess abundant material for realising their ideals.

The period of educational development to which I here refer commences some time after the Babylonian Exile. It includes the most eventful epochs of Jewish history—the birth of Christ, the siege and fall of Jerusalem—and it embraces those centuries during which the literature known as the Talmud was being formed and codified. The Talmud consists of two distinct parts: the text, which embodies the traditional or Oral Law called Mischna, and a running commentary supplementary to and illustrating the text, called Gemara. The former is in Hebrew, and the latter, for the most part, in an Aramaic dialect. The two combined constitute the Talmud, which means 'Learning,' and is the source of all our knowledge of the inner life and habits of the Jewish people, of their political and social government, of their religion and philosophy. The most superficial acquaintance with the contents of the Talmud, and a great part of it is accessible to the modern reader through translations, shows the inextinguishable love of knowledge which characterised the Hebrew people of olden times; their respect, rising to veneration, for the true scholar; their passion for learning, and the strenuous efforts and sacrifices which they made to train their children in the ways of wisdom. A life

devoted to study was regarded as the highest life; but it did not suffice that a man should study and treasure up knowledge for his own use or enjoyment; it was essential that he should impart it to others. 'He who studies the Law,' says the Talmud, 'without spreading it is like unto the myrtle in the desert.'

The word Law, in Hebrew *Torah*, which occurs in the passage I have quoted and constantly in all Hebrew writings, has a very wide meaning in Jewish literature. Originally, no doubt, it meant the Law of Moses, or possibly the ordinances contained in the Book of Deuteronomy. But gradually it came to mean much more than this. It included at a very early period of history, probably before the time of Ezra, and certainly then, a number of traditional enactments and sayings, known as the Oral Law, which were supposed to have the same authority as the Pentateuch, and which were first committed to writing towards the end of the second century under the direction of Rabbi Judah the Prince. The word *Torah* became a synonym for lore or learning, embracing both literature and dogma, the discursive histories and parables of the people as well as their legal enactments. The one class of writings was known as *Hagadah* and the other as *Halacha*. Much in the same sense as our own word 'Law' has a double meaning, expressing the ordinances of the State and the sequences of natural phenomena, so the word Torah was applied to the Biblical and traditional statutes as well as to the established order of the Universe, both of which were regarded as equally divine.

It is very necessary to understand this extended meaning of the word 'Law,' as it was used in olden times, in order to appreciate the true significance of the many Biblical and Talmudic passages in which it occurs, particularly in relation to the value of knowledge and the importance which, from the earliest times, the Hebrew people attached to the education of the young and to the pursuit of learning for its own sake. Scattered throughout the Talmudic writings are detailed regulations on school organisation, on the subjects and methods of instruction, and on the qualifications of teachers; but all these are closely associated with the general aim and purpose of study and school training, which was no other than right living, that is, living according to the Law, in the sense in which the word was then used. Learning, although it came to be regarded as the primary aim of life, was in reality a secondary or mediate end, the final object being right conduct, to which such knowledge as was then accessible was the only sure and safe guide. The saying *non scholæ sed vitæ discimus* occurs, variously paraphrased, in many parts of the Talmud. Far weightier, we are told, is the fulfilment than the study of the Law. And elsewhere, 'Not learning but doing is the real essential.'

It is to the Bible that we must look for the origin of the school methods and educational ideals which we find more fully developed in post-Biblical literature. Indeed, the text of the Bible was the

ultimate authority for all State regulations and social ordinances although much casuistry was frequently displayed in the endeavour to reconcile the Biblical text with the necessities and requirements of everyday life. To the Bible, however, we can trace the germ of the system of education, which was in no way altered, but was only further developed, in later times. Home training was the central idea of the system. This is very fully expressed and illustrated in the Mosaic precept which occurs in the passage declaratory of Israel's faith in the unity of God. 'These words thou shalt teach diligently to thy children, and shalt speak of them when thou sittest in thy house, when thou walkest by the way, when thou liest down and when thou risest up.' A whole volume of pedagogic rules might be deduced from these words. They clearly show that in very early times the obligation was thrown upon parents to personally direct the education of their children, and that religious training was an essential part o home instruction.

The Exile into which the Jews were driven after the destruction of the first Temple influenced in many ways the character and history of the people; but in none more so than by proving that Judaism might continue to exist outside the Promised Land and deprived of the Temple service. This new conception of the religion directed the energies of the people more and more to the study of the Law, and helped very much to develop and to systematise their educational efforts. During their fifty years of Captivity, the Jews came into close communion with men distinguished by a culture very different from their own, and they brought away with them new ideas and new knowledge, which exercised a permanent influence on their subsequent intellectual activity.

Between the return of the Jews from Babylon and the destruction of the second Temple, great progress was made in the organisation, throughout Palestine, of schools for Jewish youth. The schools first established were intended for children who had received their elementary training in their own homes, and were prepared to enter upon a higher course of instruction. About the year 80 B.C. Simon ben Schetach directed that academies, or, as we should call them, secondary schools, should be established in all large towns, and the organisation which he succeeded in effecting anticipated, in many particulars, subsequent efforts of the same kind. Something similar is sketched by John Milton in his essay on a *Free Commonwealth.* Milton proposed that every county in the land should be 'made kind of subordinate commonalty or commonwealth,' and further, that the people should have 'schools and academies at their own choice wherein their children may be bred up in their own sight to all learning and noble education; not in grammar only, but in all liberal arts and exercises'; and he tells us that such schools 'would soon spread much more knowledge and civility, yea religion, throughout all parts

of the land.' To what extent Milton in this proposal anticipated the legislation of 1902, without any premonition of the difficulties in the working of the Act which have recently been experienced, is a question full of interest. But far more interesting is the thought that a Jewish Rabbi, nearly twenty centuries ago, succeeded in establishing, without opposition, and with the full sympathy of the nation, in all the chief towns of Palestine, high schools not very different in purpose from those which our English poet contemplated, and by an order having the same object in view as an Act of Parliament.

It was gradually found, however, when the opportunities for higher education were attracting numerous aspirants, that a more generous elementary training was needed. Indeed, the conditions would appear to have been then not very different from now, and about a century later, just before the destruction of the Temple, Joshua ben Gamala, a high priest, whose name the Talmud says should always be mentioned with a blessing, appointed teachers in the several provinces and towns, charged with the duty of seeing that all children from six years old and upwards, who could not be taught in their own homes, should receive school instruction.

The crisis in the history of the Jews which followed so closely on the promulgation of this important ordinance withdrew for some time the thoughts of the people from questions of educational reform. The dire necessities of the great siege blocked the way. But it was not long after the people had settled down to the new conditions, under a stricter Roman rule, that the scheme of the great reformer was, so far as circumstances permitted, generally adopted. A passion for the study of the Law seized upon the people. It was shared almost equally by the two great political parties into which they were divided. In different ways the Sadducees and the Pharisees vied with one another in their zeal for the study of the sacred writings and the observance of the Law, interpreting, however, somewhat differently its meaning and significance. From this time the feeling of patriotism which love of country arouses was intensified a hundredfold among the Jews in their pride of belief and in their sense of responsibility, which, as guardians of the Law, bound them together as one people.

There were Jews in Palestine who continued to cherish the hope of freeing themselves from the Roman yoke, and the revolt under Bar Cochba and the martyrdom of Akiba testify to the strength of this desire. But others, with almost prophetic vision, foresaw the dispersion of the race, and to their efforts is undoubtedly due the survival of Judaism. It may be truly said that the Jewish School grew up on the ruins of the Temple. It became the means of preserving the national existence. Its aim transcended the ordinary purposes of education. Its object was not so much the care and instruction of the children as the preservation of the nation. The training of students was a means to that end. But the end was national rather

than individual. The School was the sole means left to a proud people of maintaining their existence, of holding on to their inheritance. What compulsory military service became later on to other nations, compulsory school attendance was to the Jews. In the war which they waged against ignorance and indifference, the School was their fortress. In the field of learning, which they cultivated with the same patience and patriotism as they had displayed in the defence of their citadel, the School was their national emblem. It is only by realising how the survival of the race came to be identified with the preservation and observance of the Law, and how the study of the Law was essential to its interpretation, that we can understand the devotion of a people, nearly two thousand years ago, to school work in all its seemingly uninteresting details, and the reverential regard and esteem in which the school teacher was held.

An effort of imagination is necessary in order that we may grasp the inner meaning of many of the sayings of Talmudic scholars, and appreciate the spirit that dictated them. We read, for instance, that several learned men were commissioned to visit different parts of Palestine and to establish schools where needed. Having entered a town where no school existed, they inquired for the guardians or protectors of the city. When the civic councillors were brought before them, they said, 'These are not the protectors of the town.' 'Who are they then?' asked the citizens, and the reply they received was, 'The protectors of the town are the teachers of the children.'

A celebrated teacher, Rabbi ben Jochai, said, 'When you see that towns in Palestine have fallen from their status, know that they have failed to support the scribes and school teachers.' The law as to the appointment of teachers in a town was very drastic. By a decree of the Patriarch Judah the Second, 'the town which refused to appoint a teacher for the children was to be destroyed.'

It is significant that when the fall of Jersualem was imminent, and rebellion was rampant within its walls, when the zealots who preached resistance *à outrance* guarded the exits, and put to death all who spoke of surrender, Rabbi Jochanan ben Zaccai, the most renowned teacher of his time, persuaded his disciples to carry him in his coffin, as though dead, to the camp of Titus. With difficulty, he was conveyed through the zealously-guarded gates; but he succeeded in escaping, and when brought before the Roman general he made a request which appeared so simple, so much in harmony with his well-known character, that it was at once granted. He asked only that he might be permitted to establish a school at Jamnia, and there pursue his studies with a few of his chosen disciples. The request was granted, but Titus could not have foreseen that, in acceding to the Rabbi's wish, he had really allowed the garrison to depart with all the honours of war, carrying with them their arms and ammunition. Yet so it was. For he had permitted the actual embodiment of

Jewish learning to re-establish itself in a new centre. The Temple and all that Jerusalem represented were, in fact, nothing more than the shell of Judaism. The Law went forth to Jamnia, to be there preserved and to be thence spread to all parts of the civilised world.

It was a common belief during the centuries that immediately followed the fall of Jerusalem that the city was destroyed because the schools had been closed, and it was subsequently held that the instruction of children must not be interrupted, even for the rebuilding of the Temple. It is distinctly stated in the Talmud that it was not permitted to live in a town where there was neither teacher nor school. Nearly nineteen centuries ago, Josephus wrote, 'Our principal care of all is this, to educate our children well.' The Law ordains 'that the very beginning of our education shall be directed to sobriety. It also commands us to bring up our children in learning, and to exercise them in the Laws and to make them acquainted with the acts of their predecessors, in order that, through imitation of them, they may be nourished up in the Laws from infancy, and may neither transgress them nor have any pretence for ignorance of them.' One of the best known sayings of the Talmud, full of deep meaning and indicating the keenest possible appreciation of the value of education, attributed to Rabbi Eliezer ben Shamna, is, 'By the breath from the mouth of school children the world is sustained.' It was he, too, who is said to have interpreted the words of the Psalmist, 'Touch not my anointed,' as referring to school children, and the words, 'Do not offend my prophets,' to their teachers.

The position occupied by school teachers in Talmudic times is in striking contrast to their status in the days of ancient Greece or Rome. Professor Mahaffy, writing on old Greek education, says: 'The Greek schoolmaster, at least of elementary schools, was not generally in high repute, . . . and his calling was not such as to give him either dignity or self-respect.' And he quotes from a passage in Demosthenes' *De Corona*: 'But you, worthy man, who despise others compared with yourself, now compare with mine your own lot, which consigned you to grow up from boyhood in the greatest need, when you helped your father to attend in the school, preparing the ink, cleaning the benches, sweeping out the schoolroom, and so taking the rank of a slave, and not of a free boy.' It was not to slaves, but to the choice and master spirits among the people, that the training of Jewish children was entrusted. Respect for the teacher was inculcated as even a higher duty than filial piety. 'If both father and teacher are threatened, the latter,' we are told, 'should be first protected.' This reverence for the teacher was only the necessary corollary of the sanctification of learning. Nowadays the whole civilised world is beginning to grasp the fact that the material prosperity of a people depends upon the extent and standard of their educational equipment. We are told that it was the school-

master who gained for Prussia the victories by which the Empire of Germany was established; and certainly no one will question the fact that we must look to the schoolmaster for the remarkable successes, not only in war, but in all the arts of peace, which have won for Japan a front place among the civilised nations of the world. History, however, shows nothing more suggestive than the fact that the people who gave to the world the Book should have shown throughout the whole of their national existence, and long surviving it, a love of learning in all its branches, and the keenest desire to extend it.

The aim of education among the Jews was national rather than individual. They believed that in the success of their schools lay all hope of preserving and promoting the study of the Law, which was their inheritance, and of thus fulfilling the purpose of their existence. 'Children are born,' says Erasmus, 'for the State and for God,' a doctrine as old as Plato, but in no country were its consequences so unreservedly accepted as in Palestine. Nothing is more characteristic of the Jews than their devotion to study, but very little thought was given to what we are always being told should be the practical results of school training. The function of the schools was not to teach what might be even indirectly helpful in the pursuit of trade or commerce, or in fitting men 'to perform justly, skilfully, and magnanimously all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war.' The aim of education was rather what Milton describes as the true end of learning—'to know God aright, and out of that knowledge to love Him, to imitate Him, to be like Him.' The Jews, believing that their national existence could be preserved only through knowledge of the Law, regarded learning as an end in itself. There was no thought, as now, of the application of knowledge to this or that particular pursuit. There was no distinction between pure and applied science. There were no schools of commerce; and technology was unknown. The Law was studied for its own sake. The quest for knowledge was a religious duty, and its possession was the highest good.

As a consequence, the honours which in all countries have been lavished on the soldier, as the emblem and instrument of national defence, were bestowed, in Palestine, on the teacher. The analogy goes further; for whilst the soldier in all countries is generally ill-paid, content with the honour and glory which he may hope to achieve and the prestige of his position, the teacher in Palestine was content to be unpaid. The recompense of his work was its result. We find, therefore, that the Rabbis of old were engaged in all kinds of handicraft. One was a mason, another a carpenter, Hillel was a hewer of wood, and so on. And, in order that the career of a teacher might be open to all, it was incumbent on every parent to teach his child a trade. Manual labour was therefore dignified. 'Great is the virtue of handwork,' says the Talmud; 'it honoureth those who

levote themselves to it,' a sentiment the value of which our schools are only now beginning to appreciate. Maimonides, writing on the subject in the twelfth century, says: 'We do not find anywhere a Rabbi complaining that his contemporaries have bestowed upon him no possessions. They set their entire trust in God and in the Law, through which alone man can attain to happiness. They refuse to accept any gift, for by so doing it might be thought that the study and teaching of the Law was a practice by means of which man gained a living.' It is recorded in more than one instance that a wife voluntarily separated herself from her husband, who, late in life, desired to take up the teacher's calling in order that he might apply himself heart and soul to learning, rejoining him only when he had become a Rabbi.

That learning was an end in itself, to be pursued without any thought of ulterior advancement, was the ideal held up to the Jewish people. 'Make not the study of the Law the means of self-aggrandisement,' says Rabbi Zadok; 'neither make it a crown to shine with, nor a spade to dig with.' There is another saying, which bids one study the Law, even when not for its own sake, for, be the object what it may, you will come to study it for its own sake'—a wise and pithy saying, constantly illustrated in our own schools, when a man takes up a study as a bread-and-butter pursuit, and is so attracted by it that he becomes an independent seeker after truth.

The loftiness of this ideal is heightened when we remember that it was through learning only that one could aspire to a seat in the Sanhedrin, which was the governing body of the people, and that to be admitted a member of that body was the worthy ambition of every scholar. The title Rabbi, which means only 'Master,' was the equivalent of our 'doctorate.' It was conferred only after many years of patient study, and carried with it, like the title 'artium magister,' centuries later, the privilege of teaching and of founding a school. The fame of any celebrated teacher spread then, as in the early part of the Middle Ages, and many a Rabbi, like Abelard, later on, attracted students in great numbers from very distant places. There was no necessary connection between the Rabbi and the priest. On the contrary, the Rabbis were often in conflict with the political influence of the priesthood. The priests were essentially servants of the Temple. In the preservation of the Temple services their interests and hopes were centred. Not so the Rabbis. Their outlook was wider. Their citadel was the Law, which, as time went on, they protected with hedges as defensive as the wire entanglements of modern strategists. At the same time they prepared the way for the permanent survival of Judaism, and for rendering its existence independent of the possession of Palestine or the restoration of the Temple. This was the great work which their schools accomplished.

Something must be now said of Jewish pedagogy, of the subjects of instruction, and of the methods of teaching in these old schools. The Hebrew Scriptures and the Talmud, consisting of the Mischna or Oral Law and its interpretation, were the common subjects of school instruction. The substance of the Talmud, which during this period was unwritten and constantly gathering to itself new matter, was the subject of study in the Jewish academies or high schools. It occupied the place of the classics in the schools of mediæval Europe, and, indeed, in schools of very recent times.

The obligatory school age commenced at six. Many sayings have come down to us showing the importance which was attached to early training. 'The quest of knowledge in old age is like drawing on sand, in youth like engraving on stone;' and elsewhere: 'If you have not desired knowledge when young, how can you attain to it in after-life?' These and many similar sayings found in the Talmud express the common belief of the people in those far-off days. In the elementary schools a teacher was appointed to every twenty-five pupils, the regulation number of a class. If it was found necessary to include forty children, an assistant-teacher was added. The morning and part of the evening were devoted to instruction. Under no circumstances, not even on occasions of great national sorrow, might the school be closed. There were holidays, but they were few. Even on the Sabbath the school was open, but the teaching was restricted to repetition. No new subject was begun. Punctuality in attendance was enforced. Raschi, the great commentator, quotes an old rule: 'Give your pupils a fixed time for coming and leaving.' Thoroughness was the great principle on which teachers insisted. The old rule, *Non multa sed multum*, was anticipated by the Rabbins. 'Better a little with attention than much superficially.' 'A single subject mastered with difficulty is better than a hundred hastily acquired.' At the same time teachers recognised the value of 'short cuts' when they were equally efficient. 'In teaching, always choose the shorter road.'

The secret of discipline was interest: the interest aroused in the study, and, above all, the interest of parents in what their children were learning. The sympathy of the parents with the efforts of the schoolmaster made his task a pleasure, and instruction easy. Learning by heart formed a large part of the teaching both in the elementary and higher schools. That was necessarily so when the instruction was mainly oral. At the same time reading was generally taught, and the Hebrew language was systematically studied. Many mnemonic rules are given in the Talmud for assisting the memory, but constant repetition was considered the surest method, and in this respect the teaching was very similar to that of comparatively modern times. The Latin rule, *Repetitio mater est studiorum*, is otherwise figuratively expressed in the saying: 'He who studies without repeating is like

the man who sows and does not reap.' And elsewhere: 'He who repeats a matter a hundred times does not understand it as well as he who repeats it a hundred and one times.' In an age when there were no publishers, and consequently no text-books, it was necessary that the pupil should first fix in his memory the subject of the lesson and then seek to understand it. Hence we find the saying, 'First know the matter and then learn to explain it,' an analytical principle of teaching of wider application than it probably received in the Talmudic schools. 'Knowledge is gained,' says the Talmud, 'by help of the memory.' But from a comparatively early age the pupil was trained in methods of inquiry, and was encouraged to ask questions. The fault that prevailed for so many years in modern colleges, where the teacher talked and the student listened, was unknown in Talmudic seminaries. The instruction was much more lively. There was a constant and brisk interchange of thought between teacher and pupil. Writing on the subject of these schools in 1885, Strassburger, a German author, tells us that 'the method of instruction was strictly *heuristic*.' He may not have used the word exactly as it is now applied to the teaching of elementary science, but he did mean that the pupil was expected to elicit by pertinent questions and investigation the meaning of what was to him obscure. 'The bashful pupil learns nothing,' we are told in the Talmud, and it was expressly forbidden to appear to understand any matter the meaning of which was not clear to him. Even if his instructor grew impatient, he was told that he should excuse himself by saying: 'I ask for further explanation because my powers of apprehension are weak.'

Whilst the habit of inquiry was thus generally encouraged and cultivated, modesty as to his own knowledge and ability, and respect for that of his teacher, were the two virtues which students were trained to practise. 'Teach your tongue to say, I know not,' is a trite Talmudic precept; and it is also said, 'If you know much, do not pride yourself on your knowledge, for thereto you were created.' Children were taught the doctrine that kindly action follows increased intelligence and understanding, and the connection which the Talmud establishes between knowledge and right-conduct is sufficiently pronounced to satisfy the most faithful disciple of Herbart. Hillel goes so far as to say, 'A boor cannot be sin-fearing, nor a rustic a saint,' and the penalty of confirmed sinfulness was exclusion from the schools. 'You shall not instruct,' says the Talmud, 'a worthless pupil.'

Under such a system very high qualifications were required from the teachers. The fittest age for a teacher was much discussed, and as a general rule no one was considered qualified to teach under forty years of age. To this rule, however, there were many and frequent exceptions, and a certain Rabbi counselled, 'Do not look at the vessel, but at its contents, for we find new vessels with old

wine, and old vessels with new wine.' As morality and learning were closely associated in old Jewish culture, the moral attributes of the teacher were the qualifications which were first considered. It was only the pure-minded and the clean-handed who could be entrusted with the sacred duty of teaching the young. The Talmud gives a very long list of qualifications which the teacher should possess, very few of which our examination system would be able to test. He should be slow to anger, courteous in his language, free from conceit, loving criticism and not exalted by his knowledge, sedate in study, widely observant, eager to extend knowledge and to make others learn; above all, he must be God-fearing and free from worldly ambition. There were no training colleges in those days; the teacher learned the art of teaching by studying the methods of his master.

The school buildings were generally outside the town, away from the busy hum of men. During the lesson the children sat on the floor in a half-circle, and the teacher on a raised seat in the centre. The schoolhouse and synagogue were often in the same building, and, even to the present day, the house of prayer is known in Germany as *Schule* and in Italy as *Scuola*. Indeed, in olden times the training of the home, of the school, and of the synagogue were one and the same. The distinction between religious and secular instruction was unknown. In the impressive words of a German writer: 'As the child went forth each morning from his father's house into the synagogue and thence into the seminary, he went from one house of God into another, and one Book and one Spirit accompanied him, whether at home, in school, or in the house of prayer.'

In the higher schools or academies, the voluminous literature known as Talmud embraced the various subjects of instruction. These, however, were not studied separately according to any prearranged syllabus, but incidentally as they arose, and as they were required to elucidate the Biblical text or the traditional precept. The most superficial acquaintance with the contents of this great work, in the form in which we now have it, shows how numerous were the avenues it opened up to the study of the science and philosophy of the day. The discussions which occupy a large part of the work traverse vast fields of inquiry, including much of what was then known of physiology and medicine, of astronomy, law, history, and grammar. The search into the inner meaning of every line and word in the Biblical writings, the investigation into the why and wherefore of every legal enactment, and the honest endeavour to adapt the written and traditional ordinances to the varying requirements of life, led the patient student to follow any track that promised wider knowledge, and enabled him, in many cases, to strike out new paths as the result of independent thought and research. 'It is impossible,' says the Talmud, 'to frequent the academy without discovering something new'—a sentence showing that it was

the duty of the teachers not only to impart acquired knowledge, but also to stimulate inquiry into new regions of thought. The two Buxtorfs, father and son, who are accounted among the most learned of Christian writers on the Talmud, bear testimony to the width and variety of its contents. 'The Talmud,' we are told, 'is in itself a great body of learning, and contains many-sided references to all branches of science'; and the younger Buxtorf, in the introduction to his well-known Lexicon, speaks of the 'legal, medical, ethical, political, and astronomical dissertations' which are found in its pages.

If we consider for a moment the varied and intricate questions which necessarily arose in deducing from the Bible and the Mischna a practical code of ordinances to govern every detail in human life, we shall realise how many so-called secular subjects of study were called into requisition in the arguments for and against any judgment or decision. Take the laws for the killing of animals for human food, which recently occupied the attention of the Admiralty Committee. The report of that Committee was necessarily largely influenced by the evidence of two of our best known physiologists. The discussions of the members of the Committee were of the same order of thought as those of the Jewish scholars 2,000 years ago, and, although the conclusions may not be identical, the investigations were carried on in a like scientific spirit and with the same humanitarian object in view. Questions of anatomy were frequent subjects of inquiry in the Talmudic schools. Whether the hare, for instance, can be classed among ruminants was a matter on which difference of opinion prevailed. In the Bible it is so classified, and on that ground alone would have been considered clean and edible. But, as the hoof is undivided, it was forbidden as an article of food. When the Bible was translated into Greek the newer learning went to show that the hare *did not* chew the cud, and the Septuagint Jewish writers gave both reasons for its being forbidden and boldly inserted the negative, thus altering the original text. If we consider the searching character of the investigation which alone could have justified such an alteration [1] we shall realise how extended was the field of knowledge in which the old Jewish teachers worked.

Then, again, the settling of the Calendar with a view to the accurate determination of the dates of the Festivals and Feasts necessitated a wide acquaintance with astronomical science. According to the Talmud, the Israelite who aspired to be ranked among the wise was bound to study mathematics and astronomy. It was said of one of the Rabbis that 'the paths of the heavenly bodies were

[1] In the LXX. version of Lev. xi. 6, which runs as follows: *καὶ τὸν χοιρογρύλλιον, ὅτι οὐκ ἀνάγει μηρυκισμὸν τοῦτο καὶ ὁπλὴν οὐ διχηλεῖ, ἀκάθαρτον τοῦτο ὑμῖν*, the negative *οὐκ* is inserted in the text, and the conjunctive *καὶ* is substituted for the disjunctive 'but.' 'And the hare, because he cheweth the cud, but divideth not the hoof, he is unclean to you."

as familiar to him as the streets of his native town.' 'Astronomy and Geometry,' according to the Mischna, 'are the ornaments of wisdom.' The Talmud consists largely of dissertations on historical, legal, and scientific questions, and these formed the subject-matter of discussions in the schools. The method of training was in the highest degree disciplinary. It served to sharpen the wits and to develop the intelligence of the students in a manner and to a degree that have never been surpassed. It had many of the merits of the Socratic method, but dealt with matters of wider interest to the welfare of the community. The subjects of inquiry led the student into fields of investigation and research which included the entire area of the science of the day. It embraced Persian, Greek, and Roman lore. For a period of more than 500 years, the Talmudists were prominent among the most earnest searchers after truth; and it was unquestionably due to the collateral study involved in the interpretation of difficult passages in the written and Oral Law that their descendants occupied so distinguished a position among the philosophers and physicians of the early Middle Ages.

The tendency of modern educational thought and policy in certain directions is not so far removed from the ideals of the old Talmudic fathers. Year by year, and very rapidly in the last few years, the belief is growing and maturing that the salvation of a people is their school training. For the successful discharge of every duty in life—for the attainment of all those ends which to the modern world are dear—education has come to be regarded not only as necessary but indispensable. What kind of education is best adapted to different purposes, to the making of men and women, is a question—or is a consideration involving questions, for they are many—of the greatest concern and of the deepest interest. But everyone is agreed that the training of the young is a matter of national importance, demanding the active thought, the financial aid, and the careful supervision of the State. With this recognition of the national aims of education, has grown up, or is growing up, a truer appreciation of the position and authority of the teacher. It is because there has been lacking in this country that enthusiasm for education, that belief in its saving and constructive influence, that respect for the teacher, which distinguished the ancient Jews, that we have been falling behind in many walks of life, and have now to devote our energies to the remedying of our defects. But the last quarter of a century has witnessed a great change. We are impressed by the fact that from the lecture-rooms and laboratories of our professors go forth discoveries and laws, which modify the whole course of human life in all its tangled and varied efforts, and we see with satisfaction that honours are bestowed with no sparing hand upon those who have helped to push back the barriers of the unknown, or have rendered the wisdom sown of ages more generally available. The

respect and esteem in which the Rabbi was held in Talmudic days is being gradually extended to the schoolmaster and to the professor of modern times. Slowly but certainly we are coming to regard the schools of the people as the nation's strongholds, and to see in their efficiency the country's real strength and civilising power. This ideal was ever present to the minds of the Jewish sages whose wisdom is recorded in the pages of the Talmud.

Perhaps, too, we may come in time to recognise as they did—and many present conflicts will then have ceased—that all knowledge is divine, that science and religion are one, or, as the Talmud tersely expresses it: 'Truth is the seal of God.'

PHILIP MAGNUS.

THE LORDS AND THE EDUCATION BILL

There can be no doubt that when the Lords have completed their consideration of the Education Bill in Committee a situation will have arisen which will require very careful handling indeed if a political crisis is to be averted. The Liberal majority in the Commons is young, eager, and intensely Radical. Already it has had one or two small brushes with the Lords. And the temper it displayed on those comparatively insignificant occasions shows that it will need all 'C.-B.'s' wonderful control over his followers to keep them steady when face to face with the Lords' amendments to their Education Bill.

That the Lords will make drastic amendments the Second Reading speeches of the Primate and the Duke of Devonshire leave no shadow of doubt. And, in passing, let me clear up a fatal confusion of thought into which the Primate fell in the speech under reference, and to which Mr. Balfour is persistently addicted. These good people say: 'Here are the Church schools, built, to a large extent at any rate, with moneys subscribed by Church people in order that children may receive Church teaching. *Isn't it grossly tyrannical and a cruel breach of faith now to divert these schools from their original purpose and turn them into Provided schools in which undenominational religious teaching only can be given as part of the State provision?*' (Of course the Bill offers 'facilities' either on two days a week or on every day in the week for specific Church teaching; but as this is no part of the public provision of education, and is at the expense of the denominationalists themselves, they decline to connote the fact in stating their argument.)

Now, in order properly to examine this the main charge against the Government Bill, I must, like Dr. Davidson, indulge in a short retrospect. Down to 1870 primary education was conducted by voluntary agencies aided by Exchequer grants. These grants were fixed, at that time at any rate, at such a level as to necessitate the raising of a substantial sum per child by way of local voluntary contributions. And it was these voluntary contributions which were held to justify the giving—over and above the secular teaching paid for by the Government grants—of denominational religious teaching. When Parliament came to review the situation in 1870, it was seen

that, even when aided by very large Exchequer grants, the voluntary system was wholly inadequate to meet the needs of the nation. So Parliament passed the Act of 1870. What did that Act achieve exactly? It said to the managers of the denominational schools: 'You will go on receiving State grants; your schools will remain under private management; you will continue to give denominational teaching; but you will also have to continue to collect a substantial portion of your income by means of voluntary contributions.' (Indeed, so generously did the Act of 1870 treat the denominationalists that whilst their schools accommodated 1,800,000 children in 1870, by 1900 they were accommodating 3,000,000.) But the Act of 1870 went further. It said: 'Clearly the voluntary system is not adequate to meet our demands. It must be supplemented. We will, therefore, give every locality the power to elect *ad hoc* a local Board of Education—a School Board. The first duty of this School Board will be to survey the area of its administration, and if it finds a deficiency in school accommodation it shall build an elementary school to be directly under its control. This school we will style a Board school. It shall get Government grants just like the denominational school; but, unlike that school, it shall not be called upon to collect its local income from the pockets of voluntary subscribers. It shall make up any deficiency in its school fund after the receipt of the Government grant *as a charge upon the local rates*. But,' continued the Act of 1870, 'in consideration of this aid from the rates this new type of school must conform to two vital conditions: (1) It must be fully under local public control, and (2) if any religious teaching be given in it, that religious teaching must not include any formulary or tenet distinctive of any particular denomination.'

Very good. The new Board schools thus started alongside the older denominational system flourished amazingly. By 1900 they were accommodating, roughly, 3,000,000 children. Thus at that date half the working-class children were in attendance at one type of school and half at the other. But as the years had gone on between 1870 and 1900 the strain on the denominational system had become increasingly acute. With the very natural zeal of the religionists their directors had striven with might and main to extend their area of operations; and so successful were they in this perfectly understandable endeavour that, as I have said, by 1900 they were essaying the task of educating nearly twice as many youngsters as in 1870, with the inevitable result that they were giving to surface what should have been devoted to depth. And in competition with the rate-aided Board school the struggle for existence became increasingly difficult. If Mr. Balfour had not come to their rescue in 1902, four-fifths of them would by to-day have passed into the hands of the School Boards. And where, let me ask the Primate and Mr. Balfour, would denominational teaching have been then?

However, in 1902 Mr. Balfour, recognising that the great majority of the denominational schools were *in extremis*, came to their rescue with his Bill of that year. What was wanted was more money. Had there been any in the central Exchequer he would doubtless have proposed a new big Special Aid grant. But the South African war had emptied the State coffers; so there was nothing for it but to let the denominational school drift painfully and rapidly out of existence altogether, or put it on the rates. The latter was a desperate expedient. It involved all sorts of nasty conditions, and would probably be fatal in the long run to the system. The late Primate wrung his hands and warned his people of the cataclysm which would await the close of their short and swift existence upon 'the slippery slope of the rates.' However, *faute de mieux*, on the rates they went.

Now the reader will begin to see the reason for my retrospect. What were the prime conditions laid down in 1870 under which alone a school could receive rate aid? (And remember these conditions were acquiesced in by all parties, Tories and Liberals, Churchmen and chapel-goers.) They were, as I have said: (1) Full local control; (2) no denominational teaching as part of the public provision of education.

When Dr. Davidson, therefore, stands at the table of the House of Lords and talks about Clause I. of the Government Bill—under which all rate-aided schools become 'Provided' or Board schools—as constituting a gross breach of faith, his jeremiads are belated. They ought to have been delivered exactly four years ago. They ought to have been directed against Mr. Balfour, and not against Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. And they ought to have taken this form: 'Thank you very much; but we dare not put our schools on the rates because that will involve fundamental changes in the conduct of our schools in which we are not prepared to acquiesce.' The good Archbishop wants to eat his cake in 1902 and still have it in 1906!

And Mr. Balfour, who is far more subtle than the Primate, constantly looks across to the Liberal benches and with well-affected innocence asks, 'What grievance did my Act of 1902 impose upon Nonconformists? Did I not free all the teachers, save the head teachers, from anything in the nature of a religious test? Did I not give the municipal authorities full control of all the finances of the denominational school? Did I not abolish "the one-man manager"? Did I not associate with him in the management of the denominational school five other persons, two of whom are representatives of the public?' Often and often have I smiled to see the gloom, and even consternation, these perfectly true statements have caused to spread over the countenances of the stern and unbending Nonconformists of the Liberal benches! But the fact is Mr. Balfour, with Oriental ingenuity, entirely begs the question. The question he should ask himself is this: 'Having put these schools on the rates, did I make

them conform to the conditions laid down by common consent in 1870 as essential to the receipt of rate aid?' Put this way the answer would be much more embarrassing to the right hon. gentleman.

This is a long digression from a consideration of the problem of what will happen when the Lords have done with the Government Bill. But, after all, it is necessary to a proper understanding of the situation, because, whatever the Government may agree to in December next, it cannot possibly accept any amendment which (1) vitiates in any degree whatsoever the policy of complete local control; (2) imposes a religious test upon any teacher upon appointment; and (3) provides for the giving of denominational religious teaching at the public expense, and as part of the provision by the local education authority of public elementary education.

These matters are definitely barred. The emphatic pledges given by Liberals last January make this much quite clear. Therefore their Lordships had better understand at once that any attempt to modify the Bill in such a way as to contravene these three propositions will simply mean trouble.

At the same time, I do not deny that quite outside these matters several important alterations of the Bill are possible. There is the question of the old Clause VI., now Clause VII. That Clause laid it down for the first time in English educational history that a parent need not send his child to school till the close of the religious lesson. This may be knocked out by the Lords, and I suppose not very many of us in the Commons will shed many tears. There will still remain the rather invidious 'Conscience Clause' of 1870, under which the child must come to school at the formal opening and thereafter either receive religious instruction or stand aside to receive secular instruction. This has recently been amplified by the 'Anson' by-law, which, wherever a local education authority cares to adopt it, sets up by by-law substantially what Mr. Birrell proposed to enact by statute. So, after all, Clause VII. may go without much pother, though I for one shall regret its disappearance.

Then comes 'the silencing of the voice of the teacher,' as Dr. Davidson cleverly put it months ago. In the cases of all transferred denominational schools which do not apply for 'extended facilities,' the Bill proposes that the State teacher should not be allowed to volunteer to give the denominational teaching provided for under the ordinary facilities plan on two mornings a week. This has been put into the Bill to prevent a religious test being applied to the teacher on appointment. For myself, I have all along suggested that a compromise might be effected by allowing the existing teachers who have in the past given denominational teaching to continue to do so if they care to volunteer. For undoubtedly very many of them, and especially the women, consider it a grave hardship to be now deprived of

a duty which has been to them in the past a real pleasure and a genuine satisfaction. Further, I fancy that my friends who fear a test if the teacher be allowed to volunteer do not quite project their minds into the working of the new machinery for the local control of the schools and the teachers to be set up under the Bill if and when it passes into law. To-day the person who would ask the teacher to volunteer would be able as a manager vitally to affect his appointment. To-morrow that same person would have no right whatever as a manager to put any such question to the teacher. And if he did the teacher would at once apply in protest to the local education authority. Besides there is always the National Union of Teachers. That powerful, often maligned, and very much misunderstood organisation, to which the country owes a good deal more of educational reform than it is ever likely to acknowledge, may very well be left to see that no injustice befalls the teacher.

One other point before I leave the teacher. Clause VIII., Sub-section 2, reads as follows: 'A teacher employed in a public elementary school shall not be required as part of his duties as teacher to give any religious instruction, and shall not be required as a condition of his appointment to subscribe to any religious creed, or to attend or abstain from attending any Sunday school or place of religious worship.' I sincerely hope no attempt will be made to tamper with this sub-section. To religionists it provides for the first time an assurance that the teacher who does not believe shall be freed without prejudice from the most odious task of imparting to little children religious truths about which he himself may be sceptical. To the teachers it is a most timely and grateful Conscience Clause. To the vast multitude of teachers it will make no difference whatever; to a very few it may be an unspeakable relief.

Then there comes the problem of Clause IV., an extension of the principles of the settlement of 1870 wholly gratuitous from the point of view of Liberalism, and wholly made in the interests of the denominationalists, who, by the way, have been the reverse of grateful for what Mr. Birrell has, in the teeth of much Liberal irritation, attempted on their behalf. The four-fifths of Clause IV. may be reduced by the Lords to three-fourths or something of that sort. I hope not. Unless the parents of four-fifths of the children attending a school can be found willing to ballot for 'extended facilities,' it is clear that the school does not represent that homogeneous family the existence of which can alone justify the special arrangements for religious teaching of a denominational character provided for in the clause.

Again, there is the proscription limiting the application of the clause to urban areas with populations of over 5,000. This is very much resented by the denominationalists, and may be thrown out by the Lords. I do not think there is anything very terrible in this, because the clause elsewhere provides that 'extended facilities' can

only be granted if there is a sufficiency of Cowper-Temple school accommodation within easy access of the children whose parents do not desire the form of special religious teaching provided under the scheme of 'extended facilities.' Therefore this amendment would not cause me personally any sleepless nights.

Finally there is the suggestion that the clause should be made 'mandatory.' This, so far as the duty of the Local Education Authority to furnish the 'extended facilities' demanded is concerned, is a reasonable demand which I have all along supported—not indeed as involving any matter of high policy, but purely in the interests of administrative harmony. However, the Government has conceded an appeal to the Board of Education on the point, so there is not much left in the demand for turning the first 'may' of the clause into 'shall.' But the proposal to make the clause 'mandatory,' so far as the teachers are concerned, is quite out of the question. To make the second 'may' of the clause into 'shall' would involve a direct denominational test upon the teachers; and this the Cabinet is bound to oppose.

I have now shortly outlined the sort of amendments upon which compromise may be possible, though I admit the task of negotiation will be extremely difficult at every point. Anything beyond that which I have discussed—as, for example, any attempt to extend the 'facilities' plan to the Council schools, anything in the nature of a test for teachers, or any attempt to make denominational religious teaching a part of the public provision of elementary education—will mean a deadlock at once. Therefore let both Lords and denominationalists go warily. Let them agree with their adversary quickly whiles he is in the way with them, lest a worse thing fall upon them. I put this in no minatory spirit; but I put it all the same. If they will only face facts frankly, they will see that the Bill gives them, under its scheme of facilities, quite as much definite dogmatic religious teaching as they get to-day, and in the vast majority of the Church of England schools a good deal more. Besides this, it takes the whole upkeep of the school premises, wherever a transfer is effected, entirely out of their hands; and remember these selfsame premises will still be available for all sorts of parochial purposes, for the wear and tear engendered by which the public will pay. Finally, wherever 'ordinary facilities' are applied for, the Bill adds a rental from the public purse for the use of the buildings. What better than this, let me ask any business-like denominationalist, does he expect to get?

T. J. Macnamara.

Postscript: *August 16th.*—Since writing the foregoing the situation has been sensibly complicated by the decision of the Court of Appeal in the matter of the refusal of the West Yorks Education Authority to pay any salary for the time devoted by any teacher in a non-

provided school to the giving of denominational religious teaching. It has been the policy of that authority to deduct from the payments due to non-provided school teachers a moiety in respect of the time given to denominational teaching. Their policy was upheld in a County Court action; was thereafter declared to be *ultra vires* by the Court of King's Bench; and has now been declared to be legal by the Master of the Rolls and Lord Justice Farwell—Lord Justice Moulton dissenting—sitting as a Court of Appeal. The last decision, if it stands, cannot but have a most far-reaching effect not only upon the education controversy but also upon the political situation which will arise in the autumn. The decision intimates to Local Education Authorities all over the country that no obligation rests upon them to pay for denominational religious teaching. And no doubt, unless the matter is the subject of further revision, numbers of Local Authorities, especially in Wales, will follow the lead of the West Yorks Authority. This will be most embarrassing to denominationalists and very unfair to non-provided school teachers, who will either have to continue to give denominational teaching as a labour of love or rely for requitement on the fluctuating hand of voluntary contributions.

Of course all this makes confusion worse confounded, and it is more than ever the duty of the Government to go ahead with its determination to straighten out this woeful education tangle. All talk of the desirableness of withdrawing the Government Bill in view of the Court of Appeal decision is sheer nonsense. The decision accentuates the need for the Bill. At the same time there is no doubt the position of the Government is most substantially strengthened by the decision. If it cared to take a purely partisan view of the situation it could, if it wished, say to the denominationalists, 'Very well; you don't like our Bill; you need not have it. The Act of 1902, as interpreted by the Court of Appeal decision, leaves you to a large extent with our Bill *minus the million of money we have put into Clause XIII. to cover the cases of transfer; which million you would find very useful indeed in paying for the giving of that denominational teaching which the public funds no longer cover.*' Of course the Government would have to admit that there would still remain the questions of the management of non-provided schools and of immunity for teachers from tests for it to deal with. But these could be easily accomplished in a short two-clause Bill next session.

My view therefore is that when the Lords and the Clergy come to look carefully into the Court of Appeal decision—and I gravely doubt whether denominationalists will improve their position by carrying the matter to the still higher Court—they will come to the final consideration of the Government Bill in a much more consenting frame of mind than would have been the case if this momentous decision had never been given. If so, we may yet have a happy issue out of our difficulties.

T. J. M.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION

I

The adjournment of Parliament for the autumn holidays affords breathing-time to note the position and prospects of the country and its institutions under Radical auspices.

The passage of the Education Bill through the House of Commons almost simultaneously with the presentation of the Report of the Royal Commission on Church Discipline marks a crisis of tremendous moment to the Church of England. I am not going to discuss the degree in which, were it to become law in the form in which it awaits the Committee stage in the House of Lords, it would impair the influence and confiscate the property of that Church, not having applied that diligence of study to this complex measure and to the debates thereon which would be necessary to qualify one to *pronounce an opinion about its effect in these respects.* It would be premature, also, to estimate the bearing upon Church interests of the recent decision of the Court of Appeal upon the suit of the West Riding County Council, as it seems likely that the case will be carried to the House of Lords. But it is open to anybody to collate the opinions of leading Churchmen upon the Bill as it stands, and to note the unanimity of protest from those representing every shade of ecclesiastical practice against the alienation of the funds invested by the Church on the faith of Acts of Parliament.

I have here [said the Archbishop of Canterbury in the debate on the 1st of August] the figures for three dioceses taken absolutely at random, and I find that, since 'the appointed day' under the Act of 1902, the diocese of Canterbury has spent 50,000*l.*, Oxford 57,000*l.*, and Winchester 105,000*l.* in the building of new schools. It surely is almost impossible to say that these schools can be taken over and entirely transformed in their character without an absolute violation of the whole traditions of English public security and of English public honour. . . . There will be something more than mere transformation—an absolute end of any true preservation of the principles for which this money was given and this effort made.

On the following day the Duke of Devonshire, surely the very type of an English lay Churchman, spoke with equal earnestness:

The managers [of transferred schools] will be appointed in future by the local authority, and the teachers will be appointed by the same body. The effect of that is that every security that has been provided by the deeds of Church schools for having Church teaching for Church people in Church schools will be absolutely swept away.

We all know [said the Bishop of Southwark] that it is not one party in the Church of England which is making resistance, but that it proceeds from all those who feel anxiety that, if we are to keep religion, the religion shall be real.

Unless the Bill is drastically altered [said Lord Halifax], neither the members of the Church of England nor the members of the Roman Catholic communion are going to submit to it. . . . The provisions of this Bill ignore the sacred rights of Christian children and Christian parents, outrage the rights of conscience and flatly contradict those principles of justice to which appea is so constantly made in words.

Even the Bishop of Hereford, the solitary supporter of the Bill among his clerical colleagues in the Lords, advocates amendments which, if carried, would alter the measure in such important respects that it would hardly be recognised as that which the Government have spent months in driving through the House of Commons. Dr. Percival would have 'Biblical instruction according to the fundamental principles of the Christian faith' given day by day within the regular school hours in all public elementary schools; and he would sweep away the arbitrary limit of 5,000 population which the Bill fixes as determining the kind of religious teaching to be given in particular areas.

Quid plura? Quotations such as these from the speeches of clergy representing every variety of ecclesiastical opinion, and from laymen differing as widely as even the latitude of the Church of England permits, might be multiplied indefinitely. Nobody who has given any attention to the matter will be inclined to dispute the Bishop of London's assertion that 'the Church of England is so united in its opposition to the Bill as it has seldom been united before.'

This exemplary harmony would be most reassuring to those who desire earnestly to maintain the influence and protect the just rights of the Church, were there not signs, unhappily, that the harmony is only *ad hoc*, and that, were the external danger averted, an internal and more deadly one will have to be faced. The August number of this Review bears witness to the dissatisfaction with which extreme Evangelicals and extreme Ritualists have received the Report of the Royal Commission. That Report probably embodies the average opinion of the English laity. Anything less than the restrictions which it recommends to be imposed upon the licence exercised by Ritualist clergymen would have caused many men to alter their views as to the expediency of maintaining any longer the Established Church; anything more would have pointed in the direction of what is of all proceedings the most abhorrent to peaceable citizens—the prosecution and punishment of men for their religious beliefs.

Of the four writers who have dealt with the Report in the pages

of this Review, none is satisfied. The fifth and principal recommendation of the Commissioners is that when questions touching the doctrine or use of the Church of England arise in an appeal before the Final Court involving charges of heresy or breach of ritual, such questions shall be referred for decision to an assembly of the archbishops and bishops of both provinces. This recommendation, regarded by Sir George Arthur, whose sympathies are strongly with the ultra-Ritualists, as 'by far the most valuable part of the Report,' is vehemently denounced by Lady Wimborne, who protests that 'ecclesiastical rule has ever been and always will be foreign to our national character. We cannot be coerced by a handful of ecclesiastics, representing but an insignificant minority of the nation.' Canon Henson is even more emphatic, and brushes the whole Report aside because 'its recommendations surrender the principle at stake and ask the English people to purchase a doubtful relief from sporadic absurdities by giving national sanction to the Tractarian aspiration for ecclesiastical autonomy.' 'Sporadic,' be it said with all respect, seems a mild term to apply to practices which, as Canon Henson himself observes, have altered the aspect of public worship in more than 1,500 churches and have resulted in the presentation of a memorial to the Commissioners, signed by 2,519 clergymen, declaring it to be their duty to observe the Ornaments Rubric, 'especially with regard to the use of vestments.' No good will come out of an attempt to minimise the dilemma. The amount and energy of the disruptive agencies must be realised before considering any measures to mitigate the mischief.

The last of the quartette of writers, Mr. Herbert Paul, declares his conviction that it would be hopeless to ask the House of Commons to sanction 'the reference of any charges brought before an ecclesiastical court to an assembly of bishops, perhaps the least judicial among all the orders of men.' Generalisations of this kind are always to be received with caution, but this one touches the kernel of the whole matter. What hope is there for a Church constituted under bishops if the Evangelical laity, on the one hand, deride their authority in matters spiritual as vested in 'the least judicial among the orders of men,' and the Ritualist clergy, on the other hand, deliberately defy the monitions of their bishops and, to quote the words of the Report, persist 'in practices significant of teaching repudiated by the Church of England'? Such a condition of things is sheer anarchy, and anarchy, if it cannot be reduced to order, must end in dissolution. The Roman Catholic will perceive in this anarchy the natural outcome of the right of private judgment. He can point to the four papers in this Review and show that the Protestant mind has become so disordered by the exercise of that right that it cannot be brought to recognise authority anywhere, except in the law courts supported by the police. He may claim as evidence the fact that, of the four

writers, only one, Lady Wimborne, recognises the fitness of the Commissioners for the work committed to them, but, as has been shown, has the strongest objection to their unanimous recommendation of a spiritual Court of Appeal, which she regards as 'meeting a prolonged and sustained course of law-breaking by revising the law to suit the law-breakers.' Of the other three writers, Canon Henson censures the 'irrelevant discussions' and 'gratuitous loquacity' of the Commissioners; Sir George Arthur reflects upon them as 'having come into being under what may be termed shady circumstances,' and Mr. Paul complains that they were 'not so impartially selected as they might have been,' and comments on 'the undue preponderance of High Churchmen.'

If, then, it has indeed come to this pass that Protestant Christians are incapable of recognising authority and submitting to control, the maintenance of a Church by the State has become a mockery. Speaking as the man in the street, I express my disbelief that matters have gone so far, though for the last fifty years they have been tending that way. For three hundred years the bishops ruled the Church of England, and their authority was never set at naught by their clergy or by those who remained members of that Church. Even now, the great mass of moderate opinion in the Church of England loyally supports the bishops in the exercise of their authority, desires to see them enforce it, and recognises them as the only court qualified by training, study, and position to pronounce impartial and discerning judgment upon 'any question touching the doctrine or use of the Church of England, which question is not . . . governed by the plain language of documents having the force of Acts of Parliament.'

But that mass of moderate opinion will assuredly be alienated from the Church if it is found that what should be the guiding and controlling authority is incapable of steering a true course. By this term 'a true course' are implied no doctrines or system of theology beyond those professed by the Protestant Church of England when she went out from the Church of Rome. In doing so she rejected certain doctrines, practices, and symbolical observances which were and are taught and performed in the Church of Rome. About the precise doctrines rejected there exists no doubt; about the practices and observances there appears to be less exact means of information. It is in these that the ordinary Churchman looks for guidance to the bishops. If they pronounce it to be edifying and lawful for a Protestant clergyman to officiate one day in a green stole, another day in a purple, and a third day in a red one, and that it is expedient to revive these and other ceremonial garbs after three hundred years of tacit desuetude, the reasonable man will be satisfied; it is sanctioned by authority. But when these and similar novelties are displayed in open disregard of the episcopal monition, by clergy who refuse to call themselves, and object to being called, Protestant, it

is time to ask—Does the clergy exist for the Church, or the Chu[rch] for the clergy?

It is improbable that the present Parliament will come to an [end] without having to discuss a measure or motion for disestablishing [the] Church of England, which will unite the clergy of all its subdivisions [in] harmony as exemplary as they have exhibited in opposition to the Ed[u]cation Bill. But the clergy are not the Church, and the issue of a[n] attack upon the Church depends upon the unwavering support of [the] Churchmen. Much has been done to cause them to waver; somethi[ng] must be done to restore their whole-hearted allegiance. It rests with t[he] extreme parties within the Church to do this. Is each of them willi[ng] to yield something out of consideration for the other, and sacrifi[ce] not principles, but prepossession in the interest of the whole?

Evangelicals interpret as signs of corruption the desire and inclin[a]tion of many of their fellow-Churchmen, clergy and laity, for full[er] and more elaborate forms in public worship than are edifying [to] themselves. Can they not bring themselves to recognise in this [a] phenomenon of growth and adaptation to the wants of a living orga[ni]sation. The liturgy and rubrics, while prescribing certain thin[gs] which shall or shall not be done, lay down no rule about others, there[by] appearing to contain provision for a reasonable degree of modificati[on] in practice. It is asking too much that the difference between t[he] intellectual atmospheres of the sixteenth and twentieth centur[ies] should find no reflection in the spiritual atmosphere. Nay, do n[ot] the Evangelicals themselves manifest response to the change which h[as] come over the spirit of Christianity by demanding the disuse of t[he] creed erroneously attributed to St. Athanasius?

On the other hand, it is no extravagant demand upon the f[or]bearance of the ultra-Ritualist clergy that, so long as they deri[ve] emolument from their position within the Church, they should des[ist] from those practices which have been pronounced contrary to the l[aw] and practice of the Church, and which are offensive and disquieting [to] the great majority of Protestant Christians.

What prospect is there of attaining this measure of mutual co[n]cession? Not much, it must be sorrowfully admitted, judging fro[m] the four articles in the August number of this Review. Here are t[he] two voices:

> (1) We may take it [says Lady Wimborne] as an accepted fact that [no] revision of the rubrics which would satisfy even the less advanced members [of] the Ritualist party would ever be assented to by the more Protestant section [of] the Church.
>
> (2) A solid phalanx of the Catholic school [writes Sir George Arthur], to whi[ch] is joined a very large number of men of so-called moderate views, backed [by] a goodly company of Evangelicals, is finally determined to stand no tamperi[ng] with the Prayer-book, and especially with the *Quicunque vult*.

If these are indeed the last words—if both sides continue

vociferate 'No surrender!' then must the Church of England enter upon the coming struggle deprived of the support of that staunch, if mostly inarticulate, body of its members and friends which has never failed it hitherto. They have stood by the Church in resisting the Education Bill because they were determined that religion, and not a mere nebulous code of ethics, should be an integral part of national education. But they will not stand by a Church which has confessed its impotency to control the vagaries of its priesthood and appears half-ashamed of the masculine Protestantism which it is its mission to maintain. The clergy, as aforesaid, are not the Church, but the destiny of the Church of England is entrusted to their keeping. That destiny is secure only so long as the clergy retain the confidence of the laity—a confidence which has been grievously shaken by overt dissension upon graver matters than copes and chasubles, incense and lights. Nevertheless, it is in these comparative trivialities, for which the average lay mind can find little patience, that the clergy *can most effectively manifest a sense of discipline* and reassure their perplexed flocks. In doing so, they will make no surrender of liberty, for the Church of England has always allowed ample latitude for High and Low within her borders; but they must not construe liberty into licence.

Speaking as a layman who would fain remain loyal to the Church as I believed it to be when I was confirmed, I am forced to admit that no more staggering blow to loyalty has been dealt than was conveyed by Lord Hugh Cecil's two letters to the *Times* on the 14th and 18th of August. The sentiments of an individual layman might not be held to compromise the cause of the Church of England; but Lord Hugh is no ordinary layman. He was the recognised and able champion of the High Church party in the last Parliament, and spoke with acknowledged authority in all matters affecting their interests. It is a grievous disappointment to those who have watched his rise with admiration, and looked forward to his future position with bright hopes, to recognise in his advocacy of passive resistance to legal obligations the moral obliquity which the enemies of sacerdotalism allege is the natural effect of that influence. He perceives, as we all do, that Nonconformists have scored a success by passive resistance. 'The only resource,' says he, 'is to imitate their methods. So shall we be again on equal terms.' These are the ethics of Donnybrook Fair; but worse was to follow. When Sir West Ridgeway asked pithily the question which must have occurred to most readers of Lord Hugh Cecil's first letter—namely, what moral difference could be shown between passive resistance and the plan of campaign, his lordship stooped to a sorry casuistry to justify his advice,

The refusal to pay taxes and the refusal to pay debts are not the same; one is an offence against the State, the other against an individual; one is rebellious, the other is dishonest. . . . The breach of law is of the slightest; the full pay-

ment required by law on account of education would still be made, but by different channel from that legally prescribed.

That is, by distraint; which is precisely the channel through whic a defaulting debtor would be compelled to pay. If this kind reasoning were to be interpreted as the fruit of denominational re ligious instruction, many people might consider that such instructio were better discontinued. By these letters Lord Hugh Cecil ha done much to forfeit the confidence which his courage and abilit had secured. That is mainly his own affair: what is of deep concern is the injury he has inflicted upon the cause of the Churc by this crude revelation of the tactics of one of the parties therei Of this we may rest assured—that a considerable number of tho who warmly support the Church of England do so not because any niceties of doctrine or ritual, but because of her hitherto inflexib attitude as a bulwark of law and order. If that attitude were to altered—if the Church, or any considerable party therein, were refuse to render to Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's—the resu might be swift and irrevocable.

Action upon the Report of the Commissioners can scarcely be lo postponed. However unwilling the Government may feel to ent upon the difficult question, it will be forced upon them by their o supporters, and the disestablishment party will seize the opportuni for a flank attack. If the Church is able to bring into the field the forces which have hitherto borne arms under her colours, t result need not be feared; but unless it can be shown that intern anarchy is to be firmly repressed, many of us must stand aloof a witness with profound sorrow the destruction of a venerable nation institution, ennobled by priceless services to humanity and endear by countless associations.

Turning from ecclesiastical to secular affairs, there is one amo the somewhat numerous precedents set by the present Parliamenta majority, which must have caused some good Liberals to win as it has caused Unionists to blush, for the dignity of the Moth of Parliaments. Not content with impressing the electors the United Kingdom with a dread of the consequences of a ration and moderate revision of our fiscal system, and with misrep senting and exaggerating the proposals for broadening the ba of taxation put forward by Tariff Reformers, 274 members of Imperial Parliament set their names to a solemn appeal, address to the electors of the Australian Commonwealth, beseeching the to turn a deaf ear to their own Prime Minister, Mr. Deakin, who h announced that preferential trading within the Empire will be t principal constructive part in the programme to be submitted to t constituencies at the forthcoming Commonwealth elections. Ha this precious document issued from a Unionist source, one can imagi

the outcry that pious Radicals would have raised at such an unwarrantable attempt to sway the judgment of a free and independent electorate. It is to be hoped that its true genesis will be thoroughly explained to Australian electors, and that they will be made to understand that the overwhelming majority of those whose signatures the managers of the Cobden Club were successful in securing are members new to the House of Commons, and therefore unversed in Parliamentary etiquette. It seems hardly possible that many of the signatories can have made themselves acquainted with the document to which they have appended their names, else they must have paused before endorsing its abject prayer and most misleading statements.

> The question gravely affects us in the old country, and we therefore earnestly ask you to consider its bearing upon our interests before you give your vote upon it. Our people have recently elected their representatives to the Imperial Parliament, and the question of preference which is now about to be submitted to you was by far the most important question submitted to them. Their judgment was against the proposal, and against it by a majority more decisive and overwhelming than has ever before been recorded in our history as a people.

Agreed that a preferential readjustment of import duties was the most important question submitted at the General Election, it is only people at the Antipodes who could be brought to believe that the Yellow Labour and Education bogeys had not at least as much to do with the result as the big and little loaf.

The naïveté of the appeal would be comic if it were not so humiliating. Australian electors are adjured to abstain from supporting a policy which their ablest statesmen believe to be essential to their material interests (a belief which it will probably be found that the great majority of colonists share), 'above all, for the sake of that goodwill between you and us,' which rests, it is explained, upon 'a free and unpurchased connection resting upon common blood, common traditions, and common aspirations.' The counterpart to the 'free and unpurchased connection'—namely, a connection strengthened by common commercial interest—has been derided by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman as 'sordid bonds'; but whether is it more sordid, if that be the proper epithet to apply to patriotic anxiety for imperial welfare and unity, for the Colonists to advocate a policy which they believe would greatly stimulate their prosperity (and, as many people believe, would materially add to the security of our own), or for us to denounce it in advance lest our own well-filled pockets should suffer in an infinitesimal degree? The argument of the memorialists being that our 'goodwill' towards the Colonies will be jeopardised by action which, while favouring the Colonial producer, may cause a slight temporary rise in the price of certain commodities to the British consumer, how can they escape the conclusion that Colonial goodwill

must be strained by a refusal even to entertain the proposal? 'We maintain,' runs the memorial, 'that there is no offer within your power to make that would compensate us for a tax upon our food.' In other words, while we are not ashamed to ask you to retain the goodwill (of the Cobden Club) by abstaining from a fiscal policy which nobody doubts would be to the advantage of your people, we recoil in horror from the risk of having to make the slightest sacrifice in order to retain *your* goodwill.

That this risk is involved in the adoption of preferential trade within the Empire is assumed for the purposes of the Cobden Club, and grotesquely exaggerated by those whose political future depends on the permanence of its influence. 'It would make the food of our people both scarcer and dearer.' As for scarcity, what in Heaven's name has been our purpose in overrunning the most fertile regions of the earth but to provide sustenance for our people? The potential output of wheat within British territory is well-nigh incalculable. Canada alone is capable of supplying all the bread-stuffs that can be consumed in the United Kingdom. It is true that if her farmers had a monopoly of our corn imports they might control the price to our inconvenience; but there would be plenty of intra-imperial competition—Australasian, Indian, and South African. Then as to dearness—'Think of it,' whine the memorialists, 'and you will see that there is no tax that can be devised or imposed that presses so constantly and so grievously upon the people of a country as a tax upon their food.' Here they are presuming upon the ignorance of Australian electors as to the effect of the shilling duty upon corn whereby Lord St. Aldwyn, when Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1902, added a cool two millions and a half to the credit side. So little was 'the life of the workman in this country daily embittered by a sense of the wrong done to him' by this tax upon food—so far were our people from being conscious of the grievous and constant pressure, that no householder could detect the smallest increase in the price of living; nay, the price of the quartern loaf actually fell in some towns

IMPORTS OF BREADSTUFFS INTO THE UNITED KINGDOM.

—	Quantities (Thousands of Cwts.)			Values (Thousands of £)		
	1901	1902	1903	1901	1902	1903
Wheat . . .	69,709	81,002	88,131	23,081	27,080	29,940
Wheatmeal and Flour . .	22,576	19,386	20,601	10,842	8,926	9,724
Barley . . .	21,878	25,201	26,556	6,163	7,132	7,292
Oats . . .	22,471	15,857	16,284	6,848	5,041	4,264
Rye . . .	1,266	1,148	1,151	344	312	303
Maize, Maize-meal, &c. . .	53,011	44,736	50,689	12,844	11,796	12,648
Other Sorts . .	13,908	16,648	15,248	6,086	6,485	6,414
Totals . .	204,814	203,976	218,655	65,208	66,772	70,510

during the incidence of that tax. Nor was the bulk of our corn imports stinted by the tax, although it fell upon all corn, foreign and colonial alike. From the table given on p. 493 it may be seen that the imports of wheat and barley continued to increase during the time of its incidence, while the imports of oats, which cannot be reckoned as contributing, except infinitesimally, to our food supply, showed a remarkable falling-off.

Taking wheat and flour together, and converting the flour into its equivalent of grain, the imports of wheat would be represented by the figures 101, 108, and 115 million cwts. respectively for the three years. Thus the quantity of wheat imported rose by equal increments between 1901 and 1902 and between 1902 and 1903.

Wheat prices for the same years, taken from official sources, show some remarkable results:

—	1901	1902	1903
	s. d.	*s. d.*	*s. d.*
WHEAT. Price per quarter; average farm value in U.S.A. (official)	20 9½	21 0	23 2
Average export price (Cal. Year)	24 4	25 11	25 10½
Import price U.K.	28 4	28 8	29 1
U.K. *Gazette* Price of home-grown wheat	26 9	28 1	26 9
Freights:			
Lake and canal (per qr.)	1 8½	1 9	1 10
New York to Liverpool (per qr.)	0 10	0 11½	0 11½

It is to be noted that, while the export price of wheat from the United States in 1902 showed an increase of 1*s.* 7*d.* over that of 1901, the average import price into the United Kingdom from *all* sources rose only 4*d.*, although the price of home-grown wheat rose by 1*s.* 4*d.*, probably owing to the fine quality of the harvest of 1902. It does not appear that any part of the increase in the export price was due to the slight rise in freights; because, taking the lowest inland rate quoted for the United States, the average rate per quarter of wheat rose by a halfpenny only in 1902 as compared with 1901, the Atlantic rate rising by three-halfpence in the same time, a total rise in freight of twopence per quarter. The fact that the import price to the United Kingdom followed so closely the farm value of wheat in the United States during these years, *notwithstanding that the import price contained the shilling duty*, is conclusive proof that neither the tax nor any fraction of it was paid by the consumer on this side of the water.

In their eagerness to check the desire of the Colonial electorate for preferential trade, the draftsmen of this memorial have not scrupled to employ most misleading language. After complaining about the scarcity and dearness of food which they declare would be the result of such a policy, they hasten to add:

> It will not have this effect upon your food. You produce from your own soil a larger supply than you consume, and you export from your abundance

We, on the other hand, have to import the larger part of all that we consume, and we were asked to submit to a tax upon *this* in order that you might have a preference on so much of it as you send to us.

We have never been asked to submit to a tax upon *this*—that is, upon 'the larger part of all that we consume'—but only upon that part which may be grown outside the limits of the Empire, of which part we should be made perfectly independent by the development of Indian and Colonial corn lands.

All this outcry is caused by Mr. Chamberlain's proposal to put a 2*s*. duty upon foreign, as distinguished from Indian and Colonial, corn—double the amount which, in 1902–3, was found to be imperceptible by the British consumer. That is the utmost demand ever formulated even by the Tariff Reform League. It is scarcely conceivable that the effect upon home prices would be appreciable, even during the first few years while Colonial wheat-growers were responding to what would be a valuable stimulus to their industry.

While the Cobden Club and their 274 ingenuous cat's-paws declare that by a preferential tax of 2*s*. upon foreign corn 'the life of the workman in this country would be daily embittered by the wrong done to him,' they add that 'you (Australian electors) happily do not know this from experience.' If not, why not? seeing that the democratic Governments of Australia maintain an import duty of between 7*s*. and 8*s*. upon *all* imported corn—a food tax four times greater than it has been proposed to put upon *part* of our imported corn. Oh, but, the memorialists argue, the Australians 'export from their abundance'; they grow more than they can eat; the import duty has no effect upon the price of their food. Is not the fallacy here glaring? If the import duty results practically in the total exclusion of all competitive external supplies (and it is not pretended that it is imposed for any other purpose), the tendency must be to stiffen corn prices in Australian markets.

After all, however groundless one may consider the apprehensions expressed by the memorialists, there would be no reason to doubt their sincerity, were they not supported by statements flagrantly and recklessly inconsistent with facts. It is easy to acquit the majority, at least, of those who were persuaded to sign the memorial of intentional *suggestio falsi*; but how can the committee of the Cobden Club, which drafted it, be absolved of insincerity in having induced members of Parliament to sign a declaration that the movement for preferential trade had its origin in the bosom of a political party in the United Kingdom? 'We know,' these 274 dupes are made to protest, 'that the proposal did not come from you, but from certain politicians among ourselves.' Now, seeing that the Cobden Club exists for the sole purpose of maintaining and disseminating the ultramontane doctrines of Free Trade, its committee must necessarily be thoroughly informed of all the phases in the fiscal

controversy. How is one to avoid the conviction that this statement was uttered with the deliberate intention of rousing the suspicion of Australian electors towards the movement by representing it as set on foot to serve a party purpose in the Mother Country? Nothing could be further from the truth. The desire for Imperial preferential trade was in active existence in Australia very many years before it received official recognition in this country. It was a spontaneous growth springing out of the natural instincts of British communities beyond the seas, a growth whereof Mr. Chamberlain was the first statesman in the Mother Country to perceive the vigour and potentiality. He has repeatedly explained that he only realised the extent and reasonableness of Colonial desire for closer commercial union with the United Kingdom after he had received the seals of the Colonial Office in 1895, a desire which a long series of his predecessors had practically pooh-poohed or ignored; and it was this that weaned him from the rigid Cobdenite doctrines in which he had been trained.

It would be easy to prove the earnestness with which Colonial statesmen have been pressing this matter long before Mr. Chamberlain took it up, by quoting from their speeches at the conference of Colonial Premiers held in London in 1897; but quotations are open to suspicion of being divorced from the context to serve special purposes. I prefer to quote from the exceedingly condensed report of the conference given in the *Annual Register*, an admittedly impartial authority:

> The Premiers then expressed severally their views upon the points raised. In reference to the question of closer political union, they felt that the time was not ripe for change, and Mr. Reid (N. S. Wales), Sir George Turner (Victoria), and Mr. Kingston (Queensland) particularly were said to have urged the fear that, if it were attempted to draw the Colonies into a political partnership at this stage, the effect might be disastrous to Imperial unity. . . . The debate on the question of closer trade relations resolved itself into the consideration of the position of Canada in respect to her preferential tariff, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier, *supported by every other Premier*, strongly urged Mr. Chamberlain to denounce the treaties with Belgium and Germany, which were said to stand in the way of preference being given by Canada to Great Britain.

(The italics are mine.) Six years elapsed after this conference before Mr. Chamberlain imparted a new and vivid interest to Imperial politics by his speech at Birmingham in May 1903, summoning his countrymen to awake to the reality and responsibility of Empire; yet these 274 members of Parliament have been hoodwinked by the Cobden Club into affirming that the proposal for preferential trade did not come from the Colonies, 'but from certain politicians among ourselves'!

The fact is, as experience has amply shown, that the statements of out-and-out Free Traders need to be accepted with great caution. It is surprising how impatient they sometimes show themselves of the humdrum limitations of fact, when fact happens to be so stubborn

as not to suit their purpose. There was an instance of this in the speech made at Manchester on the 23rd of June by Mr. Lloyd-George. In company with Mr. Burns and Mr. Winston Churchill he travelled down to take part in a Liberal demonstration to celebrate the overthrow of Unionism in that city. Mr. Lloyd-George, in loyal and laudable eagerness to explain to his audience the material benefits already derived from the accession of his party to power, dealt with the commercial aspect of the case, and his sanguine survey doubtless was accepted all the more confidently as coming from the President of the Board of Trade. But he committed himself to a statement which must have sounded strangely to such of his hearers as are in the habit of studying the stock and share lists. After dwelling upon the blessings already derived from the overthrow of the Unionist Government, and claiming increase in the volume of trade and growth of exports as the fruits of Radical statesmanship, he went on to say that 'Consols, which indicate the state of credit of the country, were rising, so that the country seemed to be fairly satisfied and increasing in prosperity.' Now, it so happened that, on the very day when Mr. Lloyd-George was thus holding forth, Consols touched the lowest point they had reached during the present year; and therefore, according to the speaker's own showing, the credit of the country, so far from having been raised by the advent to power of a Liberal Ministry, has been seriously impaired. Nor has Mr. Lloyd-George's speech helped to restore confidence, for it was followed by still further depression in the premier public security and in the other gilt-edged stocks which usually move in sympathy with it. Here are the quotations of a few of them on the Monday following the Saturday on which Mr. Lloyd-George spoke, compared with the highest quotations of the same stocks during 1905:

Name of Stock	25th June, 1906	Highest in 1905	Fall
Consols	87 11/16	92	4 5/16
Irish Land	88¾	95½	6¾
Bank of England Stock	284	308	24
County Council 3 per Cent.	89¾	97¾	8
India 3½ per Cent.	102¾	109	6¼
India 3 per Cent.	93⅞	100	6⅛
Cape Colony 4½ per Cent.	102	105	3
Great Eastern Railway Ordinary	82	93¾	11¾
Great Western Ordinary	131½	146	14½
Brighton Deferred	117	131½	14½
Midland Deferred	68¼	75	6¾
London and North-Western Ordinary	157¼	162	4¾
Great Western 4 per Cent. Debentures	125	131	6
London and North-Western 4 per Cent. Debentures	119	126	7
London and South-Western 4 per Cent. Debentures	118	125	7
London and North-Western 3 per Cent. Debentures	95	101	6

A month later Consols had undergone a further fall, being quoted on the 20th of July at 86¾. By that time Mr. Lloyd-George had chosen another theme for an optimist speech. Addressing the students on board the mercantile marine training-ship *Worcester*, he told them that 'the mercantile marine of this country was the most remarkable the world had ever seen, and there was no symptom that the shipping of this country was a decaying industry. Indeed, there never was a time in the history of the country when it was more thriving and showed greater signs of prosperity in the future.' The President of the Board of Trade may be supposed to speak with authority upon this subject; it is not a little remarkable, therefore, that an article in the *Economist*, entitled 'The Depression in Shipping,' should have appeared almost simultaneously with his speech. The writer of this article points out that the present activity in shipbuilding is only adding to the existing enormous over-supply of merchant tonnage, and that steamers are being brought home in ballast in order to carry outward freights at unremunerative rates, and that the competition between liners and tramps has been carried to a ruinous pitch.

The only hope [says he] is in the cessation of orders for new ships. . . . As a matter of fact this remedy has already begun, for the new contracts for cargo vessels which shipbuilders are now receiving have become few and far between. It is a remedial course which by-and-by will be severely felt in the shipbuilding trades, but these industries have had their term of prosperity in preparing for shipping the term of suffering in which it is once more plunged. It will emerge, of course, as it has emerged before, full of vigour and enterprise, but there is no use blinking the fact that the British shipowner is once more in the midst of evil days.

When a Cabinet Minister indulges in views as to the present so irreconcilable with known facts, it inspires some misgiving in respect to the forecast of our foreign relations by which his colleagues explain that they have been guided in cutting down the Army and Navy. It may be hoped that their forecast is sounder than that of Mr. Pitt in 1792, when he put into the Speech from the Throne the paragraph which runs:

The friendly assurances received from Foreign Powers induce me to think that some immediate reduction might safely be made in our naval and military establishments.

Made it was accordingly; but Mr. Pitt's forecast had not taken Napoleon into account.

HERBERT MAXWELL.

*** In the outline of reform of the House of Lords which was submitted in the July number of this Review, considerations of space caused me to refrain from entering upon details in the method by which such reform should be effected. It has been pointed out by numerous correspondents and others that the scheme is scarcely

intelligible without some indication as to the method by which, at the beginning of each new Parliament, the Peers should elect a limited number of their own House to form the Upper Legislative Chamber. I desire to say that I consider the principle of proportionate representation, or some other check upon over-representation, as essential to any such reform. It is clear that, in a constituency with such preponderance of Conservatives as the House of Lords, simple *scrutin-de-liste* would result in the minority being wholly unrepresented, as it is among the Scottish and Irish representative Peers at the present day. The difficulty of applying proportionate representation to a body like the House of Lords may be insuperable. It might be avoided by enacting that two-thirds or one-half only of the Upper House should be elected by the Peers themselves, leaving the other half or third to be appointed by the Sovereign on the advice of the Prime Minister of the day. These appointed Lords either might be taken from the existing body of Peers, or some of them might be Commoners whose services in the Upper Chamber it might be desired to secure by conferring life-peerages upon them.

H. E. M.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION

II

THE decision of the Court of Appeal in the case of the West Riding came with a shock of surprise to the numerous persons who are always ready to foretell everything, except what can be foretold. No one can have been in the least astonished by it who read the *obiter dicta* of the Master of the Rolls and Lord Justice Farwell during the argument, as reported in the *Times*. It has been pointed out, and it is of course true, that, as the Court of Appeal was divided, and the Divisional Court, also consisting of three judges, was unanimous, though one doubted, the opinion of two judges has prevailed against the opinion of four. But in law, if anywhere, *sententiæ ponderandæ sunt, non numerandæ*. The Divisional Court was singularly, almost scandalously, weak. The Court of Appeal was unusually strong. Lord Justice Moulton's dissent from his colleagues would carry more weight if he had really differed with them on the simple construction of statutes. But he seems to have thought that he was entitled to use the knowledge he had acquired in the late House of Commons, and to interpret Acts of Parliament in accordance with the presumed intentions of those who framed them. Against this doctrine the majority of the Court protested, and it seems to be entirely at variance with a long chain of accepted judgments. Quite apart from the recognised rule that Acts must be construed in their plain grammatical meaning, unless such construction involves a manifest absurdity, any other principle is essentially fallacious. The Government may mean one thing, and the Legislature may mean another. The minority may disagree with the majority upon interpretation as well as upon policy. If Mr. Balfour had avowed in 1902 that he proposed to alter the whole character of a public elementary school as defined by the original Education Act of 1870, it is at least possible that he might not have carried his point. Nor can anyone say except Mr. Balfour himself, or at least some member of his Cabinet, that he had any such intention. Lord Justice Farwell, than whom no abler judge sits upon the Bench, has laid down as sound law what the Liberal party in Opposition contended to be sound policy. If, said the Lord Justice,

Parliament exempts denominational teaching from the control of the local authority, it follows that local rates cannot be applied to such teaching, unless Parliament has said in so many words that they can. No such words are to be found in the Act of 1902, and therefore the County Council of the West Riding was justified in refusing to pay for religious instruction at sectarian schools. With this conclusion the Master of the Rolls, as eminent in common law as Lord Justice Farwell in equity, entirely concurred.

This memorable judgment does not, it will be seen, fully legalise the conduct of the passive resisters. They refused to pay any rates for denominational schools at all. The Court of Appeal only says that rates were properly withheld from the specific purpose of sectarian teaching, and it is to that extent alone that the ratepayers have been overcharged. To that extent, I presume, they are entitled to a return of money paid under a mistake of law. The *Times* has argued that the judgment merely gives an option, and that county councils which choose to pay for sectarianism are free to do so. It does not require a very profound knowledge of law to show that this argument will not hold water. County councils owe their origin to the Local Government Act of 1888, and are the creatures of statute. Before the Act of 1902 they could not give a penny to elementary education at all. It is simply by virtue of that Act that they can do so now. The *ratio decidendi* in the West Riding case is not between option and compulsion, but between a power which must, if it existed, be exercised and no power at all. The County Council of the West Riding was either bound to make these payments, or it was not entitled to make them. If after this judgment any other council votes money for religious instruction in schools where the Cowper-Temple clause does not prevail, the auditor will be bound to surcharge the councillors themselves. The judgment must, I suppose, be taken as final. The Attorney-General might in his discretion appeal to the House of Lords who might, if they pleased, accelerate the hearing. But I cannot believe that the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Cabinet would consent to such a waste of public funds when a comprehensive Bill dealing with the whole subject, is actually before the Lords in their legislative character, and stands for Committee on the 24th of October earlier than which no appeal could possibly be heard. The Bill expressly prohibits the application of rates or taxes to the general facilities for dogmatic teaching under Clause 3. The one part of the measure which could be affected by the judgment is Clause 4 providing for special facilities, or, in other words, for the continuance of denominational schools in populous places, at the wish of the parents in a majority of four to one ascertained by ballot. To make any financial change in the Bill now would be difficult, if not impossible. For the Lords to make it would be a breach of privilege, and the Commons can only deal with the amendments of the Lords. But

even the Catholic schools, which are the poorest, would not be much embarrassed by the obligation to pay for teaching their own faith; and, on the other hand, the dislike which many Nonconformists feel for the clause might be lessened by the change.

One result of the judgment is ludicrous enough. The West Riding of Yorkshire was frequently cited in the House of Commons as a rebellious, 'pig-headed' body which would not obey the law. It was answered at the time, with truth and point, that the Council was only anxious to raise the question, and to obtain an authoritative reply. The reply has now come, and is one more example of the French proverb that those laugh well who laugh last. Lord Hugh Cecil, however, is very serious. His sense of humour, usually active, is slumbering, and he gravely proposes that Churchmen should become passive resisters. By 'Churchmen' Lord Hugh means opponents of the Education Bill. His reasoning is severely simple, and his syllogism is perfect. Thus it runs: All Churchmen disapprove of the Education Bill. The Bishop of Carlisle approves of the Education Bill; therefore the Bishop of Carlisle is not a Churchman. If Lord Hugh's premisses were true, his conclusion would be true also. To make them true the major premiss must be: 'Some Churchmen disapprove of the Education Bill.' But that involves the fallacy of the undistributed middle, and the syllogism becomes nonsense. The fact that Lord Hugh Cecil can speak for about one Churchman in five hundred never for a moment deters him from pretending to speak for the whole Church. In the spirit of the true fanatic he regards mere facts as irrelevant absurdities, which cannot stand before the constant repetition of dogmatic denial. No one can argue better in a circle, or move round with more practical utility, unless it be a squirrel in a cage. The passive resistance of Nonconformists to payment of rates for unprovided schools was an emphatic protest against a new law. The passive resistance of Churchmen now would be a belated expression of an historic opinion that Parliament was wrong in 1870 to rate denominationalists for undenominational schools. I feel bound, however, to add that some of Lord Hugh's critics have gone far beyond him in wildness and weirdness of suggestion. The proposal that, because the late Government blundered over their Education Bill in 1902, the present Government should abandon the Education Bill of 1906 transcends in naked fatuity all my experience of the silly season in journalism, and that is saying a good deal.

Second to it, though a long way second, is the brilliant idea that the House of Lords, having read the Bill a second time without a division before amending it, should, after their amendments have been made, reject it on the third reading. A less insane course would be to postpone the stage of committee for three months, and thus destroy the Bill. But then the Bill must be followed by another, of which the only safe prediction to make is that Clause 1 would re-

appear, and that Clause 3 would not. The debate in the Lords on the second reading, however, does not portend any policy of despair. The Archbishop of Canterbury, in a speech of statesmanlike moderation, acknowledged the case for the measure, and pointed out the changes, some of them reasonable enough, which should, he thought, be made in Committee. Like some of his less prudent brethren, the Archbishop made the most of Huddersfield, a terrible town, where in the Council schools no religious teaching is given, except that the Bible is read and hymns are sung. It appears from statistics supplied by Lord Stanley of Alderley that the crime of Huddersfield is committed chiefly by persons educated in the schools of the Church. But, whatever that fact may or may not prove, it was strange to hear the Primate of All England say that reading the Bible and singing hymns can have no effect upon children. I should be sorry to go bail for the hymns. There are hymns and hymns; some sublime, some stupid, some nauseous. But that children can hear the New Testament read day after day, and be none the better for it, is a paradox which the unepiscopal mind instinctively rejects. It is curious how little confidence the bishops seem to feel in the Bible. I remember a very great musician being thanked for the noble simplicity with which he played the works of the masters. Others, it was said, introduced flourishes of their own. 'Yes,' he observed with a smile, 'they do not trust Beethoven.' His Grace of Canterbury can apply the moral. From the episcopal benches came also the best speech against the Bill. The Bishop of Ripon and the Bishop of Hereford proved once more the staleness and futility of the falsehood that the Church of England as an institution opposes the measure. The Bishop of Southwark is the most intellectual and accomplished representative of a school which desires, if it has any definite aim, to facilitate reunion with Rome by depriving the Church of England of its essentially Protestant character. These ecclesiastics are not very likely to succeed in their object. But it is not at all improbable that they may disestablish the Church. Not much was heard in the Lords about teaching everybody's religion, as recommended by that strange pair the Bishop of Birmingham and Mr. Chamberlain. Of all solutions yet offered for the problem which the Government are now endeavouring to settle this is the most fantastic, the most un-English, and the most grotesque. No practical educationalist takes it seriously, and to insist upon it can only strengthen the hands of the Secularists, as Mr. Chamberlain probably perceives. But, as the Bishop of Birmingham persists in airing his fad through the columns of the *Times*, a word of warning may be a word in season. The first school in which the folly of belief in God was taught to the children of atheists, who are also, the Bishop must remember, ratepayers, at the public expense would be in imminent danger of material destruction at the hands of people who do not ordinarily commit, or even contemplate,

any lawless or violent act. This is a Christian country, and there are limits to what it will endure. But there are apparently no limits to the desperate expedients at which a fanatical dogmatist will clutch rather than be content that children shall be taught the religion of Christ. One would really think that this religion was as new to the Bishop of Birmingham as it was at the beginning of the session to Mr. Chamberlain. Yet, even if we claim for it no older or higher author than Mr. Cowper-Temple, it has been successfully taught in hundreds of elementary schools for five-and-thirty years. Few legislators know much about it, though, as the Bishop of Hereford reminded the Peers, it is not essentially different from what they received themselves. I have had the great advantage of hearing it expounded by my friend Mr. David Hodge, the master of the Council schools in Cheyne Row, and I am sure that it would satisfy any Protestant as pious, wholesome, rational, and sound. That Catholics and atheists would from different points of view repudiate it I willingly concede to the Bishop of Birmingham. All other classes of parents—Churchmen, Nonconformists, or Freethinkers—are perfectly content. But the most impressive words spoken in the House of Lords had nothing to do with the irreligious difficulty. They were the final sentences of the Duke of Devonshire's speech, and they referred to the position of the Lords themselves. He reminded them that a time which had not come yet would come soon, and that they would then have to deal with issues far more momentous than any question raised by the Bill. It is nonsense to suppose that these issues are affected in the remotest degree by the decision of the Court of Appeal.

While the House of Lords was reading the Education Bill a second time, the House of Commons was amending the Trade Disputes Bill in the way desired by the special representatives of labour. That the Government have suffered in credit by their treatment of this Bill is a proposition which cannot be disputed. The bulk of their supporters were pledged to the policy of replacing the law in the position which it occupied by general consent before the Taff Vale case was decided by the Lords of Appeal. That was the main object of Mr. Shackleton's Bill in the late Parliament, and for the principle of that Bill nine Liberal candidates in every ten had promised to vote. The Bill as originally introduced did not carry out that promise, and Ministers had therefore to make their measure in Committee what they should have made it before. As the Bill now stands, awaiting Report, it protects the funds of trades unions, or of masters' associations, from liability for the acts of agents in strikes or lock-outs. When we consider that, so far as trades unions are concerned, this was universally assumed to be the law for a generation, and that nobody proposed to alter it, fear of the consequences which may ensue from reverting to it does seem an idle panic. Even now the Labour members are not satisfied. They almost put the Govern-

ment in a minority by voting with Sir Charles Dilke that peaceful picketing, expressly declared by the Bill to be legal, should not be a nuisance, which is illegal. Only thirty Conservatives had come down to resist the perilous concession made by the Cabinet, and the Nestor of the party, Sir Francis Powell, supported the Attorney-General's new clause. Nevertheless, the Government were saved by Conservative votes from a defeat which would have seriously endangered the whole measure. There are wise heads among the Labour members, none wiser than Mr. Shackleton's. It is well worth their while to consider what they gain, and what they lose, by flouting the most democratic Cabinet that ever held office in England. For the loss of a Radical seat at Cockermouth the Independent Labour party are alone responsible. Their candidate is an accomplished wrecker, and this is not the first time that he has given a seat to a Conservative. But the fact can seldom be proved with such scientific certainty as when a majority seven months old is split in two, and a minority, thus become a majority, remains intact. The Cockermouth election is perhaps the strongest practical proof ever obtained of the need for a second ballot, at which Captain Guest, and not Sir John Randles, would have been returned. The cheap and speedy method proposed in Mr. John Robertson's Bill, which provides that a second, or preferential, vote for one of the first two candidates should be taken from the third if no candidate obtains a majority of the total poll, is the best form of meeting the difficulty which has yet been devised. The only seat yet lost to the Government would not have been lost in either France or Germany.

The general aspect of foreign affairs is more favourable than it has been at any time since the assemblage of the Conference at Algeciras. Although the gossip founded on the King's meeting with the German Emperor is rubbish, his Majesty has achieved honourable fame as a peacemaker, and his interviews with the heads of other nations, crowned or otherwise, have always assisted the diplomacy of his Ministers. Whatever else the General Election may or may not have been, it was a great vote of personal confidence in Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and never did Sir Henry make a wiser choice than when he entrusted the Foreign Office to Sir Edward Grey. It is, however, the Colonial Department which has lately been most conspicuous in the public eye, and belief in Lord Elgin increases with his success in solving difficult problems. Few politicians anticipated, whatever their own opinions might be, that a new Constitution could be made for the Transvaal which would come so near to pleasing all parties concerned. Mr. Churchill's masterly exposition in the House of Commons had a decisive effect upon public opinion here. In South Africa Sir West Ridgeway's Committee, which partisans in this country assailed as partisan, convinced all parties of its scrupulous fairness. The adoption of voters as the numerical

test, though it may be said to punish the Boers for having large families, was not in the circumstances unfair, and nobody on the spot objects to manhood suffrage for white men, or desires proportional representation. A Second Chamber, nominated at first by the Crown, is ample solace to the fears of capital. One seat more or less for Pretoria was at last the single point left in dispute, and it was decided against the Rand, which has the enormous power of wealth at its disposal. A constitution for the Orange River Colony is temporarily delayed, not in deference to Lord Milner's dark and sinister forebodings, but because there was not time to frame the two instruments together, and also because the Government wished to consult Sir Hamilton Goold-Adams, the Lieutenant-Governor, now on his way home. It is a good omen for the future peace and prosperity of the Transvaal that all attempts to set Dutch against British, or British against Dutch, have utterly failed. Mr. Gladstone used to say that when he was young there was a British party in every colony, but that in his old age he could happily see no trace of such a party anywhere. The deputation which Sir Percy Fitzpatrick brought to this country, and to the House of Commons, was quite unable to convince any impartial audience that it represented the British race. It represented the owners of the Rand, mostly foreigners, inheritors and expanders of Krugerism. Against the tyranny of monopolist capital British and Dutch outside Johannesburg, not unassisted by the few white workmen inside it, may be expected to combine. Already a breach has been made in the Chinese wall of yellow labour by the promise of an English Randlord, Mr. Robinson, to cancel his licences, and let Mr. Creswell work his mines with Kaffirs. Englishmen who venture to criticise the Rand, or to find fault with its policy, are always told by its agents in this country that they know nothing about the matter, and are contemptuously referred to the men on the spot. I have received a copy of a newspaper called *The Prince*, which is published on the spot, at Pretoria. *The Prince*, of whose conductors I know nothing, is written in an easy, familiar, forcible style, not unlike the style of *Truth*. Its politics appear to be Radical. But it is by no means favourable to the anti-Chinese party in the House of Commons, and it has a prejudice, which I cannot help thinking quite unfounded, against my friend Mr. Mackarness, who knows South Africa as well as any Englishman alive. This, however, is what *The Prince* said on the 21st of July about the plight of our newest constitutional Colony: 'The Chowlords with their yellow labour policy have made the Transvaal what it is to-day—a country in which white labour is flouted and condemned, and in which everything is subordinated to the greed of gold of a grasping, soulless, conscienceless, gang of cosmopolitan plutocrats.' And again, in the same number, we are told that 'although nominally governed by Great Britain, the Transvaal at the present time is governed by

capital, much of which has no claim to British interest or British origin. In this lies the secret of the injustice.' Now that the Transvaal is no longer to be governed by Great Britain, but by its own inhabitants, the working classes will assert their rights, and the first elections will be fought by capital against labour, rather than by British against Dutch. Krugerism is gone, and Milnerism is gone. The fight for complete liberty remains. Nothing is more creditable to Lord Selborne than his sympathetic treatment of the Boers, and his strictly impartial attitude towards all classes of his Majesty's subjects in South Africa. From the Government at home Lord Selborne has received loyal confidence and support. His political friends, who would have been better pleased if he had resigned when they did, have acted in a very different fashion. After hearing Mr Churchill explain the constitution, and Mr. Lyttelton compare it unfavourably with his own abortive scheme, the Tory Imperialists in the House of Commons voted in a body against the whole estimate for the Colonial Office, or, in other words, against the maintenance of the Colonial Empire as a going concern. If they wished to be known throughout the King's dominions as the anti-Colonial party they went the right way to work; otherwise their tactics can scarcely be called either judicious or patriotic. Happily they are no longer responsible for colonial affairs.

Their responsibility had not ceased when the scandals occurred on which the War Stores Commission reported last month. The Report is not cheerful reading. Mr. Arnold Forster may be pleased to find that even under Mr. Brodrick the War Office was in a state of chaotic futility. Liberals may reflect with some degree of complacency that it was their efforts in Opposition which led to this thorough and exhaustive inquiry. Mr. Douglas Richmond, who was Auditor-General at the time of the war, and his deputy, now his successor, Mr. Kempe, may congratulate themselves upon their vigour and acuteness in detecting the plunder of the public by contractors in South Africa. Sir William Butler, though the Report of his Committee was too eloquent and discursive for an official paper, has been proved to be right in his main points, that the dual system involved enormous waste, and that the Supply Department ought to have acted in unison with the Repatriation Board. The nation can only console itself with the knowledge that the melancholy truth is out at last. The cases of actual bribery disclosed by the Commissioners are few and unimportant. What must engender in the public mind a feeling almost akin to despair is the equal and utter incompetence of the Army Service Corps at Pretoria and of the War Office at home to protect the taxpayer from being used as a milch cow by any South African capitalist who saw in the cessation of hostilities an opportunity for legitimate or illegitimate gain.

HERBERT PAUL.

'WHO GOES HOME?'

AN UNDRAMATIC EPISODE

Characters

SIR JOHN HUSTLER-DIBB, BART, M.P.
JAMES STRICKLAND, M.P.
THE HON. MARY MARGETSON.

The place of action is a small room near the Terrace of the House of Commons. The time is the afternoon of a day very late in the Session. Enter MISS MARGETSON *and* STRICKLAND *to begin.*

MISS M. (*talking as she comes in*). I hope I haven't kept you waiting, Mr. Strickland.

STRICKLAND. Oh, it's of no consequence, now you are here.

MISS M. You thought I wasn't coming?

STRICKLAND. I had almost begun to.

MISS M. What would you have done if I hadn't?

STRICKLAND. I don't know! Been offensive to the next person who spoke to me, I suppose.

MISS M. Well, I wasn't sure that I meant to come, till the last moment. Tea at the House is quite the thing, of course; only I ought to have brought some one with me, you know.

STRICKLAND. If you had, I should have had to listen to her chatter all the time.

MISS M. Oh, that will be the same with the other women you expect.

STRICKLAND. But I don't expect any.

MISS M. Then what has become of your tea-party?

STRICKLAND. It's here. We are the party.

MISS M. (*a little uneasily*). No one else!

STRICKLAND. Yes, there's one other. Hustler-Dibb has promised to run in and swallow a cup of tea with us. He's such a dreadfully busy man that he never can stay long anywhere. I told him five o'clock.

MISS M. You told me half-past four!

STRICKLAND. And you arrived at a quarter to five. It's ten minutes to now. Do you mind waiting till the hour? (*Offering her a chair.*)

MISS M. Not at all. But why aren't we having tea on the Terrace to-day?

STRICKLAND. No one is out there, except constituents and their ladies; if it weren't for them we should have the place quite to ourselves. (*Seating himself near her.*) All the rest have flown. I wonder you didn't start for your beloved Homburg a week ago.

MISS M. My father has a board meeting to preside over to-morrow, and so we are stopping till the day after.

STRICKLAND. I'm very grateful to the company for having detained their chairman.

MISS M. Why?

STRICKLAND. Because I particularly wanted to say something to you, and I could scarcely believe my eyes when I saw you last night at the Vansittarts'. I thought I should have had to come all the way out to Homburg to say it.

MISS M. It was something you couldn't write, then!

STRICKLAND. Not so well.

MISS M. Wouldn't it have kept till we came back?

STRICKLAND. Perhaps it would have been no good then.

MISS M. Well, what is this wonderful piece of news?

STRICKLAND (*earnestly*). I hope that it is not *news* to you. Women know these things by instinct, or we are told they do. Miss Margetson, you must have seen that I cared for you, and perhaps you were surprised I did not tell you so in as many words. I should have done long before, had I been in a position to ask you if you cared for me enough to throw in your lot with mine. But I wasn't, and even now I may be speaking too soon. Only I couldn't bear this uncertainty any more; I couldn't support the thought of your being surrounded by a crowd of younger men, who were free to follow your footsteps where fashion led them, and who might, at any hour of their idle day, tell you how much they admired you.

MISS M. You appear to think that I have a great many admirers, Mr. Strickland.

STRICKLAND. Not one who is as devoted to you as I am.

MISS M. (*with malice*). Or as desirable, either?

STRICKLAND. Don't mock me! I know how very undesirable I am from a worldly point of view. That is what has kept me silent. But you must not for a moment imagine that I assumed you would listen to me when I did speak.

MISS M. (*in a low tone*). I *am* listening.

STRICKLAND. I trusted that you might. Still, it makes me very happy to find that I have not spoken too late. You see, a man of my age doesn't open his heart unless he is at least sure of sympathy.

You have been very sympathetic to me; you have helped me, how much you cannot guess, to keep myself abreast of the stream. But then, most women are kind to a poor devil who turns to them for consolation, and I ask something more of you than pity.

Miss M. I never thought you were to be pitied, and I'm certain that other people envy you your success.

Strickland. Yes! They don't know how hollow it all is. I've told you what a hard struggle it has been for me to keep my place in public life with clean hands. I had much better have stuck to my work at the Bar. Once I was vain enough to believe that I might be one of the few, the small minority, who ever reach the front bench. I am older now, though, and I don't think so well of my chances. It has dawned upon me that I am one of the many, the vast majority, who drop out of the race after a time. Therefore I am going to resign my seat.

Miss M. Oh, but you mustn't; it would be positively wicked. I feel sure they will make room for you in the Government soon. Father was dining in Downing Street a night or two ago, and the Prime Minister praised you ever so much to him.

Strickland. If they really intended to do anything of that sort, it would come too late. No; the best way to rescue something from the wreck of my Parliamentary career is for me to secure a permanent post outside the House. And even this might not have occurred to me if Dibb hadn't made the suggestion.

Miss M. Why did he do it?

Strickland. Well, he's under some slight obligation to me, or he thinks he is, about his being 'Barted,' you know. I sounded the Patronage Secretary in that matter for him. Of course it was arranged easily enough. They don't refuse this kind of thing to a member with fifty thousand a year, who's always ready to support the cause. But he is grateful, all the same; and very anxious to do me a good turn, if he can.

Miss M. I like him for that.

Strickland. Yes; he's a trifle fussy, but he means well.

Miss M. What is the post he thinks you ought to take?

Strickland. Well, the appointment for which my friends are *recommending* me is a county-court judgeship.

Miss M. You'd be a sort of magistrate, then?

Strickland. Hardly that. But I should be quite comfortably off, and, with the little I have of my own, almost able to make some one else—comfortable.

Miss M. Only if you were happy yourself, though. And you couldn't be happy—you would never cease to regret all those things you'd turned your back upon.

Strickland. If I got you in exchange, I would not regret anything.

Miss M. Ah, but I should. And I should feel that you had d[one] this for my sake.

Strickland. If it were the reality and not the shadow, I wo[uld] gladly renounce it for your sake, Mary.

Miss M. How could I let you?

Strickland. It is nothing compared with the sacrifice I [am] asking you to make. You have the whole world at your feet. [And] who can say how brilliant your future might not be?

Miss M. (*quietly, and with her eyes cast down*). No future wo[uld] have any attraction for me in which you had not a part, Geoffrey.

Strickland (*in a low tone, but with suppressed emotion*). Do [you] really feel that? Are you sure of yourself, dear? (*Taking her han[d].*) It's almost incredible that you should place your hand in mi[ne]. I have never found words yet to tell you what happiness this wo[uld] give me; I cannot find them even now. They come to me rea[dily] enough in there! (*With a gesture of the left hand.*) But no words [can] express the true language of the heart, and when I think of you [my] heart is very full. Often I have watched for you from the corner [of] some crowded room, and it has seemed that, if we met, my sec[ret] would burst from me in a torrent. Still, when you came, an[d I] looked, without speaking, into your eyes, I felt that you must h[ave] known. You see, dear, I *loved* you so much that I could not [venture to] *make* love to you.

Miss M. You left that to others, who did not mean half they sa[id], but I saw through them as easily as I understood your silence.

Strickland. You can forgive me, then?

Miss M. (*with a touch of archness in her manner*). Oh, I can do t[hat] freely, now!

Strickland. And you will be my wife, although I am putt[ing] ambition behind me?

Miss M. Yes, if it is your wish; if you are contented to take a lo[wer] place in the world.

Strickland. I shall always be perfectly content with any pl[ace] we hold together.

Miss M. And so shall I, Geoffrey.

[*After a slight pause, a* Maid-servant *enters and lays so[me] tea-things on a table near them. When she has placed [them] in readiness, she retires as quietly as she came in.*

Miss M. Do you think you can face the prospect of my pour[ing] out tea for you day after day?

Strickland. Yes, if they followed one another without a bre[ak] until the end of time.

Miss M. I should be quite elderly then.

Strickland. You will always seem the same in my eyes; a[nd] remember, I shall remain several years older than you till the y[ears] are lost in eternity.

[*Exit* Maid-servant.

MISS M. How nicely you brought that in! Yes, we like to believe that love will last for ever. But does it? Does anything last so long?

STRICKLAND. Sometimes I think it may. (*Kisses her hand.*)

MISS M. (*with a look of contemplation*). Ah! (*Then, after a slight pause, in a changed manner.*) But where's your friend? If he doesn't come soon, the tea will be cold. (*Going up towards the table.*)

[*Enter* SIR JOHN *rapidly, evidently in a great and unnecessary hurry, but in high good humour. He is a very small and very fussy man.*

SIR JOHN. My dear fellow, I've been hunting for you high and low. Only just found you! I do believe I'm half a minute late. I owe you a thousand apologies!

STRICKLAND (*putting his hand on* SIR JOHN's *shoulder*). Don't attempt to pay them, old man. You're a model of punctuality, as always. Let me introduce you to Miss Margetson. Sir John Hustler-Dibb.

SIR JOHN (*after bowing to her*). Charmed! I have often seen you, Miss Margetson, and our friend here has promised that he'd make me known to you at the first opportunity. (*Sitting.*) But in a busy life——

MISS M. (*pouring out the tea*). Yes, of course, Sir John! I've heard how busy you are in the House. (*Gives him a cup.*)

SIR JOHN (*taking the cup*). Thank you! It's not the House only. An M.P. has so many duties; such a number of public meetings that he must attend. And then there are private meetings, like the present, when we can find the time.

MISS M. I hope you don't find them a tie.

SIR JOHN. Far from it. They are my sole relaxation. I've been looking forward to this actual meeting for a long time. Strickland is one of my oldest friends. I am sorry I don't see more of him, but, as I said, we have so little time for social intercourse.

MISS M. Don't you see a good deal of one another in the House?

SIR JOHN. Oh, yes, we sit together. Still, the company is not quite so pleasant as one could wish.

STRICKLAND. You are right there, Dibb. I shall be glad to hear the last of some of them.

SIR JOHN. You have told Miss Margetson that you are leaving us?

MISS M. He has, Sir John. And I don't at all like the notion.

SIR JOHN. No, more do I, my dear young lady. I shall miss him terribly. But what's to be done? If these fellows on the front bench don't make way for him, we can't force them to shift. There they stick, as tight as limpets, even when the chief would like to get rid of them; and they won't be tempted to move upstairs by his dangling a coronet before their noses. So, as our friend told me that he wanted to settle down—(*with a shrewd glance at* MISS MARGETSON)—and I heard there was one of these judgeships going, I thought,

perhaps, he might do worse. I'm not sure, though, that it wouldn't be better if he waited. He's a power in the House, you know, and possibly something might happen. Then the fellow says he won't wait.

STRICKLAND. I *can't* wait any longer. I've waited too long already.

MISS M. Oh, no!

STRICKLAND. Yes I have! I won't continue to chase a will-of-the-wisp that might lead me into a quagmire out of which my friends couldn't drag me. Ah, Dibb can tell you I am not exaggerating the danger. He has seen it all again and again. How the man people begin by patting on the back is gradually pushed to the wall. He loses his peace of mind first, then his health, and then hope; and who cares, who even notices? There's a place left empty for some duffer, that is all they know!

MISS M. Is it so bad as that, Sir John?

SIR JOHN. Every bit, my dear Miss Margetson. It's the law of life; a struggle for existence goes on just as fiercely in this House as it does outside.

STRICKLAND (*bitterly*). Yes, and the most favoured come best off here, as elsewhere. (*With a shade of anxiety in his tone.*) Do you think I shall get this thing, Dibb?

SIR JOHN. My dear fellow, I'm perfectly confident you will. That reminds me. I am to see the Lord Chancellor's secretary about the appointment this afternoon. He gave me to understand that it was all right yesterday; but he said he would tell me for certain to-day. If you'll excuse me, Miss Margetson, I'll go and find him now. (*To* STRICKLAND, *as he turns to go.*) You may take it from me that I've left no stone unturned. (*At the door.*) I'll be back in two minutes with the good news. (*Bustles off.*)

MISS M. (*after a slight pause*). Geoffrey, are you sure Sir John has turned no stones that he had best have left alone?

STRICKLAND. It's very improbable. An over-zealous man usually does too much. But it can't do any harm; the post isn't important enough for that. Besides, Dibb has great weight in the House. You'd hardly imagine it to look at him; nevertheless, he has. Fifty thousand a year always did carry weight at Westminster!

[*Enter* MAID-SERVANT *who clears away the tea-things, and then goes off with them.*

MISS M. Does he speak often?

STRICKLAND. Never, now; but he still votes.

MISS M. He seemed rather talkative.

STRICKLAND. He is, very. Only so are many others, and the members who don't want to talk are the worst listeners in the world. They won't listen to Dibb at all.

[*Exit* MAID.

Miss M. They always listen to you.

Strickland. Yes; then I don't speak unless I have something to say.

Miss M. Oh, I see!

Strickland (*who is in a state of nervous excitement*). And I say the thing they think. For instance, I never appeal to their sense of justice. That figure is all very well for a court of law; but it is far too crude for the House. We are ruled by compromise, the goddess with the evenly balanced scales, who gives fair value for an adequate consideration. If ever we introduce any reform, we are very careful to point out the consideration; and, above all, we assure ourselves that the vested interests remain undisturbed. Why, I believe, should Parliament be sitting when the last trump sounds, that it will record a hasty vote of protest against this disturbance of the vested interests.

Miss M. But my father says they are only preserved by the House of Lords.

Strickland. With all respect, that is a delusion on the part of Lord Montbarb. It's founded on a polite fiction, in which the House of Commons has a vested interest.

[*Enter* Sir John, *still in a hurry, but no longer with the same cheerful and confident manner.*

Sir John (*calling Strickland aside, as he comes in*). My dear fellow, a word with you! I really don't know how to look you in the face.

Strickland (*speaking in a hoarse whisper*). I haven't got it!

Sir John (*greatly troubled*). It would seem not! I don't understand why, yet; but I'll find out.

Strickland. Pray don't take the trouble, it's no use now! (*With obvious sincerity.*) I'm very much obliged to you, Dibb, as much as if you had secured the appointment for me. (*Turns back to* Miss Margetson.) They've given it to some one else.

Miss M. Oh, they wouldn't do that!

Sir John. Exactly my view, Miss Margetson. I'm afraid they have, though. I feel myself to blame; still, I don't know where I went wrong. Everything was in order, we had a committee on it, and the Treasury people had promised to back us up. Besides, Strickland's services were a more than sufficient claim, and we have taken steps to draw attention to them in the proper quarters.

Strickland (*with meaning*). I suppose the other fellow had a stronger claim than *mere services*.

Sir John (*nodding his head*). Possibly. We don't know who he is yet; but before the appointment is gazetted I shall make representations.

Strickland. It won't be any good, Dibb. One can't bring pressure to bear in these matters; it would never do.

Miss M. Isn't there some other post he might have, Sir John?

Sir John. I don't know of a vacancy at present. They keep

these things so deuced close. But you can rely on me, old chap, if anything should turn up.

STRICKLAND. Thank you, Dibb.

SIR JOHN. Don't thank me: I don't deserve it. I've made a mess of this somehow, and yet for the life of me I can't see how. I put it forward as a personal favour, and I've never been refused anything.

STRICKLAND. Well, we can't always win.

SIR JOHN. I suppose not; but I wanted to win this time very much. After what you did for me, Strickland, I can't bear to fail you at a pinch.

STRICKLAND. You did your best, old man.

SIR JOHN. Yes, I tried hard. My only misgiving was that the thing wouldn't be good enough for you. And I don't think it would have been, either. (*An electric bell is heard to ring continuously, and a voice off calls* '*Division!*') Hallo, division! The House will be up after this. We have to rush away for a few minutes, Miss Margetson. (*Moves towards the door.*)

MISS M. Please don't let me detain you.

SIR JOHN. Aren't you coming, Strickland?

STRICKLAND. No; I'm paired. (*Sinking into a seat.*)

SIR JOHN. Lucky man! I'm not, and I must put this in, if I'm to keep up my record. (*Turning when he reaches the door.*) Don't lose heart. We'll get you something better before long. (*Goes off in a great hurry.*)

[*The bell now stops ringing.*

MISS M. I am very sorry, Geoffrey; still, it may not be so bad, after all. You heard what he said? They will get you something better soon.

STRICKLAND (*resting his head on his hands*). Not soon enough. I'm done, Mary. You don't know the reason that drove me to snatch at this straw like a drowning man. It's so petty, so sordid. I've tried to keep it from you, but I must tell you now. They have sucked me dry. I can't remain in the House any longer. I haven't enough money.

MISS M. Does it take very much?

STRICKLAND. Not much for a chap like Dibb, but more than I can afford. No man with a limited income can meet the ever-increasing calls that his constituency makes on him year after year unless he is helped by the party, and I couldn't bring myself to accept that. Of course, it is nobody's fault. People have been taught to regard their members as well-to-do, and few of us have the courage to combat the idea. Indeed, it would only ensure our defeat, in most cases, if we did. It has always been easier for a rich man to get into the kingdom of heaven than for a poor one to get into the House of Commons. So we go on yielding to the constant

demand upon our purse, until we reach the end of our resources, and then we *drop out of the race.*

MISS M. But you won't do that—not yet, at least; you'll hold on a little longer.

STRICKLAND. I think not. I must stop while there's time to start afresh. It'll be a wrench to leave this place, where I have centred so many hopes; but I shall scarcely notice that, since it will be as nothing to the pain of parting from you, Mary.

MISS M. What do you mean, Geoffrey?

STRICKLAND. Don't you see, dear? Don't you understand? I could not be so downcast on my own account. I should go back to practice with a light heart, although it'll be an uphill fight now, if I only had myself to think of. No; it's because I cannot ask you to wait until I have my feet under me again that I feel this blow so bitterly.

MISS M. Why shouldn't I wait, dear? I have waited patiently for you to declare yourself, and now that I am sure of you I don't care how long I have to wait.

STRICKLAND. Because my life is a failure, I can't allow you to spoil yours too.

MISS M. My life is my own, to do with as I choose.

STRICKLAND. But you are bound to make the best of it, dear.

MISS M. It will be worthless if I lose you.

STRICKLAND. Don't say that! Don't think it! You'll only make it so much the harder for me to do what's right. I find that hard enough as it is. If I were young, and had the world before me, I would hold you to your word. But would it be fair to let you throw yourself away on a man whose future was so uncertain as mine?

MISS M. Why can't we work together for your future? Why can't I come to you and help you, Geoffrey? I could write your letters for you instead of the *person* who does them now.

STRICKLAND (*smiling*). But she takes them down in shorthand, and then types them.

MISS M. (*with a brave attempt at self-confidence*). Well, I'm sure I could learn typewriting. I knew a girl once who did; and I might try to learn shorthand as well, perhaps.

STRICKLAND (*drily*). Perhaps! It would scarcely be worth your while, though. The girl only does my Parliamentary work, and I must get rid of her now, poor thing.

MISS M. I'm glad of that. I never liked to see her hanging about you.

STRICKLAND. Fancy your objecting to that child. She has no existence outside her work, and she is hard at it from morning till night.

MISS M. I could work for you just as hard as she does.

STRICKLAND (*tenderly*). My darling, do you think I could permit you to waste your youth and freshness on such drudgery as that? You would have been badly enough off even if they had appointed me; but, as things are, our lives must lie apart.

MISS M. Geoffrey, suppose there really were something better in store for you? Just now you said that 'we can't always win.' Then why give up hope after a single rebuff?

STRICKLAND. Because I feel that it is final. If I had asked for some great post, one of the blue-ribbons, it wouldn't have mattered. In official parlance, it would *have done me no harm*. But to be refused anything small means that they require your support no longer, and have forgotten the services you have rendered in the past.

MISS M. They can't be so ungrateful.

STRICKLAND. My dear Mary, there is no such thing as collective gratitude. This is a commonplace of public life, and sooner or later great men find out its truth, as surely as small people like myself. My services were valued by the party leaders while they lasted, and that was just so long as we remained in opposition. I had plenty of encouragement then to take a prominent part in debate. Our First Whip would put his hand on my shoulder and say, 'Strickland, old chap, we depend on you to-night.' Or I would get a note from the chief himself, begging me to look up the legal points of a Bill, in order to follow the Attorney-General on the other side. I was glad enough to do it, too, for I thought that kind of thing must lead to promotion some day. But when we came into power everything was changed. The authorities would never ask me to speak, except early in the evening, when they could find no one else, or if they wanted to avoid a count. At all other times they would implore me to be silent, and I began to see the day when I might get my first step grow farther and farther off. I didn't turn rusty, though, like some fellows; I didn't attack them from behind with questions which come from the departments marked 'Private,' and for which the permanent secretaries can supply no plausible answers. No; I was as loyal to them as the mutest hound in the whole pack, responding as cheerfully to every crack of the whip; and mark how they treat me. When I can't follow any further, the smallest favour is found too great a reward for my years of faithful service.

MISS M. I wonder how any one could have grudged you this appointment.

STRICKLAND. I don't believe that any one of them did. Individually they'd have been well enough pleased to see me get it. But they are only feeders of a great machine, that grinds on in the path of routine quite irrespective of their likes or dislikes. Few of them know even how it is set in motion, and none can stop or turn it.

MISS M. Then who controls things in the end?

STRICKLAND. No one. They are governed by the system. It has

grown up out of the custom of ages, and he that understands it is reckoned wise.

Miss M. (*smiling*). You must be very clever to know about it, then.

Strickland. Oh, I have learnt by experience! A fool might do that.

Miss M. But haven't you overlooked one point?

Strickland. What?

Miss M. Is there *no such thing* as influence?

Strickland. Yes, but that belongs to the system.

Miss M. And how does it act?

Strickland. Well, I think Lord Montbarb could better explain that to you. It's not confined to the Lower House.

Miss M. Father never explains these things to any one. I don't believe he really knows much about them himself.

Strickland. Except by instinct, eh? We've all an hereditary impulse to use our best weapons of defence. And 'influence' is so admirably fashioned for this purpose that I scarcely fancy the governing classes will cast it aside yet awhile. It is so beautifully spread over the entire country, uniting all whom it reaches by so strong a bond, that I doubt whether it could be destroyed, even if it were made *visible*; and the parts of it dovetail so delightfully into one another.

Miss M. The parts?

Strickland. Yes, 'influence' may be divided into three parts. They are recommendation, claims, and relationship.

Miss M. What about qualifications?

Strickland. Well enough, if you have them, only they exert no influence. We assume that all candidates are equally qualified. It's the safest way of shifting our responsibility. Therefore we never put any one forward as the best man, or the most highly qualified, but always as the *very* man for the post. That sounds strong, and it commits one to nothing definite.

Miss M. Then you leave out qualifications!

Strickland. Altogether. I've told you the things that really matter. Of these three, recommendation is the least, and relationship by far the greatest. But *recommendation*, which stands for little by itself, may be indirectly backed by claims, the claims of the man who recommends, and weight will be added by his relationship to the man recommended. It would then perhaps command 'serious consideration.' *Claims* should speak for themselves, only it is just as well to have them properly recommended; and, even so, they might not prevail, unless they were of the kind that cannot be ignored. You saw the converse of this in my case. Now there only remains *relationship*. Yet if we were related to the man who made the appointment, we need not trouble much about the other two factors, though both can easily be based on relationship, since this alone

gives a valid claim, and such claims always secure ample recommendation. There, my dear, I have harangued you as though you were an election meeting; but you must forgive me *for this once*, as children say. Who knows if I shall ever speak in this place again?

[*Enter* SIR JOHN, *breathless, and so excited that he can scarcely speak coherently, even when he has somewhat recovered.*

SIR JOHN (*having overheard the last sentence, and talking as he comes in*). Not *speak* again! My dear fellow (*stops to regain his breath*). You've only just *begun* to speak! Who do you think buttonholed me in the lobby, Miss Margetson? *The Prime Minister!* I was rather avoiding him, but he came over, and drew me aside. 'You're a friend of Strickland's?' he said. 'A *great* friend,' I replied. 'Well, I want you to do me a favour, Dibb.' He always begins like that when he's going to be extra decent. 'I'm horrified about this application of his,' he went on. 'We had no idea of it till last night. I put a stop to it at once; such a thing is quite out of the question.'

STRICKLAND. Why should it be?

SIR JOHN. Wait, wait, hear me out! 'We can't spare him,' he said; 'we want new blood in the Cabinet, and we've been talking the matter over to-day. Several names were suggested, but we decided to ask Strickland to join us. I'm afraid he was a little disappointed at not being asked before. Of course, he's sure of his seat?' 'Perfectly,' said I. 'Then you can tell him that we count on his acceptance, Dibb.'

STRICKLAND. Yes, he may count on that, eh, Mary?

MISS M. I should think so, indeed.

SIR JOHN (*with conscious self-importance*). It's a secret for the present; but you are to be —— (*Whispers the words in his ear.*) Old —— (*whispering again*) will take a peerage. What do you say to him now, Miss Margetson? The Right Honourable Geoffrey Strickland, P.C., one of his Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State! I wouldn't be surprised if he cut us all.

STRICKLAND. No fear of that, old friend. I say, though, this is a tremendous jump; they are passing me over the heads of a good many.

SIR JOHN. Well, most of them have spoiled their chances by showing the cloven foot. The chief can't stand criticism from our side; he looks on it as *treachery*.

STRICKLAND. I know.

SIR JOHN. But you have always behaved splendidly. He said so himself.

MISS M. Yes, those are the words he used to my father. I'd forgotten them when I told you how the Prime Minister praised you the other night.

STRICKLAND. And I thought he only meant to be civil to Lord Montbarb because he guessed (*looking at her*) something. It shows how utterly one can be mistaken.

MISS M. You see, Geoffrey, I was right to tell you not to give up hope.

STRICKLAND. You were, indeed, Mary, and I feel that you have brought me this piece of good fortune. Though that is nothing to the still greater happiness you bring me. (*Turning to* SIR JOHN.) Dibb, old man, let me present you to the lady who has promised to be my wife.

SIR JOHN (*cordially*). Ah, I thought as much, and I congratulate you both.

MISS M. Thank you, Sir John. I am very glad that you should be the first to do it.

STRICKLAND (*grasping his hand*). And so am I.

SIR JOHN (*in a broken tone*). Happy to have the privilege!

[*A voice is heard in the distance shouting the words* 'Who goes home?'

MISS M. What's that?

SIR JOHN. It means that the House is up.

STRICKLAND (*proudly, now absolutely content with the existing order of things*). They have shouted those words for centuries. Men may go, parties may change, but *Parliament* remains the same.

[*Voice again heard, nearer,* 'Who goes home?'

MISS M. (*placing her hand on* STRICKLAND'S *arm*). We do.

STRICKLAND. Yes, I can see you home now.

MISS M. And soon——

STRICKLAND. There will be no need. (*To* SIR JOHN.) Good-bye, old chap!

MISS M. (*as they turn to go*). Good-bye, Sir John!

SIR JOHN. Good-bye!

[STRICKLAND *and* MISS MARGETSON *go off together. The voice is again heard, far away,* 'Who goes home?' *And* SIR JOHN *slowly turns to go as the*

CURTAIN FALLS.

GERALD MAXWELL.

The Editor of THE NINETEENTH CENTURY *cannot undertake to return unaccepted MSS.*

NINETEENTH CENTURY

AND AFTER

No. CCCLXII—April 1907

EGYPT TO-DAY

We seem to be threatened with a reopening, in one or other form, of an 'Egyptian question.' With the reconquest of the Egyptian Soudan in 1898, and the conclusion of the Anglo-French agreement in 1904, there was an end, at least for a time, to all need of anxiety about Egypt. The country had entered on an extraordinary period of prosperity which has since reached incredible proportions. Private enterprise and capital were abundant. The finances had been placed beyond possibility of disaster. Reforms of many useful kinds were being actively pursued. The fellahin were basking in the sunshine of an impartial and vigilant administration. The relations between the Khedive and the British authorities, which for some years after the accession of the former in 1892 had been unduly strained, had grown more friendly. The atmosphere, in a word, was serene and unclouded when there arose, of a sudden, an acrid dispute between Great Britain, the Power in possession of Egypt, and Turkey, its suzerain, regarding the boundary of Turkey and Egypt in the Sinai Peninsula. While this dispute was in its acutest stage uneasiness was felt as to the probable attitude of the Muhammadan population in Egypt, should there be an outbreak of war between Great Britain and Turkey. A spirit of restlessness

and a general disquietude produced much public anxiety. That these misgivings were not wholly without cause would seem to have been proved when, shortly after an arrangement between the two Powers had been arrived at, a savage outbreak of violence occurred in Denshawi, an Egyptian village of the Delta, which ended in the murder of a British officer of the army of occupation, and the serious ill-treatment of three of his comrades. But the British forces in Egypt had been strengthened during the crisis of the dispute with Turkey; and public excitement, however much it may have simmered, never, except in this instance, actually boiled over. Yet evidence had been given of the existence of at least a temporary state of feeling distinctly inimical to British occupation, and, for the first time since 1882, the sense of public security had been rudely shaken. A blow had been dealt to the hopes entertained in many quarters that the benefits conferred on Egypt by British administration had led captive the hearts of the Egyptians, and had reconciled, if not the pashas and the classes hitherto dominant, at least the mass of the people, to the control of a foreigner and an infidel. It was a fellah who had led the murderous assault on a British officer; it was by fellahin that he was assassinated and his comrades violently handled; what sympathy may have shown itself during the trial of the criminals was not enlisted in favour of the prosecution.

There is no exercise more idle for one who is not in the centre of affairs than to explain away the immediate causes of contemporary political events, and authoritatively to pronounce on the hidden steps which may have brought about a crisis. Only those who are behind the scenes have means of accurately informing themselves; others must be content more or less with guesswork. Nevertheless, indications very frequently exist which may guide the outsider in forming an opinion, and in framing, from a review of the various elements engaged, an approximate estimate of the circumstances which in their several degrees have brought about results in evidence. Thus, in the present case, we know that the Sultan of Turkey has never shown himself otherwise than uncompromisingly averse to a British occupation of Egypt. So long as a spirit of antagonism dominated the relations of Great Britain and France in regard to Egyptian affairs, the Sultan had an instrument ready to his hand on which he might rely to embarrass the British authorities in Cairo. As he had found a dog who was obliging enough to bark for him, there was no need for him to put himself forward. But when the Anglo-French settlement of 1904 was concluded the dog on whom he had counted ceased to bark. In the absence of the assistance hitherto available to him he may have felt himself compelled to resort to other means of harassing and obstructing the even course of British administration in Egypt. There exists no lack of agency. So long as his envoy, Ghazi Ahmad Mukhtar Pasha, who showed himself so active in his

master's interests during the late frontier disputes, remains in Cairo he has ample facilities for working out his ends. So long as Egyptians are corruptible, and journalists in Cairo are venal, the Sultan need fear no lack of a ready chorus. Nor will an audience be wanting. A quarter of a century has well nigh passed since the collapse of Turkish rule in Egypt; the present generation of young Egyptians has never felt its rigour. On the other hand, the young generation of Turks never ceases to regret past opportunities. If with the lapse of time the sense of relief from a grinding tyranny is weakened, memories of past privileges and facilities of public plunder are strengthened. The Khedive is no longer a raw and unknown lad, educated abroad and not known in his own country. He is believed to have amassed much wealth; he has necessarily acquired experience with the growth of time; and with increased intercourse has come greater influence with his co-patriots and co-religionists, which he can scarcely be expected not to use to what he may think to be his own advantage. In the eyes of the Palace party and of all who are brought within its control, the Khedive is looked upon as *in vinculis*; moreover, in the whirligig of time the day may come when he may again be placed in a position to favour friends or to chastise opponents. The dual system under which Egypt is nominally administered is necessarily unstable. In the comparatively small political system of which Cairo is the centre are two potentates—the one *de facto*, the other *de jure*. In the methods of British administration much is unpalatable to those whom it holds in control, especially to such as would otherwise be all-powerful. The knowledge that the supreme authority in Constantinople, probably high authority nearer than Constantinople, shares the views of the malcontents of Cairo gives them confidence which might otherwise be wanting. Though the advent to power of a Liberal Government in England may not in other respects be agreeable to Constantinople, it suggests the adoption of an appeal to which no Liberal party wholly turns a deaf ear. The demand for representative institutions and for the machinery of self-government has in past times been worked for all that it was worth, and will again in supple hands be so manipulated as to find supporters among the benches at Westminster. The Egyptian Press enjoys almost uncontrolled freedom, and a section of it fearlessly uses its freedom to support or to keep alive agitation; while personal liberty of speech and of criticism is as unrestrained in Cairo as in London. It may be surmised that the proposal, which is known to find favour at the Agency in Cairo, to obtain the consent of the Powers to cancel the Capitulations so far as concerns Egypt m[illegible] with strenuous opposition from many European residents there, and induces them to combine with native malcontents, with whom otherwise they could have but little sympathy, in seeking to fetter the authority of the British representatives in that country. Finally,

Egypt is at the present moment the centre of an extraordinary outburst of speculation, which has brought into the country a great number of Europeans in the pursuit of gain or in the employment of one or other of numerous new industrial companies. Little distinction is drawn by the Egyptian between servants of the State and others; the presence of the new-comers is held to strengthen the complaint that the country is being Anglicised, and gives colour to the complaint that Egypt is passing wholly into the hands of the foreigners.

This sketch of the causes at work to bring about a revival of antagonism to British predominance in Egypt is offered for no more than it may be worth. Other powerful but less obvious influences are very possibly at work. To some, political causes may seem sufficient: to others, the inherent intolerance of Islam, and the revival of its spirit of fanatical ill-will to the supremacy of an authority which is not of its own creed. The very efficiency with which the work of reorganisation is being carried out has led some observers to hazard the view that the Egyptian is wearied of the reformer; that he clings to customs and usages which are threatened by the besom of the stranger; and that he shrinks with repulsion from the efforts that are being made to urge him into paths of progress which seem to lead to no desirable issues. This latter point of view and, to a lesser extent, the antipathy entertained by Islam towards Christianity have mainly supplied the text of his recent book, termed *The Egypt of the Future*, in which Mr. Edward Dicey sets forward his contention that the British authorities are working on wrong lines; that the effort to Anglicise the country is fruitless in itself and exasperating to the people; and that we should fall back on the method which he describes as that propounded by Lord Dufferin in his report of 1882. It will be of interest to examine more closely this point of view. Mr. Dicey, as a frequent visitor, has been acquainted for very many years with Egypt and some of its chief public men. He has written much and at many times on Egyptian problems; and he is well known since many years past to a large circle of readers as a thinker with original and independent views with regard to the Egyptian question, and an advocate for the establishment of a British protectorate in Egypt.

It is probable that those who are acquainted with Muhammadan opinion, and have lived long among Muhammadan communities, will endorse much that Mr. Dicey writes in his chapter on 'Militant Islam'; as when, for example, he says: 'If any impression should, with or without cause, get hold of the native mind that Islam is in danger, superstition is always liable, in a Muhammadan country, to develop into fanaticism.' So, too, when he adds that through all the centuries that have come and gone since the death of Muhammad, his followers have never wavered in their conviction that some day a Messiah or Mahdi would make his appearance upon earth, who would lead the followers of the Prophet to victory and enable them to fulfil

their appointed task, the forcible conversion of the heathen world to the worship of Allah. The duty of making war upon the infidel, Mr. Dicey holds, is still the cardinal tenet of [illegible]. This must, however, be taken with limitations. There is the Dar al Harab and there is the Dar al Islam. Where the free exercise of the Muhammadan faith is provided for, as in Egypt, or in India, where the Muhammadan codes of law in regard to marriage, divorce, inheritance, succession, and so on, are respected and maintained in practice, the country is generally recognised by Muhammadan doctors as Dar al Islam, and the duty of making war on the infidel is in [illegible]. However this may be, Mr. Dicey is probably correct in his estimate of the normal attitude of the Muhammadan towards his Christian neighbour. It may be modified by circumstances, and it may be kept in temporary abeyance. Amongst other conditions, for instance, some prudent doctors hold that before hostilities are undertaken there should be at least a probability of victory to the armies of Islam. But the direct and necessary consequence of the teaching of Muhammad and Muhammadan doctors is that so long as the Muslim is subject to a Christian power, Islam suffers, and those who hold its tenets are kept in a position of subordination which is not in harmony with the promises of their Prophet, or with the requirements of the faith as by him delivered.

Mr. Dicey, though he sees this clearly, adds, curiously enough, that he has never been able to get any satisfactory explanation of the fundamental difference between Islam and Christendom. The fundamental difference by which the followers of either faith may be distinguished, however much in the course of ages practice and precept may have diverged, is surely that the one adopts as his symbol the cross, the other the scimitar. The founder of the one has declared that His kingdom is not of this world; if His kingdom were of this world, then would His servants fight. The other has over and over again proclaimed the duty of making war upon all who believe not in Allah. It is the claim of the Muhammadan to the exclusive right of domination in the world that is, no less than inheritance in the world that is to come, that differentiates him from his Christian neighbour. Islam, in a word, is a polity as well as a creed; and as a polity it brooks no rival, admits no partnership, and can willingly accept no compromise which relegates it to a secondary position. The fellah, no doubt, is not easily stirred to fanaticism; but the fellah is not the only Muhammadan element in Egypt. The great university of Al Azhar is presided over by learned doctors and teachers of Muhammadan law whose doctrines, not more tolerant presumably than the text which inspires them, are taught to the Egyptian not less than to other students. There is a large urban population in Egypt of mixed descent, among whom are many bigoted Muhammadans. Egypt may not be a gunpowder barrel, but there is powder enough

lying about to cause a pretty considerable explosion, if placed conveniently and ignited at the right moment.

That the sentiment of religiosity may contribute, therefore, in Egypt as in other Muhammadan countries, to a feeling of animosity against rulers of the Christian creed is highly probable. But there is another force at work besides religiosity. In the eyes of the Muslim the existence of the Turkish Empire is the one remaining evidence of the greatness that once was his. Delhi has gone; Bokhara and Samarkand have gone; the glories of Baghdad are scarcely remembered. Iran is effete, Afghanistan is remote and savage; both alike exist on sufferance, and subject to the will of their powerful neighbours. But the Sultan of Turkey is the great outward and visible emblem of Muhammadan supremacy, and the Muslim clings to Constantinople as much from sentiment as from sympathy of creed. While the Turkish Empire stands it is a rallying point for the Muhammadan community, a remnant of the chosen people, a centre of supremacy for the Faithful. So long as a great Muhammadan Power holds rule in Europe and in Asia, the scattering of Islam is not accomplished. When Turkey drifts into risk of war or into danger of defeat, the whole Muhammadan world, at least the world of Suni Muhammadans, is stirred. This sentiment may exist in varying degrees in different countries: in Arabia it is weak; in Egypt it is not without influence; in India and on the northern frontier of India it has great weight. When Great Britain, therefore, recently found herself within measurable distance of a collision with the Sultan, it was not only the spirit of religiosity which was roused, but the pride of a once dominant caste that she had to reckon with. The Egyptian may not love the Turk, but no Muhammadan would willingly see the last stronghold of Muhammadan rule subverted. The sentiment may seem foolish and unreasonable to those who know the relations that for ages have existed between Turk and Egyptian; but sentiment in some matters is more powerful than reason, as blood is thicker than water. Domestic disputes, too, are temporarily silenced in presence of an external foe.

The religious element apart, Mr. Dicey finds in the autocratic nature of Lord Cromer's rule, and in what he terms the Anglification of Egypt under Lord Cromer's system of administration, the main key to any display of dissatisfaction which may have in recent days been borne to the surface. His views, as much as space admits, had better be stated in his own words. It is fair to give them full expression, because they seem to the present writer not only to rest on misconception, but to be wholly impossible of adoption. Lord Dufferin, on whom Mr. Dicey mainly relies in support of his contention, has expressed himself, as a matter of fact, in terms indicating a distinct preference for the alternative policy which Mr. Dicey disapproves. Experience gained under Nubar Pasha, who is Mr. Dicey's

second authority, went to show that the scheme and system of administration of which Mr. Dicey has made himself advocate is disastrous and impossible of execution. The picture, finally, which he draws of the complete subjection of Egypt to the will of a single mind is so overloaded with colour as to be almost unrecognisable.

> I have always maintained (writes Mr. Dicey) that the right policy in England, as well as in Egypt, was that propounded by Lord Dufferin in his masterly report, and advocated by Nubar Pasha up to the end of his life—namely, that we should administer Egypt as we administer the Native States of India, not directly by British officials, but indirectly by Native officials, under the personal supervision of a British Resident.

The scheme propounded by Lord Dufferin was somewhat vague in outline and complex in substance. More will be said of it presently, but whatever it was, it was certainly not based on the analogy of the Resident in a Native State of India. Lord Dufferin in precise and emphatic words went out of his way to explain why, though he might have wished to follow the Indian precedent, he felt himself constrained to forego it:

> Had I been commissioned (he wrote) to place affairs in Egypt on the footing of an Indian subject State, the outlook would have been different. The masterful hand of a Resident would have quickly bent everything to his will, and in the space of five years we should have greatly added to the material wealth and well-being of the country by the extension of its cultivated area and the consequent expansion of its revenue; by the partial, if not the total abolition of the corvée and slavery, the establishment of justice and beneficent reforms.

He goes on to say that his Majesty's Government and the public opinion of England have pronounced against such an alternative, and that the Egyptians would have justly considered these advantages as dearly purchased at the expense of their domestic independence by their being reduced to the subordinate position of an Indian Native State. Hence, it is beyond question that Lord Dufferin, so far from recommending that we should administer Egypt as we administer the Native States of India, was at pains expressly to disclaim such a scheme, and to explain that this was not possible in the circumstances in which he was placed. He evolved, in consequence, an alternative proposal, which possibly may be that which Mr. Dicey, when writing, had in his mind, though he speaks of it erroneously as Lord Dufferin's plea for Indian Native State and the 'Resident' system of administration. Assuming, for the sake of the argument, some misapprehension of phrases, and taking for our text the alternative project ultimately adopted by Lord Dufferin, did this project so far coincide in its main lines with that which commends itself to Mr. Dicey as to justify him in speaking of them as

identical, and in quoting as against Lord Cromer, in support of his own contention, the authority and proposals of Lord Dufferin?

It has been briefly shown in words quoted above what Mr. Dicey would recommend. The entire passage from which they have been taken must be given, both because it is the only passage in which Mr. Dicey has formulated his proposals, and in order that the scheme may be compared and contrasted with that embodied in Lord Dufferin's report, with which apparently it purports to be identical:

My contention is that, putting aside our improvements in irrigation, whose utility the fellahin can appreciate, the reforms we endeavour to introduce, and our interference with native customs, usages, laws, and habits, give umbrage to the inhabitants of Egypt, and are also calculated to create an impression that they are directed against the authority of the Koran. If these reforms were carried out by native administrators speaking their own language, belonging to their own creed, and understanding their prejudices, they would, I feel convinced, create far less discontent than they do at present. All change is distasteful to a non-progressive creed; and the unpopularity is all the stronger when the reforms are introduced by British officials often very imperfectly acquainted with their (*sic*) language and *so convinced of the superiority of* British ideas as to deem their advantages too self-evident to require explanation. I cannot but think that by this time—whatever may be the case with the British Agency—the great majority of British officials must have come to the conclusion that the attempts to persuade the natives to accept British ideas respecting sanitation, law, justice, and administration are doomed to failure. This being so, the question is whether it is worth while to continue an experiment which has been proved impracticable. If I am asked what I should propose as an alternative, I should recommend the system which has been adopted in the Native States of India by England, in Tunis and Algeria by France, and in Bosnia and the Herzegovina by Austria, and adopted with success. *The fundamental principles of this system may be briefly stated as* follows. Supreme authority should be vested in the hands of the representative of the protecting Power, whether he may be called Resident, Governor, or Consul-General. Subject to this supreme authority, as little change as possible should be made in the internal administration of the protected State. The old laws, customs, and usages should remain as they were before the Protectorate existed, and the old native administrators should as a rule be retained in the public service. These administrators should be clearly given to understand that they would be allowed a considerable amount of latitude in the discharge of their functions, and that they would not be called to account if their administration should be conducted somewhat differently from the view entertained by the protecting Power; but that if any gross scandal or abuse should occur during their administration, they would be forthwith dismissed, or, if necessary, severely punished by the representative of the Protectorate. To work out the details of such a system must be the work of the Resident, and this can only be done by the men on the spot; all I am concerned with is its broad principle. In the provinces all appointments up to the rank of Governor should be held by Egyptian subjects, who would be responsible for order and decent administration and would be liable to dismissal by the Consul-General in case any gross outrage or corruption were brought to the latter's knowledge. This, as I have already stated, is in substance the scheme suggested by Lord Dufferin, and it is the one best fitted to render our Protectorate more congenial—or perhaps I should say less uncongenial—to the Egyptian public than that which has hitherto been adopted by the British Agency.

How this scheme may compare with that adopted in Tunis, Algeria, Bosnia, and Herzegovina, I am unable to say, but it certainly differs very widely from that proposed by Lord Dufferin. The English official has little or no part in Mr. Dicey's scheme—what part Lord Dufferin reserved for him may be gathered from his own words:

For some time to come European assistance in the various departments of Egyptian administration will be absolutely necessary. Were they to be withdrawn the whole machinery of government would fall into inextricable confusion. The benefits derived from the labours of the honourable and devoted men who have helped to introduce something like order, regularity, and efficiency into the public business of the country, whether French, Italian, English, or German, cannot be overrated.

The interests at stake are far too important to allow the reforms which have been introduced by their energy to disappear, especially when we take into account the rapid extension of the relations of Egypt with Europe, the developments of her external commerce, and the magnitude of the public works in which she will probably soon engage. It is frightful to contemplate the misery and misfortune which would be entailed on the population were the Financial, the Public Works, and analogous departments to be left ungarrisoned by a few high-minded English officials. The Egyptian Government would quickly become a prey to dishonest speculators, ruinous contracts, and delusive engineering operations, from which they are now protected by the intelligent and capable men who are at hand to advise them in reference to these subjects. This is especially true with regard to financial matters. The maintenance of Egypt's financial equilibrium is the guarantee of her independence. But, apart from the material benefits conferred by the assistance of Europeans, we must remember that they are establishing a standard of integrity, zeal, and efficiency which we hope will eventually be permanently consolidated in all the departments of the State. At the same time, it may teach the native member of the Civil Service the mode in which public business should be conducted, accounts tabulated, audited, checked, and inspected, which, when once it shall have become an habitual tradition, will enable the Egyptians themselves to conduct routine affairs without further guidance, until that which is now denounced as an injustice will prove to have been the best remedy for the very abuses it was accused of illustrating.

Elsewhere Lord Dufferin writes of 'sympathy and guidance,' of 'sympathetic advice and assistance.' He deprecates 'an irritating and exasperating display of authority'; but his words are very far from giving colour to Mr. Dicey's assertion that the scheme set forth in *The Egypt of the Future* is in any way identical with, or even approximately similar to, that which Lord Dufferin proposed to introduce. The backbone of Lord Dufferin's scheme was reform to be carried out by the aid and agency of British or other European officials, but for whose assistance 'it was frightful to contemplate' the mischief that must ensue. The backbone of Mr. Dicey's proposal is reversion to the *status quo ante*: 'As little change as possible should be made in the internal administration of the protected State, and the old native administrators should as a rule be retained in the public service. . . . The old laws, customs, and usages should remain as they were before the Protectorate existed.'

Mr. Dicey writes as though the direct executive administration in Egypt, in all its branches, was in the hands of Englishmen. Nothing could be further from the fact. At the several Ministries (excepting the Foreign Office), there is a British 'adviser,' modelled on the precedent of the financial 'adviser,' who was evolved from the chaos of 1882. His business, as Lord Dufferin would have said, is 'sympathetic advice and assistance' to the Minister, and such 'guidance' as experience and knowledge of administration may enable him to give. So far from the executive administration being directly in British hands, Lord Cromer, writing in 1904, has recorded that if a large number of young Englishmen had been brought into the country, or if, after having been taught the language, they had been appointed mudirs (provincial governors), judges, heads of police, and so on, better administrative results would have been achieved than have been actually the case. This policy, he writes, was deliberately rejected. It was decided not to Anglicise the administration more than was absolutely necessary. 'The rehabilitation of Egypt as far as it has been due to British influence since the occupation,' wrote Lord Cromer in 1899, 'has been carried out by a body of officials who certainly do not exceed a hundred in number, and might probably stand somewhat lower.' Broadly speaking, it may be said that European supervision, without which it was from the first obvious that no progress could be made, has been introduced; but that, with some exceptions (mostly of a nature where technical knowledge was required), almost the whole of the subordinate and the greater portion of the superior appointments, whether judicial or executive, have been left in native Egyptian hands. Except in departments such as the Irrigation or Customs, the executive administration is, as a rule, entrusted to Egyptians or Turks, who are visited from time to time by British inspectors despatched from headquarters; but the responsibility for their own acts rests with the native officials. By far the larger number of judges in the native tribunals are Egyptians; so are all the provincial governors. Obviously, no Egyptian is at present qualified, whether by training, experience, or strength of character, to take charge of the department of Irrigation. Nor in a department dealing with the various nationalities of Europe, such as the Customs, could he hope to be successful. Humanitarian but rigorous control of prisons is wholly foreign to the Oriental nature. Natives of Egypt preside over the departments of the Post Office and Education. It may be added that the chief criticism directed against Lord Cromer by his countrymen in Egypt is that he habitually gives too great preference to Egyptians, and that they are allowed a freedom of action and of utterance, as in the native Press, which is notoriously and dangerously abused.

'But the old laws, usages, customs, and habits should remain as they were before the Protectorate existed,' writes Mr. Dicey. What

were these laws, usages, customs, and habits? The old usage was the corvée, the old custom was the kurbash, the old laws were, in Lord Dufferin's words, 'a mockery,' 'misery and confusion'; the old habits were corruption, bribery, and speculation. The prisons were foul dens. 'No words could convey the impression of the hopeless misery of the mass of the prisoners,' wrote a Commission in 1882, which had been appointed to look into them, 'who live for months like wild beasts, without change of clothing and half starved, ignorant of the fate of their families, and bewailing their own.' Are these the laws, usages, customs, and habits which Mr. Dicey would wish to have restored? Does he seriously contend that it should be the *rôle* of the British authorities in Egypt merely to maintain order and the defence of Egypt, while the governing classes of the country administer it? Are the British to keep the ring, always facing scrupulously outwards, while the kurbash and the corvée have full play within? If this is called 'administering Egyptian affairs with the cordial co-operation of the native element,' it would be interesting to be told whether in the native element are comprised both administrators and administered. But if 'any gross scandal occur,' the British authorities might interfere, we may be reminded. Well, it so happens that for a period of five or six years, when Nubar Pasha was Prime Minister, the administration of certain Summary Commissions of Criminal Justice was, under his auspices and at his urgent instance, placed wholly, native-fashion, in the hands of the mudirs or provincial governors. All important criminal work was taken out of the hands of the newly reformed tribunals, in order to meet with vigour an outbreak of lawlessness and so-called brigandage which was largely the result of the passing of an old into a new judicial order. It was proved at a later date that in these courts the worst features of the old *régime* had been reproduced. Capital punishment had in many cases been inflicted, some 800 people had been thrown into prison on evidence which was manifestly insufficient. Torture had been frequently employed to extract confessions. Innocent men had been convicted. Inquiry having been instituted, many of the condemned were released from prison, the Summary Commissions were closed, and the reign of native law, judicial usage, and Egyptian custom was hastened to an end. It will be noted that it was not till the lapse of some years that this state of affairs was brought to the British Agent's knowledge. Where terrorism prevails, gross scandals are not so easily dragged into light as Mr. Dicey would seem to suppose.

When, after the abolition of the Special Commission, the measures required to deal with the abnormal state of lawlessness alluded to were under consideration, they were referred, according to Egyptian law, usage, and custom, to the chief Muhammadan Law Officer, the Sheikh el Abbassi, whose project received the full and almost unanimous

approval of the Legislative Council. After a definition as to what constitutes brigandage, the terms of which would have furnished a whole bench of lawyers with substantial incomes for a lifetime, the project goes on to prescribe the bastinado for those who are not brigands, with free discharge, on payment of damages and costs, of such as are brigands, should they confess their offences. Brigands caught in the act before they have made off with their booty are to be imprisoned after a bastinado till they show repentance—not, indeed, by the profession of their lips, but by reformed lives; such, for example, as might be led within the Egyptian jails of old time, or, failing that, till they should haply die. Then come arrangements for cutting off in certain cases the right hand or left foot; amputation with crucifixion; decapitation and crucifixion; decapitation without crucifixion; crucifixion without decapitation. Dumb persons, among others, and relatives of the deceased falling within prohibited degrees of marriage, are declared exempt from punishment as brigands. Are such as these the laws, usages, customs, and habits which we are to retain because reform thereof would 'give umbrage to the inhabitants of Egypt, and would be calculated to create an impression that it was directed against the authority of the Koran'?

Lord Cromer is elsewhere twitted in *The Future of Egypt* with preferring to nominate young officials unacquainted with the country, who, even had they the wish, have not the power to question the wisdom of his opinions, or to thwart his autocratic will, who for the rest are wholly ignorant of Arabic as spoken in Egypt. Who are these young officials? Obviously they are not the rank-and-file, for with such the Agent is likely to have little personal communication. Presumably reference is made to the several 'Advisers,' or to heads of departments. These compose the 'kindergarten' with whom Mr. Dicey makes merry; and a venerable collection of juveniles they turn out, on closer inspection, to be. The Financial Adviser, if we may trust Debrett, is forty-six years of age; his predecessor was thirty-seven when he took up the office. The adviser in the Public Works Department is fifty-eight, in the Judicial Department he is forty-two, in the Interior he is forty-five; the head of the Sanitary Department is fifty, the head of the Jail Department is fifty-four. Most of these officials had been connected for very many years with Egypt, before they attained their present positions. There may be, there doubtless are, Englishmen in Egypt, as in all Eastern dependencies, who fill subordinate but not unimportant positions and are still young in years; but it is incumbent on all such to pass examinations in Arabic, nor could men in such comparatively minor posts be in any way qualified to advise Lord Cromer, being themselves as yet *in statu pupillari*.

The absolute authority which Lord Cromer is said to wield is made

a grave reproach to him in *The Future of Egypt*. There can be no manner of doubt that Lord Cromer's influence in Egypt is on the whole paramount. In the first place—and this is of itself enough—he represents his Majesty's Government, which holds Egypt in the hollow of its hand. He has been for thirty years intimately connected, in one or other office, with the administration of the country, and his knowledge of its affairs is probably far greater than that of any other living man. He has brought Egypt from the depths of distress and insolvency into the sunshine of the most unheard-of prosperity. He enjoys the prestige of unbroken success achieved among extraordinary difficulties. By personal force of character, by patience and prudence, by tenacity, by fearless and unswerving devotion to the interests committed to him, he has gained universal respect and very general confidence. Such a man stands too high and too conspicuous a figure to escape the slings and arrows of misrepresentation. But to describe him as an 'absolute autocrat' is mere misuse of language. An absolute autocrat is one to whose power there is no limit, over whom there is no control, who can bind or loose of his own free will. It is not given to anyone on earth, still less to Lord Cromer, to exercise such authority. There is the will of the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs to be dealt with. There is the British Parliament and Press. There is the Press, foreign and native, in Egypt. There is a large independent European community in Egypt of many nationalities, which is wholly beyond the reach of Lord Cromer's arm. There are the attitude of the Palace and the prejudices of the Ministers, their friends and co-religionists to be considered; there is, in a word, besides subordination to Downing Street and responsibility to Parliament, popular opinion to be dealt with, in Egypt and out of it, of every form and colour, and a body of custom, prejudice, and religiosity to be contended against, which furnish constant and rigid barriers to such authority as the Agent can wield, which not infrequently, as in his wish to reform the indigenous Muhammadan Courts of Justice, prevail against him, and with which he must always reckon.

The defence which would probably be relied upon for the scheme of administration advocated in *The Future of Egypt* would seem to be that by whatever name it may be called, and whether or no it is identical with one or other of Lord Dufferin's proposals, it is in point of fact the counterpart of the system adopted with regard to the Native States of India, and as such should be adopted. Without stopping to inquire into the accuracy of this assertion, which before it could be accepted requires very great qualifications, it may be stated with the utmost confidence that there is no sort of analogy between Egypt and an Indian Native State. The latter stands aloof from the world of Europe; aloof, indeed, in great measure from the system even of British India. With immaterial exceptions, an Indian Native State is

inhabited by its own people only, who are subjects, kinsmen, or clansmen of the chief, and are always wholly subordinate to him. There is little intermixture of the European element and no fear of complications on this score. Egypt, so far from being outside the European system, lies directly on the high road between East and West, and is yearly becoming more and more the main high road leading out of the Western world. The Suez Canal depends largely on the peace of Egypt. Foreigners of every description swarm within its frontiers; the commerce and the industries of the country are mainly in their hands; the two great cities of Cairo and Alexandria are as much European as Egyptian; the foreigner, protected by the International Tribunals, by Capitulations, and by his Consuls-General, snaps his fingers at Egyptian tribunals and Egyptian police, and at the British Executive behind them. The whole land is honeycombed with European influences. Egypt herself is far from homogeneous. Among the subjects of the Khedive are Turks, Copts, Syrians, Armenians, black men from the Soudan, brown men from Berber, yellow men from the Delta, Arab and Negro, Christian and Muhammadan, heathen and Hebrew. What could be more unlike a typical Indian Native State? What analogy can hold as to administering the one from the practice and precedent of the other?

It may very reasonably be matter of regret with some of us that Great Britain should have felt herself compelled to occupy Egypt, and to assume charge of the direction of its administration. But, the necessity admitted, it is impossible that the old laws, customs, and usages should remain unmolested, in so far as they are opposed to justice, the public security, or the public health. Public opinion in Great Britain would before long revolt at such a situation; it may be permitted to doubt whether Egypt itself would remain constant to misrule. The kurbash, the corvée, torture in prison and torture in the tribunals, pestilent hospitals, universal corruption and peculation, these are usages and customs of old time. If in the effort to remove them Lord Cromer has given umbrage, it is to be regretted umbrage should have been given, but can it seriously be contended that Egyptians passionately cling to them? Nor does it follow that we need come with Mr. Dicey to the conclusion that any attempts to persuade the natives to accept British ideas respecting sanitation, law, justice, and administration are doomed to failure. If it is so, that is an indictment, not against Great Britain, but against Egypt. Let us turn again to India, if India is to be our model. Why should the Egyptian be more difficult to reclaim than the Indian? Why should our notions regarding law, justice, and administration, which have found much favour in India, be doomed to sterility in Egypt? Is it not a question mainly of time? We have seen something of the gradual effect of time in India; and if we have recognised its handiwork, we have learned how slowly it moves and with what patience we must await

results. Not to be weary of well-doing is the first and best lesso to be learned by the European reformer in the East. He has put h hand to the plough, and he cannot withdraw it. Least of all can succumb to the atmosphere of the Orient and, whether from com plaisance or from lack of purpose or of courage, fall into a system *laisser aller*. That would be to turn his back on the very influence which have brought him there; to be a renegade to the civilisation which he is a pioneer, and of which the battle has been entrusted to hi hands. We have been but twenty-five brief years in Egypt; if that time much has been done for the material progress of the countr we have scarcely had time to touch the surface of moral reform the regeneration of the Egyptian. Therein, moreover, the patien must minister to himself.

While the author of *The Future of Egypt* would allow the Egyptia to return to his laws, usages, customs, and habits, the voice of th so-called Nationalist party in that country proclaims aloud tha he has already changed them all. That party, far from wishing fo the old order to be recalled, bases its claim for self-government an independence on its culture, its advance in the march of civilisatior and its moral worth. Of whom the Nationalists consist it is not eas to ascertain. One or two journalists are mentioned in the Europea Press (for it is a peculiarity of Egypt that to know what is occurrin there you must very often inquire anywhere but in Egypt itself With these may be joined a few young Turks, who can in no w be representative of Egypt, and a sprinkling of obscure Egyptiar whose names are devoid of significance. The group has its loc papers, addresses itself to London and Paris journals, makes itse as much talked about as possible, and is apparently well supplie with funds. It professes to represent a united and highly patriot Egypt, intelligent and resourceful, above reproach and above su picion, but unjustly and undeservedly subjected to the domination overbearing England. Where the members that make up this bod and are blessed with these high qualities, are to be found, it is impo sible to ascertain. Intelligence is common enough in Egypt, as other Eastern countries. But patriotism, resource, and singleminde ness do not cry aloud in the streets of Cairo. Had it not been f British soldiers, Egypt, as a State, would have been wiped out existence any time between the years 1885 and 1898. She owes he very existence, as she owes her financial prosperity and what mor regeneration she may have so far achieved, to the foreigner who sto between her soil and the Dervishes on the one hand, and, on the othe between her people and the despotism which had plunged her in bankruptcy. In the recent sessions of the Egyptian General Assemb the Nationalist fuglemen have seen their chance of directing a bold an general movement. A summary of the demands of the Assembly ha been recently published in the *Times* and seems instructive. Unt

we have before us an authorised version of the proceedings, it would not be fair to criticise too closely. But if it is true that the Assembly demands the creation of an Egyptian Parliament, the reservation to Egyptians of all important administrative appointments, and the control of the finances and the Executive, it can only be said that it takes a strangely false estimate of its position and of its own capacity. The burden of a heavy foreign debt lies, and for years to come will lie, on Egypt. Immense sums also have been sunk in that country by European enterprise. The springs of her wealth and well-being lie in the hands of foreigners. She has no adequate means wherewith to defend herself from attack, from whatever quarter she may be assailed. The weight of centuries of oppression weighs down the character of her sons, and immemorial despotism has made them a byword among nations. It is terrible that this should be so, but so it is; and not all the scratching of a million pens can alter one iota of the cruel fact. The General Assembly's programme, if it is accurately reported, sufficiently condemns those who put it forward. No serious men, in so difficult a position, would so lightly claim to be entrusted with such tremendous responsibilities. The trivial character of other demands which make up the sum total of the programme throws light on the capacity of those who have adopted it. But the official version must be awaited before criticism can be of use.

In a recent book, called *The Emancipation of Egypt*, the case of the so-called Nationalist party in Egypt is argued at great length. The book has been issued evidently in the interests of the anti-British propaganda now being carried on under whatever auspices in Egypt. It is anonymous, but purports to have been translated from Italian, and is skilfully enough prepared so as to ignore all unpleasant truths and to bring into undue relief every consideration which may seem to support its contention;

> We have now freed ourselves (this 'we' is good) from the major portion of our burden of debt, the thriving condition of our country and its finances affords ample security for the payment of interest upon and final repayment of the outstanding debt. While renewing the assurance of our gratitude, we at the same time venture to suggest that the moment has arrived when the British may, with advantage both to Great Britain and to Egypt, set an end to their occupation and leave Egypt to carry on her own government in complete independence.

But more remains behind. Not only is Egypt ready to hold her own in her own little land, but she demands the mandate to civilise Africa:

> Look where we will, for the native, the future of Africa looms darkly. From the European there is not a gleam even of hope. One chance alone remains, and that is that some Mahommedan Power should arise which, by the power it possesses of really touching the native soul, may confer upon him some civilisation—perhaps not the best, but such a one as should prepare him for the reception of a better. The one Power which might perhaps be entrusted with the fulfilment of so noble a mission is Egypt, which after a long

and hard novitiate, has learnt from Europe all that it may learn for its betterment. But it is only as a free nation with a proud consciousness of itself that Egypt could act. And why should we not admit that Egypt has ended her years of apprenticeship, and that the hour has struck when she may be trusted with the guidance of her own career—a career on which hangs the last despairing hope of African regeneration ?

The force of impudence could no further go ; but these passages bear the unmistakable brand of all that issues from the 'Nationalist' quarter. The whole of the so-called Nationalist programme betrays marks of having been manufactured to order. It does not breathe the expression of general desire, but is clearly a faked-up presentment for foreign consumption. It does not speak with many voices but mechanically repeats a *mot d'ordre* from some hidden source of inspiration. Possibly hope is entertained in high quarters of the Muhammadan world that if malcontents in Egypt—and out of it—can create and maintain an attitude of energetic and emphatic protest against the British occupation, there may be some chance of success in inducing Europe to convoke an International Conference and a re-settlement of the Egyptian question more in accord with the interests of Constantinople, and of Pan-Islamitic claims. However this may be, it is to be hoped that the Egyptian Nationalist and his friends in this country will not be encouraged to hamper the work which Great Britain is carrying out in Egypt, and to plunge it once again into the cauldron of reaction and confusion.

A. Colvin.

MR. HALDANE'S DREAM OF A 'NATIONAL' ARMY

It seems to me that the word 'national' as applied to any form of voluntary service is not only misleading, but dangerous in the extreme. It gives a totally wrong impression of the nature of a force which consists merely of those willing to undergo a minimum of military training, and it leaves out of account all those who recognise no responsibility to their country, and who are yet willing to accept the advantages which accrue from the sacrifices of others to the call of duty. It is a shibboleth which we shall hear often repeated in the immediate future. It will give an idea of false security to the country, and will go far to satisfy any misgivings which the continual warnings of experts may have aroused in the minds of the people. No army can be national unless all the manhood of the nation is represented in its ranks, and even then its value can only be estimated by the amount of training it has received and by its general organisation and fitness for war. It is herein that the fundamental difference between a second line on a voluntary and one on a compulsory basis stands prominently out. The training of the latter is businesslike and complete; that of the former is partial and inadequate. It is no use counting noses, as is done at an election; numbers alone will not suffice. It is quality as well as quantity that is of importance. There is nothing national about the army proposed by Mr. Haldane. The partial training of 300,000 men, in addition to our diminutive Regular Army, out of a population of over 40,000,000, can in no way be looked upon as representing the strength of the nation. Moreover, these 300,000 are to begin their serious training only after the outbreak of war—an arrangement which must strike foreign countries as peculiar, not to say grotesque. In Mr. Haldane's words, this force will during peace remain in a state of slumber. This hardly seems to me a happy phrase. It suggests a possibility of its being surprised and crushed before it has time to awaken, or, worse still, that this state of somnolence may become chronic, and may some day degenerate into sleeping sickness of a dangerous kind. A collection of partially trained units, insufficiently officered, without means of rapid mobilisation, will never be fit to take the field against a

country whose entire manhood has been through the iron discipline and training which characterises the systems practised by our neighbours. Let not the country deceive itself by meaningless phrases. If it is content to stake its existence on inadequately trained and partially disciplined troops, let it, at all events, refrain from grandiloquent references to its National Army, which will be a source of danger from the confidence it will inspire—a confidence resting on no firm basis whatever, and doomed in the day of trial to disappoint its supporters and to bring disaster on those who have put their trust in the promises of its originators. The six months' training which this territorial force is to receive on mobilisation presupposes an unenterprising enemy and a breathing-space which may or may not be accorded, and which the country has no right to take for granted. Modern wars do not drag on as was the custom in earlier days, neither are they entered on in the leisurely fashion of a bygone age. They break out with little warning, despite the illusions of Hague Conferences and well-meant efforts at disarmament. They are carried through with energy by those nations who have the wisdom to look ahead and who can bring into line their *thoroughly trained* reserves immediately on the declaration of war. Now, the present scheme, as far as the Regulars go, is, according to its author, not based on the needs of the Empire, as he disowns any knowledge of what these needs are. In introducing the Army Estimates into the House of Commons on the 25th of February, the Secretary for War said: 'I have never been able to work out the requirements of the Empire.' I admit I was somewhat astonished to hear this confession fall from the lips of one who had been given a year's grace for clear thinking in connection with the military needs of the country. It was an admission which robbed his subsequent statement of much of the scientific basis on which his proposals were supposed to rest. It was disappointing, too, to many who had hoped to see the mists which have enveloped our military policy in the past rolled back, and a clear and definite issue placed before the people of the country. The fact that so able and so capable a Minister should be unable to solve a problem which must form the bedrock of any successful scheme of reorganisation, only goes to prove how insoluble that problem is under existing conditions. He went on to say that the strength of our Home Army must be regulated by the numbers and units necessary to supply drafts for our Indian and Colonial garrisons. Were it not for these requirements it seems doubtful whether we should have any Regular forces at all. The Secretary of State spoke in apologetic tones of retaining even this small force of 160,000 men, and was almost pathetic in attempting to justify its existence to the House of Commons. He further took credit to himself for the reduction of nine battalions, which he described as redundant because we can supply drafts without them. Now, I submit we want something

a little more scientific, something a little more reasoned in estimating what the needs of the Empire are. It is at best but a slipshod method of gauging the strength of our Regular Forces, and really gives no data at all to guide us as to what that strength should be. The best that can be said for it is that it marks a minimum below which the Regular Army cannot be reduced, and we must take what comfort we can from this fact. This theory was, of course, necessary from a party point of view, in order to justify the reduction of battalions of thoroughly trained and efficient men, who, together with their Reserves, have been wiped out of existence, to be replaced *perhaps some day* by troops with a training of a most elementary kind. Now, look upon this action as a great danger, for whereas the formation of the Territorial Army is a matter for the future, and perhaps a somewhat distant future, the reduction of between 16,000 and 20,000 efficient men is an accomplished fact. Add to this that when the reductions are completed they will reach a total of over 40,000 men. The net result of all this is that after fifteen months of office this Government has put the country in a relatively far weaker position than it was in when the late Government went out. I mention these facts because there is danger that in the discussions which will take place round the Territorial Army the Regulars are apt to be forgotten, and further reductions may be carried into effect without the country realising the extent to which it is being weakened.

As there seems to be some difference of opinion as to the total amount of the reductions, I will again call attention to the figures contained in a letter of the Military Correspondent of the *Times* which appeared last autumn, and which have never been contradicted. First come the 20,000 men, about which there is no argument; then come 16,000 men of the D Reserve (these will take four years to disappear); then there are the Reserves of the ten battalions and the artillery, which are computed at 7,000; total, 43,000. As I said above, I do not think the country has any idea of the great decrease in efficiency which has taken place since this time last year. When, too, we turn to the Auxiliary Forces, it must be admitted that the present state of affairs is far from satisfactory, and that drastic measures are necessary. Whether the measures proposed are likely to prove successful is, of course, a matter of opinion, and depends to a great extent on the response Mr. Haldane gets to his appeal. It is said that poverty makes us acquainted with strange bedfellows. The spectacle of a Liberal minister appealing to the great landlords for sympathy and help is not without humour, nor even without a tinge of irony, considering the scant courtesy with which his party habitually treat the landed interest. Nevertheless, I believe they will *play up*, and will do their best to make the scheme workable, and will thereby heap coals of fire upon his head. The Secretary of State appeals, however, not only to the patriotism of the great land-

[illegible], but also to that of the People, to make his scheme a success. Now, the patriotism of this country is a fluctuating factor. In times of excitement it blazes forth and constitutes a driving power quite unsuspected by our adversaries, who are deceived by its apparent absence in times of peace. It is nevertheless somewhat ephemeral in its effect, and is difficult to maintain at concert-pitch for a prolonged period. It is also somewhat vicarious, and at times inclined to shift its responsibilities on to the shoulders of others. For example, in the early stages of the late war, when things were going badly, a real wave of war fever passed over the country, and men volunteered and went out because they felt it a duty they owed to their native land. Later on, in what might not inaptly be described as the Music Hall period, men shouted and waved their hats, but showed less inclination to go to the front. Later on, again, when the fireworks were all over and the real drudgery began, there was great difficulty in getting men to fill up the places of the Yeomanry who had come home, and the men who did go were no longer actuated by strong feelings of patriotism, but were represented by the wastrels who merely enlisted for the five shillings a day they were to receive. Now, these are conditions with which we shall have to count again in the future. Appeals to patriotism made by a great leader will no doubt always meet with a response for a time, but what is wanted is a sustained and disciplined sentiment kept up by a people determined to go through with any job they may have taken in hand, and undeterred when difficulties are prolonged and campaigns drawn out. This is a feeling which must be inculcated in youth, and, as we have seen lately, there is great antagonism from some quarters to its being taught in our schools. The question is, does this feeling exist in sufficient strength to force the youths of our country to make the necessary sacrifices to voluntarily fit themselves for the stern realities of war? Candidly, I have my doubts on this subject; and I cannot help feeling that if the people do not respond to Mr. Haldane's scheme, we must, however reluctantly, give up all hopes of getting a satisfactory army on a voluntary basis.

A great deal is made of a change of names. The Auxiliary Forces are to become the Territorial Army, and the distinction between Regulars and Irregulars is to be abolished. I think this is a dangerous theory. Irregulars can never become a *substitute* for Regulars; and it is a mistake to belittle the latter and to overestimate the efficiency of the former. In their very nature they must be auxiliaries. Their training can never fit them to take the place of the Regular Army; and what I am afraid of is that under cover of a meaningless phrase the Government will still further reduce the Regular Army and will justify the reduction to the country by references to their National Army, whose efficiency will be strong upon paper, but whose training will be utterly inadequate for the task they may

have to undertake. Of course, the success or otherwise of the scheme will depend to a great extent on whether the men will be forthcoming, and whether they will accept the increased liability under which they are asked to place themselves. A man will be asked to enlist for four years, and will become liable to a fine of 5*l.* if he leaves during that time. Further, if he deserts after embodiment he may be fined 20*l.* Now, I am far from finding fault with those conditions. My only criticism is that we are fining the wrong man. We are fining the man who has, at all events, shown some public spirit and has endeavoured to fit himself for the defence of his country, while the man who lives next door and who has made no effort and is content to let some one else fight for him goes scot free. This is the man I should like to get at, and it is for this reason that I would advocate some form of compulsion for Home Defence. It is absurd to say that the man who is for some reason obliged to leave before his four years are up is indebted to the country for any instruction he may have received. This instruction was given him in the country's interest, and should be paid for accordingly. The above remarks apply chiefly to the Volunteers, who, up to now, have merely been enrolled and not enlisted. Then the reduction of the pay of the yeoman seems to me a somewhat doubtful experiment. It seems a pity for the sake of uniformity to risk serious damage to the one force which is generally acknowledged to be satisfactory. The yeoman of to-day is as unlike the yeoman of twenty years ago as it is possible to be. His physique is excellent, and his training is carried out on practical and common-sense lines. I do not suppose anyone has had greater opportunities of studying this force than I have, and I confess that I view with the greatest concern the proposal for reducing the pay of the men—a proposal which will, I fear, depreciate their quality even if their numbers can be kept up, which is extremely doubtful. Then the officer scheme seems to me of little account, in that the bribe held out is utterly inadequate. Here again I should like to see compulsion brought in. There are plenty of suitable young men in the country doing nothing but loaf. A little compulsion and discipline would do them no harm and would help to fill the junior ranks. It comes to this. The country must either go into the highways and compel them to come in, or must pay them sufficiently well to secure their services voluntarily. It cannot be done on the cheap, and no object (except political) is served by pretending it can.

The decision to do away with regular adjutants in the Territorial Army is, I think, one of the worst features of the scheme. If we had a thoroughly efficient set of C.O.s with ample time and experience to devote to their battalions, there might be some reason for this new departure. But since these posts must be filled by busy men who cannot have the opportunities or the time to devote themselves entirely to their military duties, it follows that one professional

soldier, who is thoroughly up-to-date, and thoroughly efficient, is absolutely necessary to keep these troops up to the standard which they ought to attain. I cannot but think that had the Army Council been composed of men who had had more regimental experience, and had they possessed among their numbers a representative of the Auxiliary Forces, no such mistake could have been committed. I am old enough to remember some of the old-fashioned Militia adjutants who had never served in the Regulars. Some of them spent thirty or forty years in this position, and it was small wonder if their keenness had worn off and if their ideas had become antiquated; and it seems almost incomprehensible that we should in the year 1907 find ourselves reverting to these prehistoric practices. It was because the system worked so badly that the change was made, and I think any attempt to revert to the old state of things will prove disastrous to the force.

It is admitted that a considerable time must elapse before all these changes can have their full effect, and, even allowing that they prove the success their most ardent supporters expect them to be, there must be a time of transition before the new arrangements are complete. Surely the common-sense procedure under these circumstances would have been not to weaken the Regular Army till, at all events, some progress had been made towards supplying a substitute; and it would be difficult to find a more unfortunate example of 'swopping horses in the middle of a stream' than is supplied by this action of the War Office.

I have purposely refrained from going in greater length into the details of the scheme before the country, as for the moment they are of less importance than the general principles on which it is based. I fully recognise that it is a gallant attempt on the part of the Secretary of State to deal with a problem the solution of which many of those best able to judge look upon as impossible under existing conditions. If he fails it will be in good company. Many able men have tried it before and without success. In the meantime, and until the new conditions have had time to develop, let us at least hope that no further weakening of the Regular Forces may be decided on in pursuit of a policy of shortsighted economy, lest during the transition period we fall between two stools and are lost.

ERROLL.

THE EVIL OF IGNORING MINORITIES

One of the last subjects exciting public attention before the resignation of the Ministry of Mr. Balfour was the redistribution of seats in Parliament. Indeed the doubt if he still had a majority that could be relied on to carry through such a Bill was one of the reasons for his retiring from office and the consequent dissolution when the Parliament of 1900 had, according to the more usual practice, another session to run.

The first session of the new Parliament saw the introduction of the Bill for abolishing plural voting. It was to carry out the maxim, 'one man, one vote,' not only extinguishing what are known as 'faggot votes,' but putting an end to the right of those who had a real connection with more than one electoral division, county, or borough to vote as hitherto in each of them. It might have been argued that these voters by the very fact of their interest in different parts of the Kingdom might have a larger experience and broader views of national wants than those who chiefly looked at them from the point of view of one locality. But in any case it touched but one corner of a large question. Beyond the principle of 'one man, one vote,' lay that of 'one vote, one value.' This, it has been suggested, is to be carried out by the equalisation of constituencies. But there is a far larger one underlying both these proposals. One vote one value remains an unreality so long as a majority of one or two is treated as equal to a majority of 2,000, as long as anything exceeding one-half of a constituency is put on the same footing as a unanimous whole.

The Bill, therefore, I should contend, was rightly rejected by the House of Lords on the ground of its fragmentary character. To correct one of a number of inequalities and anomalies without dealing with the subject as a whole is very often to create a fresh one; or to aggravate those that exist unaltered by removing something that might be a counterpoise.

It is strange that this view did not commend itself to Lord Courtney, who more than anyone has dwelt on the evil of any representative system in which large minorities are altogether ignored. And the evil would be greatly augmented by any measure extinguishing these

smaller constituencies, which often represent large minorities outside their limits.

At one time the now disfranchised borough of Portarlington gave almost their only representative to all the Conservatives scattered through the southern part of Ireland. The small groups of boroughs in Wales did much the same for the Welsh Unionists, now without any representation whatever.

And some may remember Lord Beaconsfield's reference to the borough of Arundel which everyone pointed to as an abuse from its small number of voters, and supposed dependence on one powerful influence, as giving the only representative to the whole body of Roman Catholics in Great Britain and so having a constituency equalling the then undivided Tower Hamlets.

In the earlier days of our electoral system, and indeed till almost within living memory, that system hardly aimed at equal representation of voters. Its basis, as was justly said, was not the individual elector, but the corporation or community. The voice of the county or the borough was taken for that of all its inhabitants, and that of the counties and boroughs, without any special reference to their comparative populousness, as a general expression of that of the nation. While the franchise was everywhere comparatively limited, in some cases extremely so, an exact proportional representation of those who exercised it would not necessarily have expressed the national voice more accurately. At the same time these very irregularities tended to give a share, though by no means an equal share, of representation to all. Hardly any class was altogether excluded, while in a certain number of boroughs the franchise was as popular as at present. Even the close boroughs, it must be remembered, were not in the hands of men of one way of thinking in politics. Though the nominee members as a whole represented views prevalent in the landowning classes, occasionally borough patrons of advanced views sent to the House of Commons Members who would only have found favour with the most popular of the open constituencies.

The reform of 1832, while putting an end to the small boroughs below a certain population and enfranchising the large unrepresented towns, made no pretence of numerical equality among constituencies. Leeds had one Member, so had Midhurst and Woodstock. Manchester had two Members, like Guildford, Lewes, and Bodmin. Three additional metropolitan boroughs were called into existence, but no one proposed seriously to give London a representation proportional to its size.

On the one hand, by the uniform borough franchise, all under the ten-pound limit were for the first time altogether excluded as a class. On the other hand, in the metropolitan boroughs and many other large towns a Conservative minority equal in numbers to an

average-sized constituency was often entirely without electoral power. But on the theory then often held on both sides that the working class would be necessarily Radical, it would perhaps have been held that the representation of these town constituencies was thus kept more in harmony with the feeling of the people as a whole, if the unenfranchised as well as the enfranchised were considered.

The Bills of 1867 and 1884, especially the latter, altogether altered the character of our electoral system. The first established household ratepaying suffrage in boroughs, transferred the second members of a large number of country towns either to counties or large centres of population, and eventually, as a means of providing some additional members for Scotland, disfranchised altogether a few of the smallest boroughs spared in 1832. It provided, however, under the amendment carried by Lord Cairns in the House of Lords, a partial representation of minorities. The principle was only applied to the constituencies having three Members, a few counties which had that number already, and several large towns, Manchester, Birmingham, Glasgow and others, which had a Member added to their previously existing representation. This scheme was bitterly denounced by Mr. Bright as an unfair attempt to deprive the majority in great towns of its natural power. It provided that, of the three seats to be filled, each elector should only vote as to two—for the names, that is, of only two candidates. The only apparent unfairness was in its necessarily limited application giving minorities in these constituencies rights which they enjoyed nowhere else, and putting exceptional limitations on the majority in these instances alone. It could but be defended as an experiment which might eventually be of wider application.

It was, however, destined to disappear in less than twenty years, among the great changes of the Act of 1884. This Act was primarily intended only to assimilate the borough and county franchise. It was felt, however, that so great an alteration, sweeping away an immemorial distinction, greatly increasing the size of the county constituencies, and in many cases likely to overpower the rural vote by that of electors engaged in what were really urban industries, ought to be accompanied with a large rearrangement of constituencies, and readjustment of the balance between borough and county representation. After a struggle between the two Houses, and negotiations between the leaders on each side, the measure took its final shape. A holocaust was made of the minor towns which had escaped the scythe of earlier reformers. All other boroughs of middle size retained but one member. The larger cities and the counties generally were cut up into divisions with a single member each. Lord Salisbury, in agreeing to the adoption of this principle on so large a scale, was not improbably influenced by the example of the *scrutin d'arrondissement* in France, which had there always been regarded as of a

more Conservative character than the *scrutin de liste*, by which the whole number of representatives for a department were chosen together by a whole body of its electors. But the single-member system leaves no opening for the representation of the minority of any electoral district, though it may prevent the majority of a whole city or county from carrying every seat.

And at this moment a scheme is being put forward in France for reviving the *scrutin de liste* which prevailed for some years, together with what did not previously accompany it, a plan of minority representation.

At this moment in England there is a special reason for calling attention to the question of the proportion between Parliamentary majorities and the real balance of parties among the electors throughout the country. At no time perhaps is a greater claim put forward for irresistible power for the House of Commons as expressing the will of the nation. At no time, on the other hand, has the size of the majority in that House been so abnormally disproportionate to the numbers of votes on each side taken as a whole. It has been frequently estimated that in England, Wales and Scotland taken as a unit, the proportion of votes was something like twenty-nine to twenty-three. The majority corresponding to this may roughly be put at less than eighty. The actual majority is about 300. It may be asked if this is representation or its caricature. It is less easy to make a similar estimate as to Ireland where so many constituencies were uncontested. Though in each of such cases it may be presumed that the minorities were too small to hope for success in a contest, yet in their aggregate they might amount to a fraction of the electorate entitled to at least some representation. Besides this, it is not denied that Ireland as a whole is over-represented in proportion to Great Britain. But even allowing for this, if we remember how the representatives of Ireland voted this last year on the Education Bill, it seems clear that on a proportional system either the majority in favour of its second reading would have disappeared or it would have been reduced to so small a figure that no one would have been much surprised if the House of Lords had altogether disregarded it.

It is not, however, as to its bearing at this moment in the position of parties and party controversies that attention is specially and mainly due to this question of a more proportional system of representation. It is perfectly true that the disproportionate majority of the present Ministry, though perhaps never so exaggerated, is not without some degree of precedent, that the Conservative majorities of former Parliaments have by no means rested on a corresponding preponderance in the whole number of voters. It is not in the interest of one party, but of the nation, and perhaps, in the long run, of even the parties who for the moment seem to profit by the disproportion, that it is desirable to seek for some remedy. For the temporary

triumph resting on so unsound a basis is often followed by an equally abnormal disaster to those who have enjoyed it.

At almost every election since 1868, when the wider franchise took effect, there has been a swing of the pendulum fatal to those previously in power, and for the moment giving complete ascendency to their opponents. The days are long past when a Government could carry on business with majorities not exceeding those which were sufficient for Lord Palmerston or Lord Russell. It is not unlikely that the very largeness of their majorities leads each Ministry in turn to go beyond what prudence would dictate if their apparent strength were less, and so contributes to the change of fortune which attends them. It is said that the swing of the pendulum only comes from special causes, that 1885 and 1900 show that it is not invariable. But of these two exceptions, the former is scarcely a real one. A new franchise had greatly changed the county constituencies. In the borough constituencies where there was no class of new voters the Ministerial party lost heavily. It was only the recently enfranchised who turned the balance in their favour, thereby to a large extent reversing the result in the same quarters at the previous election.

But what is worth notice is that these apparent reactions of the public mind may not, and often do not, represent the transfer of a vast proportion of votes. A change of under 20,000 votes in the whole electorate represents a very inconsiderable fraction of that whole. It is equal to about three ordinary constituencies. Yet it is quite conceivable that if scattered over a good many closely contested boroughs or county divisions it might transfer a decided majority from one side in the House of Commons to the other. And those who looked only to the list of seats lost or won might talk of the great wave of feeling that seemed to have swept over England.

Nor is the inequality less marked as regards smaller sections of opinion. It would be quite possible that a body of electors united, whether by sect, by class interests, or simply by a unanimity of feeling, on a particular issue, might form something approaching a third of the aggregate of voters, yet if pretty equally distributed through the country they might be everywhere a minority, and only by accident even obtain a single exponent in Parliament. If, on the other hand, they were entirely concentrated in one portion of it, they might, without having a very large majority in any electoral division, form more than half of the electors of a sufficient number to have a representation far beyond the proportion to which they were entitled. These perhaps are extreme possibilities, yet they are sufficient to show the entire uncertainty of anything like a real reproduction of the actual divisions of feeling in the whole nation.

Some, indeed, would contend that such a reproduction is not desirable; they would argue that a strong majority is the one necessity for efficient government. But such a contention suggests a parody

of the famous answer of Rasselas when all the necessary qualifications for a poet were pressed.

'Enough,' he said; 'you have persuaded me no man can be a poet.'

So one might reply, 'Enough; you have persuaded us that representative government is impossible.' For what is practically maintained is that it will only work if it is unreal, if a popular majority appears decisive when it really is doubtful, if the country appears to have made up its mind when it is as yet divided and wavering, if there is an unanimity in semblance in favour of a policy which nearly half the nation may repudiate. A large majority may be a great instrument for good, but it may also be equally available for much that is mischievous, and this is especially to be apprehended if it really is much in excess of the true state of opinion among the electors of the House in which it exists. It is only on the theory that the passing of large measures as rapidly as possible is the one object to be desired that these dangers can be disregarded. Where the minority is a practical restraining force, legislation takes, as it so often has with advantage in England, the form of a compromise satisfactory to the more moderate of both sides. If the experiments prove successful and public opinion advances, they may in time be carried further with general acquiescence. On the other hand, a measure carried by an all-powerful temporary majority will be liable to be reversed, or its reversal attempted, whenever the balance of parties is altered. This has, perhaps, more frequently occurred in foreign Parliaments than in our own. With us, great questions have only been settled after a long period of discussion and the settlement has been accepted as final. But this is less likely to be the case if they are the work of a majority greatly exaggerating the real strength of the opinion in their favour, which may be replaced before many years by one in turn giving an exaggerated and disproportionate preponderance to the party opposed to their principle.

But it may be said as regards foreign policy that it is an advantage that a Ministry should have so decided a majority in Parliament, that foreign governments should recognise its language as that which England will acknowledge as speaking its will. This is so, no doubt, where the voice of Parliament is really that of the nation. It is not such an advantage if it be that only of a party with an accidental preponderance beyond its due. Something, too, may be trusted to the patriotism of an opposition strong enough to feel responsibility, and unwilling therefore to embarrass by factious manœuvres the action of the helmsmen of the State at a serious crisis. It is rather an Opposition in a minority almost powerless in Parliament, though believing itself somewhat stronger outside Parliament, which is tempted to endeavour to work on outside opinion, by violent denunciations of its opponents' foreign policy, which may be mischievous, not only to their interests, but those of the Nation.

It may now be reasonably asked by what means the evils dwelt upon so far may be in any degree remedied, or what modifications in our present system of representation can give us majorities and minorities in Parliament more in proportion to those really existing in the electorate. And in the first instance the writer would fully admit that the suggestions made by some eminent advocates of proportional representation, such as Mr. Thomas Hare and John Stuart Mill, are too complicated to have any chance of practical acceptance. The idea of making every member the representative of an exact fraction of the electorate, equal to its total amount divided by the number of members of the House of Commons, may be set aside alike as going beyond what is in any way necessary and involving machinery which could never be made to operate. It was proposed first to allow an elector to vote for any candidate apart from locality, and then by a long list of second, third, fourth, and further preferences to transfer to others who might need them all surplus votes if the candidate first on his list had obtained the required number. Of this it may be said that the separation of the vote from all ties of local interest and patriotism was of doubtful expediency, giving each member a body of constituents having no permanent bond of connection, only that of having on one occasion combined to give him their votes, and that the elaborate transference of votes from one name to another in a list of infinite length, drawn up by the voter or probably often by some electioneering agent or wirepuller, seems fitter for the island of Laputa than for any state or commonwealth having a real existence. But the apparently hopeless difficulties of these ingenious schemes ought not to discredit their object, that of securing a representation of the whole, and not a portion of the community, and making that representation reproduce as far as possible the numerical proportion of the sections into which it is divided.

The two methods which have in some degree been practically attempted, and one or other of which may yet be found the only remedy for the obvious defects in our present system, which have been dwelt on in this article, are that of limiting the number of candidates for whom an elector may vote, or of allowing him to give all his votes to one where several seats are to be filled, the plan known as that of the cumulative vote. The former was that already alluded to as having from 1867 to 1885 existed in the constituencies returning three members, where no elector might vote for more than two candidates, thereby insuring a minority exceeding one-third one representative among the three. In many cases the result would be automatically effected by the majority only putting forward two candidates and the minority one. Where parties were at all more nearly balanced each might put forward two, making use of both the votes each elector could give, and the contest would be for the third seat.

The complaint of a majority would be that even if it exceeded two-thirds the process of securing a proper division of votes between three candidates gave a small minority a chance of obtaining a representation which was beyond their share. If an equal number could be told off to vote say for A and B, B and C, and A and C, each would obtain two-thirds of the majority which would exceed the numbers of a minority under one-third. But in all probability such a marshalling of the voters would be impossible, and one of the majority candidates would in any case fall through. On the other hand, the disposition of men to make use of any vote they have, makes many unwilling to give a plumper unless they have been led to imagine that it counts for two, and if a minority even considerably exceeding one-third distributed their second votes variously among the candidates of the other side on the principle of which seemed least objectionable they might cause the return of them all at the expense of their solitary champion, whom by withholding the second vote they might have brought in. It is therefore a system which, if preferable to that of the single-membered constituency with a simple representation of the barest majority, is not perhaps the best for its purpose.

It is, of course, obvious that with any attempt towards a more proportional system, the single-membered, and even the two-membered constituencies must cease to exist as at present. If they are grouped into electoral areas with at least three representatives, the best method of securing some chance of representation to any considerable body of electors is that of cumulative voting. By this plan, whatever the number of members, an elector may either give one vote to each of an equal number of candidates, or distribute that number as he pleases. Thus, if there were three members to be chosen, he might give one vote to each of three candidates, three votes to one only, or two to one candidate and one to a second. The former would probably be the course of the voters of the party forming a majority; a minority according to its chances would adopt the second or third.

A system like this was that which prevailed for the election of the late London School Board. The constituencies founded on the former Parliamentary divisions of the metropolis had most of them four, five, or more representatives. The system, no doubt, was much found fault with, but the inconveniences were mainly owing to the unwieldiness of these immense electoral units. The writer certainly can speak of it with impartiality, as it was by the working of this vote that, on his first attempt to enter that body, he was defeated in the Westminster division. The majority attempting to carry five candidates only succeeded in carrying three. The next occasion they put forward only four and carried them all. And it cannot, he would admit, be denied that this was a fairer representation of parties. It told one way in Westminster or Marylebone, an opposite way in Tower Hamlets and Southwark. But it secured the result that in,

I believe, every division, each elector had at least one representative of his division with whom he was in harmony.

In Parliamentary representation it may be presumed that three members would be thought as many as it was desirable that any one electoral division should return. The reunion under a cumulative vote of whole cities or whole counties into single constituencies would not probably be now accepted, though the idea of members for Birmingham, members for Manchester, members for a county, or at least half county, as of old, may seem on the whole more satisfactory, when the representation of minorities was provided for, than members for some artificial division of a town or county having no natural or corporate existence for any other purpose. It has been objected that under a cumulative plan the candidate at the head of the poll would not be the one who had the largest amount of support, but the one on whom a small number had concentrated all their votes. But this is a somewhat fanciful objection. When the system was once familiar the meaning would soon be understood, and no undue prestige would attach to this supposed advantage. The registers, if examined, would always show how many separate papers had been marked for any candidate, and in how many cases he had received more votes than one on the same paper.

In the School Board elections these matters were easily ascertained.

A more serious difficulty is the case of bye-elections. If a member returned by the cumulative vote of a minority vacates his seat the result must be a single election where no cumulative vote is possible. For the remainder of a Parliament, therefore, the minority would be practically disfranchised. It can only be said that they will not be worse off than at present. It has been suggested in some speculations on the subject that there might be an understanding that advantage should not be taken of this to return a member of the opposite party. But even if public feeling was so completely won over to the idea of minority representation as to make this not wholly absurd, there would always be the possibility that opinion had changed since a former election and that it ought to be tested once more. It might be plausibly maintained that even the minority of one-third would no longer muster that number. And in such cases it would be scarcely possible to expect that any bargain of the kind could be maintained.

A case which would create some inconvenience also, would be that of the vacating of seats on accepting office. If a large number of seats, perhaps a third, of the House were held by members representing minorities in the divisions for which they sat, their numbers might include some eminent men, who, if their party came into power, would naturally hold office under the Crown. It might be a serious impediment to their appointment, were they dependent on the forbearance

of opponents for their return. The only answer to the objection is that a party strong enough to take office would not depend so largely on minority seats for its leading members, while if any one of them by accident were so placed, it would not be difficult to have room made for him in the not unusual way, by the retirement of some faithful follower from a safer seat.

An objection which will occur to some persons is that a more proportional system might lead to the return to Parliament of a number of special advocates of fads or crotchets, which for a time could command a limited number of supporters who would concentrate their votes on such candidates: There might have been some such possibility in the more elaborate schemes of proportional representation referred to earlier in this article, under which 8,000 or 9,000 voters scattered through all England, if united in support of some particular measure, perhaps of secondary importance, might return a member with the one purpose of pressing it in and out of season.

But a body of voters sufficient to form something like a third of a constituency having three members would surely be entitled to have a hearing on any point in which it was greatly interested, while it seldom would be altogether influenced by one idea only. It may also be a question if the supporters of some craze or crotchet which they set above the great issues which concern the national welfare are more likely to do harm in endeavouring thus to carry a nominee of their own than in the influence they may exert over the regular candidates on either side, if their votes in a closely contested election are to be had by any who will go some way with them on the one point with which they concern themselves. It is thus that small parties, able to turn the scale by throwing their weight one side or the other, acquire an importance to which their numbers could never entitle them, and even dictate votes in favour of proposals to which the majority is hostile rather than favourable, though certainly not disposed to make them test questions when they have to make their choice between candidates. Under the system suggested, these followers of a hobby will probably give exclusive support to their special champion. If their numbers entitle them to do so, they may return him. But other candidates will have no inducement to go half way to meet them.

Giving therefore full consideration to these possible inconveniences, we may confidently urge that they are altogether outweighed by the importance of some change which will make representation more real, which will do what no equalisation of areas or of the voting rights of individuals can effect, render the House of Commons a real reproduction of the balanced opinions of the community.

What the precise machinery should be, whether the cumulative vote in favour of one out of several members to be elected, or the restriction of each elector's vote to one less than the total number,

whether three should be the number of representatives for each constituency, are details to be settled after the principle is recognised. If in one or other of these methods it is eventually established, we may see fewer all-powerful Ministries and fewer violent swings of the pendulum. There probably will be more continuity between successive Parliaments, as they will cease to represent in turn the exaggerated preponderance of one side or the other. Legislation may be less rapid, but safer against reversal, because it will be in a further degree than at present the expression of the permanent, well-considered and deliberate decision of the country.

COLCHESTER.

A COLONIAL STUDY OF LONDON CIVILISATION

The articles[1] that have been published in this Review on the subject of English insularity have brought out very clearly the divergence of type between the Englishman and the New Zealander. The first two articles express the views of a Colonial, born and educated in his own country, who has already had some career there and whose claim to represent its indigenous opinion is not much affected by an attack published in the humorous columns of a local newspaper of dissimilar politics. The reply of the Rhodes scholar, expressing the inherited or imported view, is that of a New Zealander educated at Oxford; but even he treats England with a certain detachment and draws contrasts which practically concede the growth of a separate nationality. Our 'Motherland' is, and must be, the country that bore and bred us, and the sentiment that gives the title even to the land of our forefathers is either unreal or unpatriotic. New Zealanders, however, are not a new or 'young' people, springing from unknown savage sources like the Tongans or Fijians; they possess as fully as any native-born Briton the intellectual heritage left by our common ancestors; all the centuries of English history that precede the last fifty or sixty years are their own. It is only from that date that they diverge. They are a British people, who from the outset were more adventurous and less trammelled by convention than the majority of their countrymen, and who, having settled in an untamed country and amidst primitive circumstances, dropped off much of the social prejudice and superstition, the fossilised traditions and antique customs, and at the same time lost much of the artistic and polished perfection of style and appearance that characterises twentieth-century England. Briefly, the main difference is that the English are conserving and polishing an ancient type of society based on the predominance and happiness of a small section of the nation, while the Antipodeans are labouring to evolve a newer and more comprehensive social system. Those who return to the home of their ancestral

[1] 'A Colonial View of Colonial Loyalty' (*The Nineteenth Century*, October 1905); 'The Insularity of the English' (*The Nineteenth Century*, April 1906); 'Insularity of the English: Another Colonial View' (*The Nineteenth Century*, September 1906).

race find themselves face to face with a gigantic and highly developed civilisation. Either their imagination is overwhelmed or else an instinct of criticism is aroused. Had there not been a critical spirit in New Zealand, the country never would have attempted to avoid the old social evils, but would have slavishly copied good and bad alike. Mr. Thomson's statement that all who remain long enough in England must fall in love with the conservative spirit, might be less questionable if he had written 'in Oxford' instead of 'in England.' For in the venerable university town, with its architectural beauty, its consecrated traditions, its aloofness from the vulgar struggle for wealth and position, the conservatism of old forms shows its most attractive aspect.

But it is London and not Oxford which is the true product of old-world civilisation; London which almost blots out the rest of England by its own supreme significance. Now London, instead of converting all Colonials to the ancient class system, has converted to uncompromising State Socialism several who were once inclined towards the so-called 'Conservative party' in New Zealand; because they see here in the industrial proletariat the terrible price that must be paid for Conservatism. Not all may see it, or care to see it. It is not a sufficiently amusing sight for tourists. No individual Colonial can claim to speak for the whole colony. Some will criticise, some will admire, each according to their temperament. London must be with all either a *grande passion* or a mortal antipathy. So it has been amongst provincials, and so it is still. Its literary lovers have been fewer than its haters, probably because its civilisation is materialistic and unspiritual. To Edward FitzGerald the city was hideous and monstrous; Gissing painted it as a sordid modern inferno; its own Cockney poet described it, in one of the most profoundly gloomy poems ever written, as 'the City of Dreadful Night.' Yet in hate as well as in love it draws to it all talent that is free to move, just as it did in the days of Shakespeare or of Goldsmith. It is a huge emporium that forces the smaller shops off the field of competition, or reduces them to the position of supporting a bare existence by supplying immediate local needs. Even Edinburgh has had to abdicate its old literary sovereignty; no young Scotch poet or philosopher of our days dreams of seeking a career in the city that was once the Athens of the North. Nor can any British colony hope to compete even within its own boundaries with the enormous supplies of literature poured into it from the British market. Englishmen sometimes resent the high places which Scotchmen win for themselves in the Church, the Government, in literature and the professions. But it is Scotland that is the loser. Its nationality is yielded up and its intellectual vigour is drained away to feed the greatness of the metropolis. The same centripetal movement has begun from the farthest colonies. What the British Empire has been to the world,

that London now is to the Empire. The greatness of our ancestral race lies in its enormous national digestion. It swallows up tribes, races, territories, whole empires; and not only swallows but assimilates them, suppressing native characteristics or making them subservient to its own expansion. Far beyond the limits of its nominal dominion its influence has spread, conquering more by persistent and invincible faith in itself than by cannon, and substituting everywhere the English style in dress, architecture, food, and customs for the native style. But in London the force is that of attraction instead of diffusion abroad. Here come the provincials, the Scotch, the Irish, the Americans, the Colonials, the foreigners; for pleasure, for education, for a career, or for a refuge. The city sorts them out for its various uses, grinds down their distinctive features, fits them into its own scheme, and turns them out not so much individualities as atoms of a social system. Something of the original substance may be left, but first and foremost all citizens must be Londoners, and only in the second place Devonians, Cornishmen, or North Countrymen. In the case of Colonials the process of assimilation is more rapid, because their distinctive character is as yet only 'in the making,' but amongst them too there is an unassimilated remnant.

In trying to discover anything like a uniform design amongst this heterogeneous web of material, an onlooker is continually perplexed by inconsistencies. Modern travellers have a trick of stating that the country they happen to be describing—America, China, India, or Russia—is a land of paradox and a bundle of contradictions. This is a safe remark to make of all communities, and may serve to qualify any dogmatic generalising about the cosmopolitan millions compressed within the narrow space of the capital, divided into hostile groups or solitary outcasts. But yet amongst all the units of various races and classes there is—and here comes in the civilisation and the art of living together somehow—a *modus vivendi* or working agreement. The first clause of that agreement is external conformity to English laws, written and unwritten. Provided that decorum is preserved, almost anything is allowed to pass with impunity, the object being always to prevent a scene or disturbance. Sometimes, indeed, for the sake of a half-humorous sensation, there is a mild attack made on concealed vices, but no one really takes the matter seriously. The typical Londoner censures very severely trifling faults of manner or dress, but takes elaborate pains to ignore vices, perhaps because these are much more troublesome things to deal with. The tolerance or, more bluntly speaking, the laxity of the West is extraordinary, and any primitive-minded stranger who shows a hearty and healthy dislike of sin and of sinners is regarded as a disagreeable and cantankerous disturber of the peace. Though crimes of violence are proportionally rare, fraud and dissolute living seem to flourish without restraint or punishment. The respectable citizens

pretend an absolutely impossible ignorance of what goes on at or even within their own doors, or if the evil is forced upon their attention, they refer to it as a trifling peculiarity of the foreign residents. On the other hand, it is very hard to believe in the sensational murderers whom Mr. G. R. Sims has described. And even with regard to the vices that do exist, the West Centre is not one universal blackness. So far from being chiefly inhabited by criminals, Bloomsbury is and must continue to be, on account of its centrality, the home of tourists, Museum readers, scholars, and professionals, who are quite unromantically respectable and most undramatically virtuous. But it is true that here the innocent are mixed with the guilty, and live side by side with them, apparently in complete harmony while one cloak of decorum covers them both. This means, not universal viciousness, but something dangerously near universal hypocrisy. The endurance of evil in order to prevent friction is a modification of the law of respectability, and it has been made a custom in order to suit the needs and fashions of our age.

Whether, as some British patriots assert, it is the fault of the alien population, or whether we are suffering a reaction from the strictness of the Victorian era, must be left to conjecture, but certainly, from some cause or other, there is a good deal of the Restoration spirit abroad in London to-day. Puritanism is a term to jeer at; such words as righteousness, purity, goodness, virtue are considered cant terms; women and womanhood are a butt for the wits of the Press; and earnestness is held a conclusive proof of lack of humour. It is difficult for any individual to remain serious, because the mood of the multitude is light-hearted, humorous and optimistic, and much more tolerant of sin than of seriousness. We are relaxing in an age of comedy, and its spirit has been strong enough to inspire a brilliant revival of the English drama. We have at least one playwright equal to Sheridan. Even the ephemeral journalism of our day is witty, often extremely witty, though in a score of periodicals a reader might search in vain for one distinctively original and powerful article or tale that is idealistic or profound. The nation is having one of its periodic fits of revolt from its own solemnity, and with characteristic British strenuousness is deliberately and conscientiously enjoying itself. Old-fashioned critics may still go on solemnly abusing the 'gloomy pessimism' and 'introspective tendencies' of the times, but they are simply belabouring corpses. The most remarkable plays at the opening of the nineteenth century were the fantastic or tragic plays of Byron, Shelley, Joanna Baillie, and Bulwer Lytton; the most remarkable at the opening of the twentieth century are those of Mr. Shaw and Mr. Pinero.

But the comparison with the Restoration period must not be pushed too far. In modern London 'vice has lost half its evil by losing all its grossness.' Or rather the grossness now lies only in the

acts and feelings. And in manner and language there is almost excessive refinement. Allusion and innuendo have driven away the bluntness of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Old-fashioned sins have been re-christened lest anyone's susceptibilities should be hurt. The Biblical names for breaches of the Commandments have been relegated to the Church and the Shakespearean stage, where apparently the audience tolerate them as antiquated literary curiosities. Even such a minor foible as that of which Hamlet impolitely accuses Ophelia has been re-named 'making-up.' By banishing offensive terms, a general impression is created that the offences themselves are as good as dead, or rather very much better than dead.

The civilising of speech and manner is carried to a much higher degree of perfection in London than in the Colonies. I have heard more bad language in an hour in a lonely settlement or township than I could hear in London in a twelvemonth. Brawling and drunkenness are rarely seen on the streets even in the slums of the West. The metropolis is a loosely-knit society so far as the public places are concerned; consequently it calls out those qualities which help men and women to congregate with as little friction and as much pleasure as possible. There is a superficial kindliness and *bonhomie* prevalent in London streets, analogous to the conventional courtesies of society and equally destitute of real warmth or depth of feeling. Within doors and out of doors there is urbanity, but not much humanity, and the instinct of fellowship that even the roughest men feel elsewhere is almost driven out by the desire of everyone to exploit his neighbour to the utmost. But in appearance, at least, the national self-control has succeeded in making London the supreme type of civic society in modern times. From a merely individualistic point of view, the effect of self-repression is too much like insensibility and inexpressiveness; and the national ideal, if carried much farther, seems likely to end in being a post and saying nothing. Not only has speech to be refined and polished to a proper tenuity, but natural impulses and emotions and opinions require to be very carefully filed down, clipped, and in extreme instances stamped flat. Passions are in very bad taste—to use the mildly condemnatory language of the day—and on the surface very little of them is left. The larger and simpler emotions and feelings that one is accustomed to with primitive people have been found inconvenient and troublesome amongst the crowds of a city, and have been exchanged for smaller equivalents. Spite and detraction take the place of open hatred and revenge; tact serves instead of sympathy, and amiability instead of love. There may be much more violent ill-will in the inhabitants of a small village than there is in the members of a London circle. The difference is that here the modes of concealing or displaying malice have been carried to the degree of a fine art.

The variations of plain human nature have been so carefully suppressed in this society that there would be serious danger of monotony, if it were not for a continual hunt after novelties and continual changes of fashion. One popular craze is known as the 'simple life,' and is affected by many wealthy people at the end of a London season when they retire into some fashionable retreat; another is known as being 'strong' or 'virile,' and is an attempt to combine the habits of primitive man with modern refinements, to be at one and the same time a perfect gentleman and an unsophisticated savage, Sir Charles Grandison and Cetewayo. The cultured Londoner, however, does not make a successful savage. He lacks that unconsciousness of good or evil, that naive disregard of all consequence to himself or to others which gives so much charm and sense of enjoyment to the barbarities of the African, the cannibal, or the child.

These moods—*e.g.* being happy with or without cause, or being simple or strong and savage as well as civilised—these, and many similar ones, do not seem to originate amongst the masses of the people, but to be dictated to them by a class whose business it is to look after such matters. The current thinking and feeling in London are done by professionals. Each rank and each large circle has its own experts. Amongst the most popular of these are the contributors to the *Daily Mail*, the *Daily Telegraph*, the *British Weekly*, and the reviews; some half-dozen members of Parliament (for political matters only); the Bishop of London, Mr. Bernard Shaw, and Mr. Blatchford. Just now the Socialist leek is being vehemently denounced and all the while surreptitiously swallowed, according to the custom of the British public. The employment of these authorities is merely an instance of that specialisation of industry which we find carried to great perfection in all high stages of civilisation. I once heard a business man thank Providence that *he* was not obliged to live by *his* wits, and in the great majority of people such a reflection really ought to inspire devout thankfulness. The non-literary classes in London wisely recognise that they are not likely to do their own thinking half as well as they can get it done for them, and that, in any case, to think for themselves would be an unprofitable expenditure of mental energy. At the same time, the custom of having uniform moods, and not regarding any individual's peculiarities of temperament or circumstances, prevents unpleasant disagreements and disturbances in the various social circles and conduces to a general smoothness of temper and tone.

The same specialisation explains an historical mystery, and that is the extraordinary number of geniuses whom England produces, although the average level of intellect seems to be lower than that of Scotland, America, Australasia, or Germany. By 'intellect' is meant here *Geist* and *Vernunft*, and an average must be taken

by counting in the dependent as well as the independent classes. The average Londoner excels in practical sense, and he has a large stock of useful information about the multifarious concerns of his city, its theatres, its parks, streets, shops, its bewildering railway system, its current events, and the domestic affairs of its Court and nobility. But his interests are entirely concrete. He despises things abstract and things spiritual, and he calls anyone who talks about them a prig and a bore. He does not understand ideas, but thinks they ought to be facts. The Byronic criticism of Berkeley's idealism is highly typical of the non-literary citizen :—

> When Bishop Berkeley said there was no matter
> And proved it—'twas no matter what he said.

As a nation the English never have cared profoundly about theories and ''doxies.' That is why, although they are the bravest and most persistent race in the world, they converted themselves to Protestantism in the reign of Henry the Eighth, to Catholicism under one of his daughters, and then back again to Protestantism under another daughter; whereas in France and Spain it was not the nation that ever was converted, but the faithful who were exterminated. The agitation last year over the Education Bill was not really so much a matter of doctrine as of vested class interests and prerogatives.

Beneath the fluctuating opinions and moods set in motion by recognised thought experts, and spread over the surface of the whole community, there is a very large body of traditions and prejudices. These are divided up into some thousand opposing and contradictory groups, each totally and resolutely ignorant of the other. It depends upon circumstances which group of traditions or prejudices a man adheres to. The two historical parties, Liberals and Conservatives, are very much more than what they are in the Colonies—*i.e.* mere political divisions. If a man has been born an aristocrat, or if (which is much more common) he particularly wishes it to be supposed that he has, he is likely to be a Conservative. The numerical strength of this party, however, lies not in the aristocracy themselves, but in the horde of dependents, who either want to get something from their superiors or who are afraid of losing what they have already got. A man who is born of the middle class, and who has no expectations from the aristocracy, or a man of any class who has a keen instinct for martyrdom, will belong to the Liberal party, which is a sort of political Saint Sebastian, stuck all over with arrows thrown by various factions. To aim at the Liberals, and especially at Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Mr. Birrell, is the sole mental exercise in which the nine hundred and ninety-nine other parties cordially combine; and, indeed, it was evidently with the idea of using them as targets that the nation set them up in its high places.

The social groups are divided and subdivided not only according

to politics, but to religion, pecuniary circumstances, and status, and strangers who want to be comfortable should always make themselves acquainted with the usages of a group before entering it. Its laws regulate for the members many matters which in less highly civilised and less well-organised communities are left to private judgment; as, for example, the church they should attend or stay away from; the newspaper they should consult for their morning dose of opinions; the streets where they should reside, and the streets where they should shop; the hours fixed for meals, and the number of courses at dinner; the part of the theatre in which they should take seats, or whether they should stand in *queue*; the mode of shaking-hands very high up or very low down; and the important question of being conveyed about singly in hansom cabs or collectively in the common 'bus, or compromising by sharing a four-wheeler with friends. Why Londoners should object to State Socialism on the ground that it would destroy their individuality must remain an insoluble mystery to a New Zealander, who comes from a country where there is certainly more State Socialism and probably more individuality than anywhere else.

Another problem is why they persist in calling their social system a democracy, and in denying the existence of their rigorous class distinctions. Perhaps these devices are merely graceful and tactful concessions to the labourers, who in well-bred circles are no longer called 'lower' or 'inferior,' but merely treated on the assumption that they are hopelessly inferior. For want of any better terms, I may perhaps be permitted to distinguish between the two social orders by referring to them as equals (or 'Peers') and unequals or as 'Ups and Downs.' However, it is quite true that the English aristocracy is not a caste system. It aims at being a dominant class composed of All the Talents. It not only receives, but seeks out from the ranks of the unequals all the men who have the largest amount of push and energy. But the man who rises here never raises his own class with him, as the late Mr. Seddon raised his class in New Zealand. The one condition on which a successful tradesman or professional man is admitted to the society of the equals is that he shall abandon all former associations, manners, friendships, and opinions. Even relatives, except those who are absolutely indispensable, are gradually dropped on the upward ascent. By this process the best blood and brains of the unleisured workers are constantly drawn off to renew the vitality of the aristocracy of All the Talents, just as the Empire replenishes itself from lower races, and London replenishes itself from the whole of the Empire. The English instinct for governing and managing—that silent, intangible, irresistible power of absorbing and suppressing—is concentrated in every part of its system; in the dominance of class as much as of race. This year, however, the Labour party has slightly roused the sleeping spirit of democracy, and

a mild warfare has begun between those who are up and those who are down, each side hoping to suppress the other, and each inexpressibly shocked at the class bitterness, narrowness, greed, and general lack of obliging self-sacrifice in the other.

English civilisation—the highest produced by the ages—has yet found no better method of binding the mass of human beings together than by crushing down the many for the benefit of the few. The suppression of the weak and the exaltation of the strong remain as firm principles in this organised society as they are in animal life, only that they are disguised. The city follows the Roman example, and, reversing the Roman maxim, spares the proud and wars down the feeble. With the weak and the feeble are included all that are too fine, too delicate and sensitive, or too scrupulous for conflict. The general belief is that the subjects enjoy being ruled as much as the masters enjoy ruling, but this doctrine seems to have emanated from the masters. Even the family is held together more by authority than by love. Two common sayings amongst Englishmen are that 'working men like a lord,' and that 'women like to be mastered.' The great refinement of modern speech, combined with the admirable talent of our race for humbug, prevents the dominance of class or sex from being obtrusively disagreeable. The masculine 'ascendency' (as it is now called) has recently been revived, in connection with the effort to be strong and virile, and, if possible, 'serenely savage.' The severest comment that can be made on its results comes from the Englishmen themselves, for in conversation and in the Press they are never weary of attacking the spite, frivolity, vanity, extravagance, feebleness, deceitfulness, thievishness, and similar endearing qualities of the sex to which their mothers, wives, and daughters belong. Since all but a few exceptional Englishwomen completely agree with their countrymen's verdict, it would be presumptuous for a comparative stranger to deny that these may be their characteristics as a general rule, though without the authority of the professional thinkers I might not have arrived at quite the same conclusions, nor stated them quite so baldly. But certainly there is another type of woman in whom natural sweetness seems to have found some spiritual help from her rather suppressed condition. There is a kind of fine, selfless, gentle goodness, unconscious even of its own existence, that is to be found amongst Englishwomen, and that in its greatest perfection is more characteristic of them than of Americans or Colonials. But to make these saints it must take so many sinners. They must always be rare exceptions, and as a general rule the ascendency does not seem to have worked out very satisfactorily.

Englishmen are never quite at their ease unless they are suppressing some one; they must have some one to look down upon. Below the smooth surface, the trim, correct, amiable manner, the old traditional British force exists unchanged. The *métier* of our race has always

been to conquer and to govern. Every national quality fits Englishmen for this career; their practical ability; their stoical endurance of their own pain and their insensibility to the pain of others; their Olympic pose; their unparalleled genius for humbug; their unflinching determination to do right and also at the same time to get the better of everyone else; but above all their enormous powers of absorption. The Olympic pose is a much subtler and more impressive thing than such a swagger as that of the Heidelberg Korps Student. Continentals, and also the unassimilated Colonials and Americans, recognise it, and occasionally chafe under it; but, however much they may criticise it in its absence, they all bow down before its presence. An impassive attitude has been the immemorial attribute of all ruling nations, from the days of the Romans to the days of the Turks. It suggests rather than claims a superiority to human passions and emotions. It does not seem to have been brought to perfection in England until after the close of the Napoleonic wars, when London became the dominant city of the dominant race of the world. The keynote to the character of a twentieth-century Londoner is an unbounded Imperial pride. He never forgets himself; never gives himself away; he imputes to himself the loftiest motives and highest authority; when any accident proves him in the wrong, he has an amazing talent for saving his face and assuming to himself the merits of the very person or measure he has been fighting. Ten years hence, when the Women's Franchise Bill has become law, Mr. Asquith may be making a speech dwelling on the zeal his party has shown for political justice to women. Devices of this kind have always been familiar to pedagogues and masters. A subject should never be allowed to find out that his master can make mistakes, or that he can laugh or cry or fall ill or get into a temper. This is the real explanation of the dignified and unemotional dulness of many English households. It is not of himself as a mere individual that the Londoner is proud; in regard to his own attainments he is often extraordinarily modest. But he has an inordinate pride in his race and in his city, and in himself as a citizen. He never admits a doubt that in respect of being a Londoner he is immeasurably superior to any and every stranger, and on any and every point. Such a doubt no more occurs to him than it would have occurred to an Imperial Roman or Byzantine when comparing himself to a Barbarian. This attitude of his is useful in helping on the assimilation of fresh elements, for the stranger gets tired of paying continual tribute and claims citizenship, which is readily granted.

In the eighteenth century the nation was militant, and the national qualities were bluntly and brutally conspicuous. It was then that Goldsmith saw 'the lords of human kind,' and marked 'the pride in their port, defiance in their eye.' To-day the 'lords' have become polite; to the surprised admiration of the French. The age of blatant

Anglicism has gone by. The struggle is over; the supremacy is won, and is worn now with sovereign courtesy. The foreigners are no longer saluted with brickbats and abuse, but with the smile of conscious superiority and amiable patronage. But however gently they are handled, they soon learn that they are in the grip of a very strong nationality. A common *motif* in Colonial stories, and one that is drawn from real life, is the mistaken contempt of the rougher, larger men of the backwoods for some exquisitely civilised 'new-chum' English gentleman, who in the hour of danger proves himself the greatest hero of all. And it is true that even in the most savage wilds of the Empire there is not more mute heroism shown than the brick walls of London witness every day. Courage has, indeed, reached an almost non-human Stoicism here, attributable partly to the pride of race, but still more to the fierce fight for life and power. London, which upon the surface is a comedy, is below the surface a great tragedy. The civilisation of feeling has gone only a few inches down, and beneath its crust the barbaric instincts of fighting and conquering have free play. They have changed their methods, and they have become hypocritical, but their object is still the same. There is only one religion in London whose worshippers are all devoutly sincere, and that is the cult of success. The city is nothing but a social battlefield, where every man's hand is against every other man and against every woman; where there are a few great prizes for the conquerors, a footing for those who can hold their own, and for the rest a place on the ground, in the dust and mud under the feet of the conquerors. The essential spirit of this community is still force and strength. The real human fellowship is not yet in sight. In this city—'the greatest birth of time'—our race has discovered no other way of human beings coming into contact except by secret conflict. The young, the sick, the afflicted, and often, too, those who are spiritually finer than their fellows, fall and drop out of the ranks without a murmur. Even in the higher circles those who have failed know that they must pay the penalty of being slighted and shunned by former friends. It is for their failure that the prosperous Londoner detests the unemployed, and not for the alleged causes of self-indulgence and dislike to work, for these weaknesses are superstitiously admired when they appear amongst the leisured class. 'All crimes are safe, but hated'—failure. All the vast charity of London has not got as far as the simple communism of the South Sea Islanders, who share their food with every member of the tribe. In London, under the feet of the dominant and successful, there is a mass of degraded, cramped, stunted humanity, incapable of rising, content with its abject condition, denied the birthright of savages, bound in industrial slavery, and fixed in an unacknowledged and hypocritical class-subjection. The conservative law that suppresses the mass, the conservative instinct that keeps them in their place, are nothing but

the inherited law and the primal instincts of the brute and the barbarian.

The men and women of the New World, who inherit so large a share in this civilisation and who yet are free to start over again, are by no means mental and moral infants. They may claim the right that English provincials have exercised in the past of observing and criticising freely, instead of merely sitting down in barren admiration. It is well for an Imperial nation, instead of merely reproducing itself in inferior and dwarf copies, to give birth to new nations and to new systems of civilisation. The future of the Colonies can never be in the direction of splendid conquest and universal dominion, but it may be towards social advance and social independence.

EDITH SEARLE GROSSMANN.

SOME LONDON CHILDREN AT PLAY

In the month of February of this year an interesting article was contributed by Mr. Frank R. Benson to this Review, entitled 'An Attempt to Revive the Dramatic Habit.' In this article he speaks of a 'marked increase of activity in the sphere of folk drama,' more especially in country districts, and describes it with equal truth and assurance as a promising means 'of relieving much of the dulness of our rural life.' And if folk drama, historical pageants, and the presentment of Shakespeare's plays may serve to relieve the monotony of existence and to stimulate the imaginations of country people, surely not less useful as an educating force may be the exercise of the dramatic habit for those whose lives are passed in the turmoil of a large city such as London. I do not in this connection refer to the West End nor to the West End theatres, but rather to those poor and densely populated quarters where the desirability of being able to escape occasionally, if only in fancy, from the squalid surroundings and the daily struggle for bread, is yet more urgent in the interests of the national character. Such a thought was in my mind, when an invitation reached me last January to be one of a few privileged spectators from the West at the performance of an East-end pantomime which was to be entirely the product of local talent and to be acted in a parish schoolroom by the children of the neighbourhood. This was certainly to be no 'folk-drama,' properly so-called, still less an historical pageant. Even child-life in the East of London is too strenuous, too concerned with the present, to be keenly appreciative of any appeal from the remote past. Yet none the less it has seemed to me that in this local play full of local interests there might surely be found yet another instance of that revival of the dramatic habit which Mr. Benson so warmly advocates. The pantomime of *Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves* was, as we have said, to be a home-grown product, woven out of material real and fantastic, topical and historical, in so far as the past five or six years may be said to represent history, by the fertile brain of the vicar of the parish, and to be acted under his tuition by some of the better looking and more gifted members of his little flock. And who better, on the face of it, should understand the minds of his people, young and old, how to appeal to their imagination, quicken

their patriotic interest in passing events, and vitalise their sense of humour, than this very real pastor whose active brain and heart and hands are alike given in hourly and untiring service to his immense family? This vicar's parish may be covered by a walk of five minutes in one direction and of four minutes in another, but for all that it contains at least ten thousand people, with nearly all of whom he and his band of fellow workers have a personal acquaintance. Who then should know better the local jokes, or be able to turn to more picturesque account the peculiarities of local character and local colour?

. . . .

In the West End we have piled up our fires, shivered in our furs, and wondered what folly could induce us to venture abroad while London is held in the grip of the blackest frost of a remarkably black winter. Here in the East, in the drab narrow streets south of the Commercial Road, significant signs of the severity of the weather are to be found in tightly closed doors and windows, and a complete absence of ragged babies playing in the gutter. Where fires are of necessity scarce, some semblance of warmth or at least stuffiness must be procured by the sealing up of all possible apertures against the biting wind.

But in the low-ceilinged blue-washed schoolroom, all is warmth and geniality. The atmosphere, already redolent of oranges and peppermint, would no doubt be described by the audience as 'comforting'! Rows and rows of school-children from the surrounding parishes have been safely shepherded to their places amongst the natives, for this temporary theatre is ready every Saturday evening through the month of January to open its hospitable doors to less fortunate neighbours. Many little Jewish faces are noticeable, for here we are in near proximity with a Jewish quarter only less dense than that of the Ghetto itself. Room has also to be made for a number of proud parents, relations and friends of the little performers, but of the alien element from the West of London we find ourselves the only representatives.

Two benches right in front, immediately before the footlights, are crowded with very small boys, choir boys apparently, amongst whom has somehow succeeded in inserting herself an equally small and extremely self-contained girl. She exchanges no remarks with her chosen companions, but sits bolt upright, pressed like a sardine between two of them, in a very clean pinafore, whilst a bush of well-frizzed hair surrounds a sharp little face and a pair of dark eager eyes, which never for a moment remove themselves from the life-like representation of the Tower Bridge which forms the drop scene. Afterwards we are told that she is of German extraction, which may account for her forward position and for her ill-disguised contempt for the elbows of the British boy, but there is no Teutonic stolidity in the interest with which later she follows every movement on the stage, and her

obvious appreciation of the most subtle joke which British wit can produce. Amongst her immediate neighbours, the enthusiasm of expectation can scarcely be repressed. A chorus of stout little boots makes itself heard upon the floor, but is instantly checked by a stern admonition from behind the curtain. The author, who is also stage manager, never for a moment ceases to make his presence felt, even when it cannot be seen, by every child of his flock. And these small boys are on the whole a well-drilled company, and for the time being are so much upon their best behaviour, that presently when they have to make room for a two year old baby, again of the wrong sex, and on the very front bench, there is no audible murmur of dissent. She is certainly a well-conducted baby, for never, throughout the three and a half hours during which the performance lasts, does she attract to herself the adverse criticism either of her neighbours on the benches or of any other member of the audience. Neither the antics of Ali Baba's faithful 'moke,' surely the most entertaining donkey that ever capered on the boards of pantomime stage, nor yet the cruel fate of the forty little thieves, all personal friends probably, in their realistic cardboard jars, nor yet the fearsome sight of the scattered portions of poor Cassim's body have power to arouse any obvious emotion in her infant breast. There she sits, this silent solitary baby, an epitome in her own small person of the uncomplaining patience of the poor.

But meantime, faithful to the minute, the Tower Bridge has disappeared into the ceiling. Through a realistic atmosphere of London fog, how contrived it is beyond the capacity of the mere amateur onlooker to conceive, but very cleverly contrived it is, steps a little band of dainty white fairies in attendance on their queen. Their speech alone would betray the locality. Fairyland, it seems in these encroaching days, has spread the boundaries of her Empire to the very outskirts of Whitechapel. There is something startling to the old-fashioned mind in the suggestion of fairies being lost in a fog, as these most evidently are, groping their way to their homes, like any other cockney householder, blind and choking, along his neighbour's railings. But, after all, it is a levelling age we live in, and if, in spite of a Radical Government, fairies yet have the spirit to be Empire-makers, they must expect to meet with difficult and discouraging experiences.

The fog and the fairies vanish together, and we have instead, against a vivid Oriental background, Ali Baba himself diligently hewing a very solid tree, and making conversation the while for his intelligent and sympathetic donkey. The next scene, in the hero's backyard, where the weekly washing is in process, is one sufficiently familiar to meet with patronising appreciation, but for scenic effect it is reserved for 'Watni-Strasse' to win the laurels of the evening. Here is a gay and busy presentment of Eastern commercial life

with just those touches of the familiar and the intimate which to the majority of human beings will enhance the value of any spectacle. Every Saturday evening, and Sunday morning too, for that matter, a scene such as this is in progress but a few yards from the school-room where we sit. There is the identical enamelled crockery piled up on a stall, in use in almost every decent home in the parish, and bales of gorgeous dress materials which might, and probably have, been borrowed from Petticoat Lane or its vicinity. Here, surely, is the famous quack medicine seller, the target for the wit of the whole youth of the neighbourhood, who is received with vociferous and friendly applause. It is a great opportunity, and one which is cleverly utilised, for the introduction of local characters, and the impersonation of these is at least as great a joy to the young actors as is the recognition of them to the audience. And added to these friendly landmarks, both in the background and in the costumes and decoration is a brilliant scheme of Oriental colour, so cleverly planned and adjusted as to betray the work of one with an instinctive if not a trained eye for artistic effect. The children are naturally enchanted to see ladies resplendent in pink and green gauze trousers, busy with their week's marketing, whilst the many-coloured coats of the truculent little thieves, and the gay rags fluttering upon the clothes-lines, lend an immense if unconscious zest to their enjoyment. Professional costumes and professional scene-painting may do much, but the master mind which has arranged them to such good purpose has done a great deal more. Drury Lane with all its magnificence, all its machinery of perfect organisation and detail, need scarcely put this amateur East-end pantomime to the blush. The actors and actresses are all young, a few mere babies, but they have been remarkably well drilled, and the obvious enjoyment with which they enact their *rôles* is not the least pleasurable element in the performance. Desperate deeds of valour and crimes of untold ingenuity succeed one another with startling rapidity. There are no pauses, no breaks, no hesitations. A long-legged boy plays the part of Ali Baba with unfailing spirit and precision, his youthful and ingenuous countenance curiously disguised by a flowing beard and a pair of bushy eyebrows. There is no nervousness, for he is sure of his welcome, and indeed his friends applaud his lightest utterance to the echo. The dialogue is throughout maintained at a high level of intelligence and humour. It is strewn with allusions to current politics, to European complications, to all the vexed questions in the daily newspapers which go to make or mar the integrity of the British Empire, and to domestic matters more especially associated with the vicinity of the Commercial Road. All these are handled with a lightness and at the same time a directness of touch which does not fail to make itself understood and appreciated by the company. Some of these allusions certainly fall a little quaintly from the childish

lips of the younger performers, but none the less heartfelt are the grievances of the ratepayers as set forth by Anna Maria Eustaphina, echoed by a group of pretty little girls over their wash-tubs, who, however, being merely wage earners, cannot be expected to feel the matter so acutely as their ill-used mistress. Reference to the encroaching aliens in the vicinity is of course received with enthusiasm, and apparently with tolerant good nature by any Jews who may be present, whilst the joyful exclamation of Ali Baba, 'We are rich—we have jumped into the Upper Ten!' meets with universal acclamation. When politics at home and abroad, the deeds and misdeeds of the Government and of the County Council as then constituted have been fairly dealt with, it would appear as if the author had reserved one joke for his own consumption and for that of a very few indeed of his audience. Surely Bernard Shaw has not yet arrived to play havoc with the childish humour of the East-end, yet who else can this self-assured and blackened creature be who crawls out, heels foremost from under a gorgeous cardboard automobile but ''Enery Straker'? The impersonation is as inimitable as it is of course unconscious on the part of the actor, and we have no grounds for supposing it to be intentional. *Chauffeurs* are as thick as blackberries, and they are often both grimy and self-important; in any case so versatile an author must be allowed to keep his own secrets.

Neither is the poetry of imagination, that most important asset of child life, neglected. When the curtain falls upon the final triumph of the Eastern wood-chopper and his family, there appears a group of little girls who, were we really enjoying the sunny skies that smiled on Ali Baba, instead of the bleakest of January weather, might well be a nosegay of flowers blown in from the nearest market. These little girls represent the four Seasons in succession, the change of dress being accomplished at intervals by a rapid peeling off of their upper garments, a swift and ingenious invention which does the utmost credit to its author. Very pretty and dainty they look, as they sing the Lesson of the Flowers, a lesson of patience much needed by us all, whilst spring is yet so far beyond the widest range of our fancy. Two little mites amongst them strive laboriously to keep in step with the older ones in the simple effective measure which they have been taught. The refinement and grace of a few of these children are noteworthy and scarcely seem indigenous to this rather squalid region off the Commercial Road. The reason may be ascribed in part to a mixture of race, for many of the children's fathers are what is known as 'C.' men—that is, they do occasional work at the docks, and have probably had, or perhaps their fathers or mothers before them have had, opportunity of intermarrying with foreigners. The Jewish type only occasionally shows itself strongly, but several of the little boys might have been picked at random out of the streets of an Italian city, and one or two of the girls give promise of something more than

childish prettiness. The quickness and ability of some of them may be due to the same cause of mixed parentage. In sentiment the children are aggressively British, and still more aggressively Gentile, the racial feeling being almost as acute amongst them as amongst their elders. 'You old Jew,' is the worst and most deadly insult that one small boy can hurl at another, to be answered by words of foulest opprobrium—an insult, indeed, which before now has unhappily in a neighbouring district been attended by serious and even fatal consequences.

In the Harlequinade, the fun waxes fast and furious. Harlequin, Clown, Pantaloon, Columbine, and the long-suffering foolish policemen—they are all there, and never have these valued friends of our childhood conducted themselves more faithfully in character. Now the jokes which cause such hilarity to actors and audience alike are entirely local, and so much the more appreciated. I suggested afterwards that much of the racy dialogue at this point was 'gag,' but was hastily assured that such license in such a neighbourhood would have been impossible. In the varied company of which we form a part, the susceptibilities of its different members require much more careful handling than can safely be left to the excited promptings of the youthful wit upon the stage. Every word of this foolery, excellent of its kind, has had to be carefully composed by the Vicar, to whom it can have been not the least onerous part of his authorship. By this time the babies have for the most part been very wisely removed. Only the stolid infant on the front bench remains faithful to her post. The little German girl, her frizzed hair hanging limply in the heat of the atmosphere, but her bright eyes still fixed unwaveringly upon the stage, has managed to insinuate herself along her bench until a thin, but none the less protecting, little arm can be placed around the indifferent morsel of humanity in front of her. As for the boys, weak and helpless with laughter as small boys so easily become, they can only prop themselves against one another as a means of retaining the perpendicular, and have scarcely strength to do themselves justice in the shower of sweets which is presently hurled amongst them from behind the footlights. The final appeal from one of the little actors, that the audience should contribute towards sending this dramatic company to the 'real pantomime' is generously responded to, though some of us find it difficult to believe that the young people will enjoy the splendours of Drury Lane half so much as they have done their own performance, and I have heard since that it was voted distinctly disappointing. I have as yet made no mention of the music, which is, however, an important part of the entertainment. The charming songs and dances are all the arrangement or the composition of local talent, and the orchestra is represented by a boy at the piano, who plays throughout the whole performance, almost entirely from

memory. And now the Tower Bridge has once more fallen, and the green light which has done such effective service is extinguished. The author and stage manager is much too busy attending to his children behind the scenes to appear in response to repeated calls from the audience, so a little speech is made about him which we hope he can hear. Anxious curates from the neighbouring parishes are trying to collect their scattered and entangled flocks, and there is a general pushing back of benches, a noisy interchange of comments, a shuffling of many feet, and a straightening and stretching of cramped little limbs.

And we are left to reflect that if such a play as we have seen did not offer the strictly academic element of education to which Mr. Benson refers, yet this parochial revival of the dramatic habit should teach many things essential to the proper education of a patriotic London citizen, combined with the purest childish nonsense and enjoyment. And surely the education of a London citizen and the healthy entertainment of children are two things which can least afford to be neglected in any part of this vast beehive of humanity.

When at last we emerge from the heated atmosphere of the school-room, by this time almost solid, into the keen night air without, it would seem almost as if we had stepped merely from one stage scene into another; from a little Gentile world of fair-haired children players into the strenuous current of Jewish life and business set upon a very similar if less vivid background. The Saturday night market has been in full swing since sunset, and to a less active extent since the early morning, for this is by no means an entirely Jewish neighbourhood. Here we have the original 'Watni-Strasse,' wanting certainly in Oriental colour, but otherwise scarcely less picturesque than the pantomime counterfeit. The long street is crowded with gaily furnished stalls, and brilliant with the flare of naphtha torches, whilst a cheerful warmth and brightness emanate from the open shops on to the pavement. Dark-eyed, coarse-featured, handsome women emerge like spiders from the doorways to lure the unwary stranger with soft speech and generous promises into a path of reckless extravagance. A curly-haired young woman in charge of a barrow entreats us to buy a curious looking substance called 'Cre-mos,' which she assures us is 'equal to the freshest butter and only eightpence a pound'—but we fly from temptation as also from the offer of 'hake' at twopence a pound, and Dutch herrings at a penny each. The roadway is blocked with suites of bedroom furniture, and second-hand clothing and cheap ladies' boots are in this vicinity staple commodities. There is indeed little with which the Jewish or Gentile housewife may not provide herself and her family in the way of clothes, food, or furniture, and if she be sufficiently prosperous she may procure a fur stole (almost to be regarded as a necessity in this inclement season) of the latest fashion from a perambulating dealer whose own

shoulders constitute his shop window. For her humbler sister there is a stall devoted to gaily coloured cotton handkerchiefs, the sight of which, until recalled by the piercing North wind, transports us in imagination to the market-place under the arcades at Lugano. And here is surely the very medicine-man Abdulla, whom we have so lately seen sewing together the fragments of the wicked Cassim! But a nearer scrutiny of this aged Hebrew vendor of quack remedies shows us that he bears in reality little resemblance to the smooth-faced boy in the grey wig who played his part so light-heartedly in the pantomime. This, indeed, is the genuine article, with centuries of persecution and enforced wandering cut in the deep tragic lines of his face, his red hair branding him irretrievably as a Judas. Though why red hair has from all time been apportioned to Iscariot, it is not easy to say. Further on, and he holds the attention of by far the largest gathering in the street, is the Man of Magic, a weedy, sharp-faced cockney for whom there is no occasion to hold the Chosen Race responsible. He is explaining the easy trick whereby in his estimation the Zancigs, then the wonder of the hour, have captured London society. It is all very simple apparently, and this little group of East-enders is wondering contemptuously why the West is so extremely credulous. The only inanimate creature in the street appears to be an elderly goat, who, day and night, occupies the same spot upon the pavement. Quite indifferent he remains to the alternating bustle and comparative silence around him; to the kick or caress which he receives impartially from old and valued friend or foe; and even to the inconvenient progress of the unwary stranger, who in the darkness can hardly fail to measure his length across so solid an obstacle. Newspaper posters alternate with yellow Yiddish notice boards proclaiming the news of the day, and above and through all is the pervading aroma of fried fish, a favourite dish of the Jew and Gentile poor alike. Little children not yet in bed hang enviously round the stall which displays its penny toys in such tempting variety. The casual wanderer who is fortunate enough to have his first introduction to the East-end on a Saturday night; who leaves the broad, well-lighted, cheerful thoroughfare of the Commercial Road and finds his way down this street of market to the south, may well escape the impression of colourless sadness, of the sometimes dull, sometimes fierce struggle for existence, which too often comes later to be associated in his mind with East London. Here, not only in appearance, but in reality, is life and bustle and even gaiety; Jew and Gentile rub shoulders over their bargaining with cheerful if only skin-deep amity. Here and there are pointed out to us one or two of the older boy actors, leaning against the church railings which on one side form the boundary of the market, receiving congratulations and exchanging jokes with their chosen companions. Good humour and friendliness seem to be in the air, and who can say how far the devoted and intelligent

work which aims, as has been amply testified to in the school-room to-night, at inculcating a spirit of healthy enjoyment amongst the people, has not also unconsciously contributed to the cheerful atmosphere of this Jew and Gentile gathering? And in the midst of the motley scene of merchandise stands the Church, the outward and visible sign of the selfless toil which, against overwhelming odds, is silently struggling each day and hour to ameliorate the lives of her children. This is not one of those architecturally and historically interesting churches of which there are so many in London, and which are perhaps better known to American sight-seers than to the majority of Londoners themselves. But this modern building with its fine proportions is sufficiently imposing to-night, as it stands a little apart under the cold clear moonlight, its doors always open to the people, as indeed are the ears and the hearts of the clergy. On Sunday morning the market, or so much of it as is Jewish, will still be flowing in full tide against the railings, disturbing, one would imagine, the devotions of those within; but this is a Church which has presumably taught herself and her congregation the inner meaning of 'when two or three are gathered together,' and external happenings are not allowed to disturb her serenity.

There is another aspect of what may be regarded as the dramatic habit amongst children, with which some few of us may find ourselves less completely in sympathy; though there is admittedly much to be said for it. A few days after the pantomime, I am taken through one or two of the Council Schools in the same neighbourhood, where, it is worth mentioning, 96 per cent. of the children are Jews. In one of these schools I am allowed to watch the organised games in the babies' class. It is a pretty sight enough, this little ragged regiment of children, none of whom can be over four years old, beautifully drilled to play at 'Shoeing the Pony,' the 'Cock-Sparrow,' and, most realistic of all, 'The Game of the London Pigeons.' Here thin little arms are held up and 'In and out of the Windows' is sung in tired shrill little voices, whilst the chosen 'pigeons' lumber rather heavily in and out gathering scraps of paper, intended to be corn, off the floor. But these babies are sleepy already when they are made to show off to the visitors. The recreation or rest hour is at hand, when they will certainly play at nothing which is organised, and they have their own balls and their dolls to fall back upon. There are some of us who, with blessed recollections of our own untrammelled youth, of secret kingdoms where no grown-up person had the right of admittance, of daring adventures and hairbreadth escapes in a more material world, confided to no grown-up ears, may give humble and hearty thanks for having lived in a Golden Age, and who will never be brought to believe that it should be necessary to teach children to play. In our own class we may have the temerity to deplore the carefully organised recreations of our young people, which

so often send them home from school incapable when they are older, of initiating occupation for themselves, and which, though no doubt it may have the effect of eliminating 'loafers,' bids fair to threaten the individuality and imagination of the race. But, for the children of the poor, we have probably told ourselves that this organised play, of which America has set the fashion, may prove a useful foundation-stone of discipline, and at least serve to keep the poor mites out of their mothers' way. 'Discipline,' says my guide, when I venture to voice my reflections, and he has worked amongst the children of the poor for twenty-five years—'not a bit of it,—the babies are just as naughty when they come out of school, and taking them away so young from their mothers undermines all the sentiment of home.' They are, according to him, organised at this tender age out of all future self-dependence and responsibility, and the money of ratepayers might be better employed than in paying highly trained women to superintend the gambols of these weary little ones who could just as well be asleep or occupying a post of vantage upon their mothers' doorsteps. Miss Loane, in her illuminating books recently published, *The Queen's Poor* and *The Next Street but One*, out of the abundance of her personal experience, speaks with equal decision of the insidious measures taken by well-meaning philanthropists to diminish the maternal responsibilities. Fortunately, according to her observations, the relations between mothers and children amongst the poor are usually of so happy and natural a character, that the day nurseries and infant classes of the Provided Schools may probably do less rather than more harm than the kindergartens of the West-end. Before I leave I am privileged to watch the fire drill, and to see 500 children troop out with such rapidity and order after the (to them) unexpected sound of the warning whistle, that in little over five minutes the building is empty. In every schoolroom hangs the Union Jack, and edifying as it is to note such an encouragement to patriotism, I am told by an assistant master that only a little French boy, a new comer, has ever been known to salute it.

But after all, it is by watching the children at play, real play, not the regulated games of the schoolroom, that we may gain the nearest glimpse into their lives. And in this neighbourhood there is no better place for these observations than the railed space which surrounds the Church and the Vicarage garden adjoining. Here they swarm in and out quite freely all through the week, playing their most cherished games in the shelter of the Vicar's porch, where, significant sign, the electric bell push is placed high out of the reach of childish arms. But it is on Saturday mornings, when boys and girls have poured out of their respective Bible classes, that they may be seen to the best advantage. The immediate vicinity of the Church seems to be especially dedicated to the girls, and the sexes do not play much together, though a patronising interest may be taken by

a boy in the movements of the feminine circle. I have rather rashly arrived amongst the little girls provided with a mechanical toy, bought off a stall in the market, and the toy, an old woman wheeling her goose to market in a barrow, has already been wound up and made to perform to their unbounded delight, and almost to the limit of its capacity. Now it is obviously time to bestow it upon one of the two eager wistful young creatures who have most pertinaciously watched the performance. But which of them is to have it, since they are not sisters and it cannot be shared! Surely Solomon himself was not placed in a more embarrassing position with one baby and two mothers than I with this little tin toy. However, a small boy who has been watching our movements from a discreet distance now comes to my rescue. 'Why, Miss, make 'em race for it,' is his unhesitating suggestion, and forthwith he proceeds in masterly fashion to clear a course amongst infants and skipping-ropes from the railings to the Church. The advice seems good, but the little combatants are ill matched, for, whereas one has a sturdy, well-knit figure, suitably clothed in a serge coat and skirt, the other is a poor pensive little thing with large pathetic blue eyes which seemed to swallow up the small white face, and a skinny little body rather feebly supported by a pair of the thinnest and most rickety legs imaginable. A ragged velvet bonnet hangs from her neck, and her clothes, if such they can be called, have that melancholy appearance of shoddy smartness which betokens a bad home. 'That child has no mother,' I say to myself, but afterwards I hear that it is one of those sad, but happily not such very common cases, where she would have been better without one. However, though easily beaten she does not run badly, and well deserves the consolation prize which has to be forthcoming, for like many another frail tenement, her ill-nourished body holds an unquenchable spirit. Most of the little girls are skipping on this cold morning to keep themselves warm. The skipping-rope is an important and very happy factor in the child life of poorer London. Progress along a side street will be perpetually interrupted by a group of children, sometimes mere babies, skipping alternately or together over a rope stretched across the pavement, held at each end by two of the party and swung, sometimes with increasing and alarming swiftness, to the accompaniment of a song the words of which are quite unintelligible to the stranger. Round a blazing fire in the schoolroom are some more little girls, scorching their faces and toasting their toes, reading story books and exchanging mysterious confidences after the manner of their sex, only to feel the cold more acutely when they have to face it again—some of them in very inadequate clothing. Outside in the Vicarage garden, which has long been reduced to its pristine bareness of vegetation, the boys are playing with a dilapidated object which politeness compels us to acknowledge as a football. At any rate, they are warm and, judging by the noise, completely happy. Looking

at the pinched blue faces of these girls, I am indiscreet enough to wonder audibly why they do not go and join in the game. The suggestion is received with cold and silent disapproval; in this grade of society girls do not play boys' games—the difference is far more clearly defined than in ours. One child, more forthcoming than the others, cautiously volunteers the information that sometimes in the summer she 'goes up' and scores for the boys at cricket—but play herself—never! She is a pretty, graceful little girl with delicate features and soft brown eyes, whom I am reminded that I have seen before in the character of the Fairy Queen. Her face beams at the recollection, and she confides to me that now the happy Saturday evenings of rehearsal are over, which extend from October until Christmas, life is something of a blank. These rehearsals are at least as great a pleasure to the children as the actual performances, bringing them as they do into close touch with their much loved Vicar and with the refining and civilising influences of life to which few girls in any class are indifferent. Two others of the group I recognise as Ali Baba's washerwomen. They have just lost their mother, poor little things, but none the less their hair is tightly plaited in preparation for Sunday, and, judging by the rather patchwork nature of their garments, the family exchequer does not permit of mourning, and has the good sense to acknowledge it.

To the casual observer there is one very marked difference between the Gentile children and the Jewish in the East-end. If you stand on the pavement in a street off the Commercial Road and watch with too obvious an interest the children dancing to the strains of a street organ, the dancing will very soon cease. On the other hand, if you are lucky enough to find such a scene in the neighbourhood of Petticoat Lane, your appreciation of it will but add fresh zest to the spirit of the dancers, and the fortunate owner of the organ may reasonably expect to reap a rich harvest from your enjoyment. Few of the children of the Gentile poor have as yet learnt the accomplishment of 'showing off,' they are too shy as a rule, and precocity is sternly discouraged by the parents. The Jewish children are also a great deal quicker to learn and to grasp a new idea. Their attention must be caught on the wing, as it were, for it is apt to be of a vagrant quality, but if once caught and their interest aroused in any subject, they will master it with astonishing rapidity. It is perhaps for this reason that little performers in the 'real pantomime' at Drury Lane are so largely recruited from the Jewish community. In this connection it is interesting to note that the dramatic habit does not to any great extent prevail amongst the Jews in their own quarter. Still mourning the destruction of the Temple at Jerusalem, it appears that there has been a tendency amongst the more orthodox Jews to regard play-acting as a forbidden pleasure. Be this as it may, it is only very recently that the Jewish children have been encouraged by their

teachers to give little entertainments among themselves, and these only to a very mild extent. Such a dissipation as an amateur pantomime is certainly unknown. For their elders a music-hall in the Mile End Road, 'to be hired for weddings on Sundays!' has so far sufficed for their dramatic entertainments, and here the plays of Shakespeare, and more often of Zangwill or of less well-established luminaries, are performed nightly in Yiddish.

Even in the course of a walk through the Ghetto, that strange foreign country within five minutes of Liverpool Street Station, some impression of the lives of the Jewish children may be obtained. The street is their natural playground. Neither cold nor heat can keep any but the merest babies indoors, for in this most congested district it is rather the rule than the exception for only one room to be at the disposal of an entire family. On a Friday afternoon the scene is a comparatively quiet one. The famous market in Middlesex Street, better known as Petticoat Lane, on any other day in the week the most picturesque and busy thoroughfare in the whole of London, is rapidly shutting up and, in the case of the barrows, being wheeled away in preparation for the Sabbath. A few old men with hooked noses and long beards are still sitting on the edge of the pavement before their baskets of oranges, offering in a melancholy monotone 'four a penny' and these are possibly the only English words they know. For here, in the midst of our own city, the English language is seldom heard intelligibly except from the children who learn it in their schools. Of these we very soon have a following. As we cautiously thread our way amongst the diminishing stalls and barrows, careful not to run up against portions of a sheep's anatomy upon the one hand, or some particularly evil looking fish upon the other; walking delicately that we may not rub shoulders with a pile of secondhand clothing, and turning a deaf ear to the voice of the charmer in the doorway, who, a faded Oriental shawl about her head, is anxious to part with her last dish of pickled cucumber, the children patter after us, an ever increasing and always friendly little crowd. They do not in the least understand our expressions of regret as we pass some young girls laden with ready-made clothing, probably some order on its way to a large West-end establishment, for sweating is an evil which in these streets assumes reality. Neither do they quite enter into our amused admiration of the smoked salmon which, slit and lying wide outspread in all their scarlet glory on a barrow, give a welcome touch of brilliant colour to the, at this hour, dreary street. Nevertheless, they are very kind to us, these children, and anxious to do the honours of their country to the invading Christians. Several of them have been sent out to buy bread, sold in fascinating rings like bracelets, or groceries or fish for the Sabbath meal which their mothers are preparing at home. And the mothers must have wondered why, on this occasion the little messengers tarried

so long in coming, for how could they know that Annie or Yenni or Etti feel compelled to follow in the wake of a party of Gentile visitors! Rather a sorry little escort it is, with their small bodies and pinched, unnaturally sharp faces. One little head covered with hair of Titian's red gold makes a spot of beauty in the otherwise squalid group, and here and there glossy black ringlets surround a small and dirty face redeemed by a pair of magnificent dark eyes. But such features are the exception rather than the rule, and the majority of the children are as drab and as unremarkable as their surroundings. Of shyness and self-consciousness, however, there is none, and they receive our laboured efforts at conversation quite politely, though our questions elicit no more interesting information than that Annie Solomons, a remarkably clean, well-dressed child, is buying cheese, and that Moses Polivinksy is taking old newspapers to an office, and that they all attend the Jewish Free Schools. This fact, in the case of the boys, is patent from the serviceable mouse-coloured corduroys which the schools provide for their clothing. Some County Council posters which we pass bearing the legends 'Vote for Jones' and 'Vote for Smith' respectively, and looking curiously ill at ease amongst the Yiddish notices, are the cause of a heated controversy between two of our boy 'followers,' who are ready upon the smallest encouragement to break one another's heads over the difference of opinion existing between their parents as to the individual merits of the candidates. Fortunately at this juncture a diversion is created, for we have halted outside a bookshop, attracted to its window by a rampant lion of Judah, which we afterwards discover is destined to adorn some highly decorated cover of the Torah. The master of the shop is a sad-faced typical Jew of a superior class, and he bears an invasion of two or three of the little girls of our following with meekness and resignation. One of these, indeed, appears to regard a dark corner under his counter as the natural repository of her skipping-rope and other treasures. Her tow-like hair is tied up with white tape, while the other children flaunt coloured, if dirty, ribbons, but notwithstanding this disability, she is evidently a young person possessed of Napoleonic powers of organisation. At this point she apparently decides that some active effort should be made by the escort towards our entertainment. Diving under the friendly counter she produces her rope and starts a skipping match amongst the younger members of the party. They are remarkably graceful and pretty performers, who thoroughly enjoy showing off their accomplishments; notable amongst them being a little delicate-featured, brown-haired Polish girl of four, who, while she skips, fondly clasps her red woollen tam-o'-shanter in place of a doll. A baby of two, tightly swathed in a pink shawl is also commanded to do her part, and considering her tender and unwieldy age, the performance is not discreditable. Napoleon meantime acts as mistress of the ceremonies, and when

the boys become aggressive hurls defiance at them from within the shelter of the shop. This being ineffectual, she presently executes a masterly *sortie* to avenge some too gross insult with all the force of a sadly thin leg, a clumsy boot many sizes too large, and a fiercely clenched and microscopic fist. Every now and then a good-natured elder, whose language to us is incomprehensible, but who seems to think that the attentions of the young people are becoming oppressive, will swoop down into the little crowd and disperse it with a well-aimed shake or a cuff; only momentarily, however, for like mushrooms in the night the children spring up again, supervising and intercepting our every step.

But the Sabbath is really at hand now, and a wholesome fear of the wrath of mothers draws our escort gradually away. They go reluctantly with many parting observations and promises that we shall meet again, which we did, but that is another story. 'Napoleon' is the last to leave us. She has neither fish nor cheese, nor, it seems, any other responsibilities in life but those which are self appointed. She explains with some importance that the following day she is going to Paris. Her father has found work there, and the family is to join him. And this child, who cannot be more than ten years old, and has only mastered just sufficient English to make herself intelligible (*what her mother's tongue may be it is impossible to discover*), is quite undisturbed at the thought of changing her home, and only mildly elated at the prospect of fresh worlds to conquer. The preternatural sharpness of the little face leaves me wondering whether the Angel who, according to an old Jewish tradition, struck her lips at her birth, to banish from the baby soul those visions of Heaven and Hell with which it had been entertained previous to its incarnation, had done his work quite thoroughly! At all events she is a cheerful little person, and will be quite competent to deal with any difficulties which may lie before her in a harassed and uncertain existence. The Jewish children are infinitely amusing in their complete absence of shyness, in their quickness of comprehension and their vivid imaginations. Yet in spite of the acknowledged goodness of Jewish mothers a sense of homelessness clings about these young people which is inevitably depressing. The strenuous toil of philanthropists and workers, Jew and Christian alike, to ameliorate the conditions of this alien and shifting population, may well find the best results of its labours amongst the children, but there must be times of discouragement, when even these appear unsatisfactorily small. The more honour to those who refuse to be discouraged!

It is certainly with a sense of relief that, as the evening closes in, we find ourselves again in that market street off the Commercial Road, where, however, on Friday night no market worth mentioning is to be seen. A few children are still playing in the dusk round the Church. The Vicarage door stands hospitably open. In the hall can

be seen a white-faced young woman with a small and wailing baby, who is waiting for words of encouragement and counsel. On the doorstep is huddled a little row of children of both sexes, and tightly pressed between them is an extremely fat brown and white spaniel of antiquated appearance. ''E be doin' time, Miss,' joyfully explains a small boy who has his skinny arm clasped round the patient animal's neck, to its evident inconvenience—and the little girls giggle appreciatively. The statement proves to be fact—for the spaniel has been poaching on his master's preserves in the country, and has been sent up to spend some weeks of easeful and far from solitary confinement in this East-end Vicarage. It must be noticeable to the most casual observer that about these children, in spite of their obvious poverty, there is a very happy air of trust and confidence. Jew and Gentile, ragged and tidy, they seem to swarm indiscriminately inside the Church railings, and in their unquestioning certainty of the welcome which awaits them they contrive to impart a certain sense of security to this crowded corner of East London. Sin and suffering and misery are packed closely enough into this narrow area of mean streets, but, as we have said before, it is through the children that the work done amongst the poor may expect to bear the best fruit, and here surely the harvest bids fair to be a rich one.

ROSE M. BRADLEY.

CHILDREN'S COMPETITIONS

A fairly long experience of editing one of the Children's Pages, which nowadays seem to be an indispensable feature of all ladies' papers, has led me to think that a short account of the work sent in for the various competitions might be of interest. The children who entered for these particular competitions varied in age from eight or nine to nineteen, and belonged, some to the upper and some to the lower strata of England's enormous 'middle-class' population. They took a surprising interest in the page and in its editress (who of course assumed a 'fancy' name to which all letters were addressed), and if their answers in the weekly correspondence column happened to be longer or shorter than the average, never failed to write expressing their pleasure or disappointment, as the case might be. Their communications did not, as a general rule, give much idea of themselves or of their home surroundings, though occasionally a letter full of personal details and asking for advice on difficult and important subjects would be received. Frequently, too, the parents themselves would write expressing their pleasure at the interest taken in the page by their children, and saying how helpful the competitions were in widening their knowledge and in encouraging them in the virtue of perseverance.

It was a little surprising to find that the most popular competitions of all were those of an ingenious nature, such as 'word-making,' *i.e.* a competition for the longest list of words made out of the letters contained in a given word or phrase. Drawing competitions were also favourites, though the work sent in was extraordinarily uneven, ranging—as, for instance, in the case of a competition for the best drawing of a dog—from really clever lifelike sketches to almost unrecognisable scrawls. This quality of unevenness, even among children of much the same age, was noticeable in all the competitions; and the gift of correct spelling—for surely it *is* a gift?—was also somewhat irregularly distributed. In most of the letters and essays spelling mistakes were not numerous, but there was a small percentage of competitors who seemed totally unable to spell even the most elementary words correctly. The following letter from a child of eleven, whose parents seemed to be refined and even wealthy

people, is almost a record for the number of wrongly spelt words in so small a space:

'DEAR *****,—I am sending you my essay on a holaday. It has 189 words I think or 198. I am not sure which till I look at the papers on which it is writen. I was so glad to see my name among the hiley commended. It is the first time my name has been menchoned in your page, thoug I won two prises in another paper. I remain, yours sincirley, ——'

Some portions of the above-mentioned 'essay on a holaday' are, I think, worthy of reproduction:

If I was offered a return ticket to any place for a fortnight's holaday, I think I would go to London to stay with some friends. We always live in the Cuntry, so it would be a great change. One day in the morning I would go to baths and then to Gunter's to have a strawbery ice. Another day I would go in the morning to Westminster Abbey, and in the afternoon to Madam Truesoes. Besides these I would go to see 'The Tower' 'St Paul's' 'The Zoe' and all the pacture gallries and musiems. I am not fond of music so Music Halls and that kind of thing would not apeal to me.

The writer obviously has an impression that 'Music Halls and that kind of thing' are frequented only by those 'fond of music,' while her ideas as to the use of capital letters, inverted commas, and marks of punctuation seem to be as hazy as her knowledge of spelling. Punctuation was a stumbling-block to many, but for absolute breathlessness of style the following essay on a 'Favourite Hobby' would be hard to beat:

My favourite hobby is boating. I think it is so beautiful gliding along the river listening to the splashing of the water as the oars dip, and to pass under the shady trees where the sunbeams glitter through making pretty shadows on the water as the boat floats along and letting your fingers ripple through the water as the dragon-flies with their gorgeous green wings flit by, and hear the humming of the bees on the bank where the wild-flowers lurk and the slight breeze bringing with it the delicious scent of wild-flowers.

The end gives the impression that the writer was growing alarmed at the wordy maze in which she found herself, and came to a full-stop with a sudden jerk. Punctuation is almost equally lacking in this paper by a child of ten:

A thing that is my own and what I love is My dog Jack I love him because he loves me and because he is so gentle he does all tricks and even lets me drive him with a stick in his mouth. he would play hide and seek with me whenever I want. he says please for a biscuit. He always sleeps on my bed till 10 o'clock then he is taken by my brother, and sleeps on his bed all night. He is a very good house-dog and flys at any stranger that comes in the house he would never let any stranger toutch me he often goes rabbiting by himself he likes it very much indeed He's rather old now worst luck he is four and a half years of age I hope he will live a long long time. he was very pretty when he was young.

The above was one of the entries for a competition for the best paper entitled 'My Most Cherished Possession,' and the various

'possessions' described would have made a heterogeneous collection. They included cats, dogs, ponies, books, china, a bicycle, a 'lucky' silver pig, a silver-paper ball, a gold heart and chain, and a watch. The predominance of animals in the list was not unexpected, for a love of dumb creatures seemed to be common to nearly all the competitors. This account of a favourite kitten came from one of the bad spellers. The fourth sentence is, it will be observed, mysterious in the extreme:

I think I will chuse as my 'favourite possation' my kitten. I am very fond of anamals and the more I have the better for me. Kitty is a dear. She is dark brown with white underneath and legs. She is very dareing and will climb anywhere. She puts such perfect confidence in you, and does not mind a bit where or in what position she is, and rides on everyone's sholda.'

Many of the essays sent in for the 'Favourite Hobby' competition had animals for their subject. A child of thirteen wrote as follows:

Natural History is my favourite hobby. I think there is nothing more interesting than to study the animal Kingdom. I have visited the Nottingham Museum twice. It contains nearly all the animals of the earth, from the biggest animal to the smallest insect. From my babyhood I have been taught to love animals and I think the love has grown with me. It grieves me greatly to see even the meanest animal ill-treated, because the smallest thing alive has feelings, as well as human beings. Sometimes when I go out for a walk I see men whipping the horses dreadfully, and often as a little child I have shouted out to them and told them that if they did not stop it quick I would give them a taste, and see how they would like it. It is wonderful how affectionate dumb creatures can be if they know you love them.

One wonders how it is that if the Nottingham Museum contains 'nearly all the animals of the earth,' there still seem to be so many left at large! This same little girl was the writer of the following rather naïve letter:

DEAR *****,—You must not be disapointed if I do not write every time, as I have to keep another leather shop for my father. . . . I will try to write every time, but a leather shop takes a lot of minding.

No doubt it does!

A competition which brought forth some rather remarkable efforts was for the best letter to a favourite author or authoress. The following from a child of eleven shows a wonderful amount of critical faculty, though the spelling is almost incredibly bad:

To Mrs. L. T. Meade.

DEAR MRS. MEADE,—I have lately been reading some of your nice books. I think (though they are so nice) that after a time one would get rather tired of them because they are all so much alike. There is in most a beautiful girl who is sent to school or to live with some friends. She is terrably naughty, forms a rebellion, is found out, and begs pardon which is of course granted. If not this it is a girl who gets into the power of another, threw some great disobedince, she goes threw great tryles but at last plucks up courage, confesses and is at once

forgiven while the other girl runs away and when caught is searverly punished. One of my favourites is 'A Modern Tomboy.' It is very exciting, but I think you have made Irene a little too terreble, and I am sure that a girl with Rosamond Gunclif's force of carracter is a very rare thing. Another of my favourits is 'Girls of the Forest.' I would have liked to kill Penelope, and I quite loved poor rebelus Pollene. I like your others very much too. . . . 'The Aucatract of the Nurrey' is quite sweet.

The authoress in question would, I think, hardly recognise the last-mentioned title as that of one of her stories!

A little girl of ten wrote as follows to Mrs. Hodgson Burnett:

I like 'Little Lord Fauntleroy' better than any book I have ever read I am very pleased with it. I hope you will publish one as nice again. Lord Fauntleroy was a very nice little boy, he was so kind. I liked his grandfather also though he was a very cross old man it is such an exciting story.

The following remarks were addressed to Mrs. Harriet Beecher-Stowe by a child of thirteen:

I think Uncle Tom's Cabin is one of the most interesting books that has ever been written. It is so realastic and descriptive that the one who reads it can fancy they are living over again the scenes and characters therein described. . . . The escape of Eliza and her child thrills one through and through as they read it, and they feel quite relieved when she reaches in safety the shore. . . . The good the book did for the slaves cannot be written down. I think, dear Madam, your life has been a glorious one, for what is better and more noble than to have relieved the suffering and grief of humanity?

Other authors to whom letters were addressed were Mrs. George de Horne Vaizey (chosen by a large number of competitors), Rudyard Kipling, James Lane Allen, and Juliana Horatia Ewing.

Another competition which had some rather interesting results was for the best description of the competitor's 'Ideal House.' Some of the children set to work in a practical spirit and enumerated the exact number of bedrooms and sitting-rooms they would require, a few even giving particulars as to the special kind of kitchen range preferred. Others described old-fashioned rambling houses with romantic associations, and others again gave up most of their space to describing the garden attached to their 'Ideal House.' It was noteworthy that in almost every instance a decided preference was shown for a house in the country. The following paper, on account of the spelling as well as other things, was perhaps the most startling received:

If I had to chuse a house to live in this would be a discreption of it. It would be a low long two storyed house of red brick with a red tiled roof, overgrown with flowring creepers, 'Westerier,' 'Hunnysuccle' 'Clemetis' 'Crimson Rambeler' and 'Climing Froot Trees.' Inside it would be all panted white and most of the papers would be white with a bright freiz. The droing-room would have a wite paper and blue ribbon freiz. Its carpet would be blue, and all the chairs would be blue. I should have as much satan-wood as possable, and severel small tables covered with silver and china ornements. A rovilving

book-case with a palm on the top would stand near the piano in a window and for a writing-table I should have a bureau. The door would be white with a curtains tied back and showing a lookinglass. . . . The bedrooms would be light and airy and mine in pertecular. I should have . . . a dressing-table involoped in white mouslin and tied with blue ribons, a large wardrobe with a lookinglass in the front and two others hanging on the walls would be so arranged that when one looks at one's self in one, you can see your back and both sides reflected in the others.

One feels that life in this house, with its 'satan-wood,' its 'rovilving book-case,' its dressing-tables, 'involoped in mouslin,' and its marvellously arranged 'lookinglasses,' would be something of a novelty!

About the time of Princess Ena's marriage to King Alfonso, a prize was offered for the best essay on Spain. Most of those sent in showed a fair knowledge of the subject, but the statement made by a girl of fourteen, that 'the favourite amusements of the Spaniards are dancing and playing the guiltar and bullfighting,' was a little surprising. She went on to say: 'The two most noted circuses are those of Mardrid and Seville the barbarous spectacle is witnessed by persons of all classes by wemen as well as men.'

The poetry competitions were the most disappointing of all. Not one child in ten seemed to have the slightest conception of either rhythm or rhyme, and it was the rarest of things to receive a 'poem' with lines that scanned or rhymes that were even passably correct. There were, of course, occasional pleasant exceptions to this rule, but the following, by a child of eleven, is a fair average specimen of the majority of the entries:

> Once I had a dolly, Oh she was so fair,
> Beautiful and dazzling was her golden hair.
> Eyes of purest beauty shining o so bright
> And they never faded in the brightest light.

So far, so good. The rhymes, at any rate, have not failed us. But note the falling-off in the second verse:

> Oh this little dolly I did love her so
> and I was so sorry when she had to go
> far away across the seas to some other Mother.
> There she lies as you may see quite content.

Could anything be more amazing? On another occasion a prize was offered for the best four-lined verse with the line-endings *sun, day, run, stay*. This came from a girl of sixteen:

> Oh please dear Mr. Sun,
> Do shine out bright to-day
> Then Nurse will let me run,
> And in the garden stay—

while the authors of the two following efforts were aged ten and thirteen respectively:

Far, far away is the sun
No sign of sun to-day.
We must go out for a run.
As indoors we cannot stay.

Oh the beautiful shining sun
Shining for us every day,
Weather we walk, or weather we run
Weather we go, or weather we stay.

Some of the competitors, however, displayed a good deal of ingenuity, and one or two of the verses even contained what might be termed a poetical thought. But the average of merit in the poetry competitions was, as a rule, very low indeed, a fact which seems to go to strengthen the oft-made statement that this is essentially a practical age and that lovers of poetry are few and far between. Next in point of popularity to competitions of the 'word-making' kind seemed to come story-writing and drawing, and entries for either of these always attained a high average of merit, especially in the case of girls of fifteen and over. Sewing competitions were liked only by a very few, but anything in the way of descriptive writing was always eagerly attempted. The specimens given in this article are decidedly not taken from the best of those sent in; neither are they, except in the case of spelling, from the worst. The spelling and punctuation are given exactly as they stand in the originals, and an inspection of them will perhaps serve to show that in these two things, at any rate, there is room for improvement in the education of the children of the middle-classes.

EVA M. MARTIN.

WOMEN AND POLITICS

A REJOINDER

I

Miss Gore Booth appears to believe that women's wages can be raised by Act of Parliament; and that the main cause of the difference between their earnings and that of men is unfair legislation by a masculine assembly. I am not a political economist, and must leave this theory to be dealt with by those who are. I own, however, that I am profoundly sceptical with regard to it. Miss Gore Booth and I differ, not as to the fact of the miserable condition of great numbers of working women, nor as to its tragic importance, but as to the causes and the true cure of this state of things.

The question of female suffrage is but a minor point in the larger question of the right general position of women. It is a political question which I have no desire to argue, being (as I said in my article on 'Women and Politics') well aware that I am not competent to deal with it in all its aspects. My object in that article was to recall attention to some undeniable truths which lie at the very root of the larger question, but which are often and disastrously forgotten. I was certainly not pleading for elegant leisure, still less for conventual seclusion, as luxuries to be maintained for well-to-do women at the expense of their poorer sisters. I was pleading for home life and home duties as the natural and indispensable function of women generally. Nor did I represent women as too weak, but as too fully occupied, to engage in politics. I urged the claim for a fair division of labour between the sexes, and the paramount importance of those offices which women alone can fill as entitling them to some exemption from the more ordinary duties (*e.g.* electing members of Parliament and serving on juries) which men *are* competent to perform. I pointed out—did it need that I should do so?—that marriage and motherhood are in their very nature an arduous undertaking, the duties of which cannot be neglected without ruin to the nation.

The whole controversy seems to turn on the question whether politics and legislation are a sphere of labour or of privilege. If

political power be a mere privilege which can be used without either care or study, and which yet is certain to bring in its train an increase not only of wages but of personal freedom, by all means let it be enjoyed by all of either sex who can get it. But if politics and legislation (even our modern legislation by constituencies) are *tasks*, involving hard work and calling for serious study, then let them be undertaken by those whose hands Nature has left free. You cannot legislate with one hand and rock a cradle with the other.

What precise effect would be produced by giving votes to women is quite beyond the calculation of one who, like myself, is no politician. I doubt whether it can be accurately foreseen by anyone. Should the experiment ever be tried, the result may well prove much less important than we either hope or fear. It is, I repeat, not the value of the suffrage as a political engine that we have chiefly to consider, but the whole movement towards a redistribution of labour as between the sexes. I deprecate any such redistribution as would assign to women an increased share in the outer work of the world; not that women may be idle, but that their whole energies may be bestowed on their own more central work. While domestic life absolutely requires the immense amount of energy now bestowed upon it, which yet falls far short of the demand; while children are dying at so fearful a rate, or growing up stunted and degenerate because the full discharge of maternal duties is impossible where women are the breadwinners; while able-bodied men are not ashamed to be supported by their wives: while these things are so it does appear to me to be madness to encourage the ignorant cry for votes, as though they could cure the miseries brought upon women and children, and through them on the whole nation, by poverty and ambition, by want of thought, and want of dutifulness. The unnatural state of things, by which so many women are driven to compete, on very unequal terms, with men for a bare livelihood, and are thereby debarred from serving their country in family life, is surely a state to be corrected at any cost; not to be assumed as the permanent basis of our electoral system. Let that system, however, be what it may—it matters little, so long as women are true to their highest duties.[1]

CAROLINE E. STEPHEN.

[1] The Editor kindly allows me to introduce here a note which I regret to have omitted from my article in the February number (p. 281).

In our Quaker Parliament (as we may call the yearly meeting of the Society of Friends), there has been for more than 100 years a separate Women's Meeting; which, though without legislative power, exercises a very marked influence on the action of the Society, through the opportunity it provides for the voice of Women Friends to be heard on all its affairs, and for their views to be placed on record.

WOMEN AND POLITICS

A REJOINDER

II

MISS STEPHEN, in her contribution to discussion of the above subject in the February number of this Review, dwells upon 'the impossibility of detaching [the question of female suffrage] from the much *larger and deeper problem of the right general position of women*, and the feminine and human ideals to which that position should correspond and contribute.'[1]

These words strike the key-note of the opposition engendered in the minds of (I believe) large numbers of the most thoughtful women in this country, by the proposal to introduce and establish their sex in the political arena. There are, of course, many side issues; but the real ground on which we of the Opposition join battle is the fundamental one that the proposal involves a futile contradiction of the 'nature of things,' an ignoring of unchangeable facts and relations of facts in human life, which is bound to lead to disaster.

To many all this seems mere profitless verbiage. Of course (say they) the differences between the sexes are patent in carrying on the business of life. You need not enlarge upon them. We see them; but we hold that they do not affect the claim of women to a share in determining the laws by which they as well as men are governed, and in the management of affairs—in a word, the policy—of the country which is *their* country as much as men's.

It is certainly a plausible—many hold it to be an irrefragably just—contention. But let us look a little closer into the matter. Claims are of various origin. There is the claim of weakness upon pity, generosity, honour, good state-craft; but it is not this kind that the advocates of 'women's rights,' and of women's suffrage among those rights, principally urge. The claim to act, on the other hand, rests upon ability. Can women do these things which they claim to do? Are they, indeed, competent, and is it, therefore, desirable in the interest of the whole community that they should be admitted, to exercise all or most of the functions of the male citizen?

[1] *Nineteenth Century*, February 1907, p. 228.

Here occurs some divergence. People answer with all manner of hades of meaning—*distinguons*. Everyone, indeed, shrinks from the all'; everyone rules out certain functions, certain vocations, for which women are by nature too obviously unfitted for the most ardent champion of female 'rights' to claim female fulfilment of hem. But after the unanimous ruling out of these, there is much ariety of category in estimating the claims and functions of women part from the bearing and bringing-up of children. Some people re prominently for the political female ratepayer and her vote for Parliament. Do let in this little tiny concession, is their cry. It is reasonable as it is tiny; it would not alter the existing state of things, ocially or politically, a jot; but it would remedy a crying injustice certain ratepayers. And it is as a ratepayer that one stands efore the universe; and a ratepayer who is not a voter is a living contradiction in terms'—she is 'as smoke in air or foam on water.' hen comes another cry—or rather, a roar; The 'existing state of hings' as between the sexes in matter of politics is a monstrous survival of mediæval superstition and tyranny—it is effete—no, it is owerful—well, it is both effete and powerful; it must be overturned nd abolished. Women are the half of the race, therefore they ought have half the voting power of the English Parliamentary electorate. ive us this, and the New Jerusalem would be as nothing to the liss which will dawn on the women of England, and through them n the whole country. Every female worker will draw regularly en's wages, and the quartern loaf will be double its present weight r a less price.[2]—Oh, but we don't stop short with the suffrage, insists third cry. We don't shrink from—nay, we long for the sight of omen judges upon the bench, pleaders (yes, in divorce cases if you ill) in the courts of law, permanent officials in the Civil Service ou see they are already letter-sorters and telegraph-clerks), perhaps ventually even members of the House of Commons itself, Ministers the Crown, ambassadresses to foreign powers, and so on. I have ardly made a caricature of the medley; and I put in a claim that nificant facts are at the bottom of my banter.

For two things stand out clearly in the tumult of many counsels. irst, it is, even upon the female suffrage claimants' own arguments, cknowledged an impossibility to reason strictly *pari passu* between en and women in the distribution of the rights and duties of life.

[2] Miss Eva Gore-Booth's 'reply' to Miss Stephen (*Nineteenth Century*, March 907, pp. 472-476), makes one ask, seriously, whether she believes, and leads poor norant working-women to believe, that the reason women are paid lower wages than en is that they have not the vote for Parliament and men have it. Surely the most ementary acquaintance with economics should teach her that there is no Parliaentary road to the general raising of women's wages. It is not (as she seems to ink) a question of 'bringing pressure through the House of Commons,' for it is not, with men, a simple issue of demanding better wages. It is a question of *competition tween the sexes*; and that competition arises from causes which Parliament can no ore control than the tides of the ocean.

Both sexes are undoubtedly reasoning human beings, and probably of about equal average intelligence; yet it is conceded that precisely similar functions in the commonwealth cannot, in the nature of things, be allotted to both. This admission made, the remaining point is, Where and upon what principle is distinction of functions to come in? The claimants of women's suffrage, it would seem, make a clear answer. Our principle of distinction, they reply in effect, is that of *physical capacity*. Women are by bodily constitution unfit for certain functions and occupations, and the normal demands of life upon their bodily energy emphasise and increase this unfitness. To claim such functions and occupations would be absurd; but neither the exercise of the franchise nor any other function of political activity is one of them.

Now to persons insisting upon the ability of women who already are matrons of hospitals, mistresses of schools and colleges, physicians in full practice, &c., to meet the demands made on the energy, not merely of voters at the poll, but of members of Parliament, party-leaders, ministers of the Crown, chiefs in diplomacy—to persons arguing thus, the kind of reply set forth above may seem forcible and conclusive. But it has, as I submit, one fatal flaw. It runs counter to the whole purport and teaching of modern knowledge of the laws of life, which even a humble outsider may discern. That purport and teaching is to the effect that the human being, man or woman, is by natural constitution a living unity, in which various powers and functions are bound up; that to deal with such powers and functions severally, without regard to the others, spells disaster; that, consequently, if a certain plan of life is strongly indicated in one department of this unity, the overwhelming probability is that such plan ought to rule it wholly. And it would follow that to separate in consideration one group of vital facts from others essentially bound up with them is unscientific, unphilosophical, indeed—in the strictest sense of the word—absurd. But this is precisely the position taken up by those who would isolate the obvious, absolute physical disabilities of women—*e.g.*, to fight a battle or lay a line of railway—as having no bearing on the question of their fitness or unfitness for other activities also heretofore held appropriate only to men. Our contention, on the other hand, is that these obvious, absolute physical disabilities are not isolated facts, pointing to isolated exceptions to a general rule that all careers and functions in the community should be common to both sexes. We hold that they point to the existence of kindred disabilities, not so obvious but not less real; that just as absolute and permanent disability bars women from (say) command of an army in the field or service in the rank and file, so it bars them from the efficient exercise of political, legislative, and judicial functions, and from those of the executive Government of the country. The disability is not equally salient in respect of all these vocations; but it is

there.[3] And we hold that all this follows on due consideration, not of one part of the natural constitution of women, but of that constitution as a whole.

What, then (it may of course be asked)—what, then, is the 'plan of life' which you contend is indicated on 'consideration of the natural constitution of women as a whole'?

We reply, The plan which the practice of all past ages of human progress has followed, and which the whole tendency of biological teaching at the present day endorses; in few words, the ancient distribution of functions, still obtaining amongst us, which allots the direction and control of public affairs to men, of domestic to women.

Our forefathers knew nothing of biological science. But they knew a great deal about practical life. And so out of the contact of 'mother-wit' with the conditions of existence, this plan by which we still live was worked out—evolved, if you will; not by any set purpose or deliberate intellectual choice, but moulded daily and hourly by the pressure on mind and body in both sexes, of the needs of their being and its circumstances. And now the advance of thought and knowledge in these latter days gives reason and definition to the shaping, more or less instinctive, of human life in the past; it shows that the old distribution of functions is rooted in the unchangeable constitution of human nature, in which the abilities and disabilities of the sexes are mutually correlated.

I am well aware that an easy rejoinder can be made to the considerations which I have been humbly endeavouring to urge. It is, briefly, that '*nous avons changé tout cela*'; that, while in old days physical force counted for three-fourths in human affairs, it is now superseded largely by moral and intellectual; that in the intellectual region women are now equal to men, and in the moral, if anything, superior. Well! it is an idle game, this cutting up of nature into slices, and disputing which sex has the thickest. I revert once more to the unity of feminine nature, as of masculine; and I contend that in all essentials the likenesses and contrasts of the two unities have not changed with the lapse of time, but are unchangeable; that force—energy, if the word is preferred—still rules the world; that

[3] As a concrete instance in support of what I have here advanced, I advert to the spectacle now presented by the leaders of the agitation for women's suffrage. I would speak with all respect for their public spirit, and in particular for their hearty desire to better the lot of the toiling 'women-workers' of the country. But it is this group of leaders, their words and deeds—the disproportionate strength with which they insist upon some truths, the carelessness with which they shelve and ignore others—it is these clever and eager persons and their ways that seem to us to demonstrate most forcibly the natural, unchangeable incapacity of women for dealing with and deciding in the greater issues of life. Again, certain recent ebullitions of ill-temper and indecorum are doubtless but the follies of a few among many; nevertheless they are symptomatic, they indicate a temperament; they are as straws showing the way the wind would blow in the great gale to be raised when women as a sex shall be added to our electorate.

the masculine human unit is by nature endowed with a larger share of the energy of life than the feminine, and therefore by Divine (or cosmic) right ought to bear rule and prevail. That is, to use more old-fashioned language, men should manage and control the great affairs of life, and decide its main issues. *Politics belong to men.*

I am now brought to that which is, I cannot but believe, the supreme consideration in the present controversy. It is this: If, according to the passionate desire of a certain section of our countrywomen, the parliamentary suffrage, carrying with it the possession of political power, and entrance on the political arena, be conceded to women, it is plain that the effective supremacy of men in this country's affairs will be at an end—until, indeed, men seize it again, as they probably would, by main force. Till they do so, the decision of the great issues of life will be, as it were, put in commission between the two sexes, with results that no one can measure, but which cannot fail to be disastrous. At best there will be all the evils of a vacillating and unstable policy; in all likelihood there will be graver evils. For it is not to be supposed but that divergences will arise between the two wings of the vast electorate. Serious differences of opinion, of judgment, of feeling, often occur now between the sexes. Two will ride the horse. Which shall sit behind? Is it possible to imagine a more chaotic, a madder state of affairs than would be thus created? And that equally in the family and in the State, for the proposed revolution must inevitably run through the whole relation of the sexes.

Time would fail me, had I even the ability, to dwell upon the other dangers, the many losses, involved in the fundamental change now urged upon us. But I regret my lack of time and lack of wit the less, that such losses and dangers have been ably set forth by Miss Stephen. I desire, however, to note two or three points in conclusion.

(1) The important additions in recent times to the sphere of women's activities, the opening to them of new careers undreamt of in the past, together with their excellent fulfilment of the new demands, are often alleged as valid arguments for the concession to them of political powers and functions. But there is not one of the responsible public posts and offices newly open to women that does not come under the category of *domesticity*—paradoxical though it may seem at first to say so. They are in nature *home* offices and functions, albeit on the extended scale made necessary by the immense volume and complexity of modern social life. Women-physicians and hospital matrons care for the sick, mistresses of schools and colleges educate children and young people, members of boards of guardians care for the poor; and these are the very functions which from of old have been held appropriate to women. They are purely administrative, and they demand the personal element, the individual

care for individuals, which is the characteristic excellence of women's activity; but for these very reasons they are essentially distinct from political activities, and can furnish no argument for the concession of the latter.

(2) By far the most serious aspect of the claim advanced for women's suffrage is presented by the great meetings, the 'manifestos,' petitions and appeals of thousands of working-women, who urgently demand the franchise, both as their 'right' and as the one thing of prime necessity for bettering their conditions of life. We cannot doubt that great numbers of this class are fully convinced; first that they suffer wrong and loss by lack of the franchise, and next, that its attainment is the only thing that can right them, and that it would be certain to do so. I am not in the least surprised that they should be thus minded, and I regard their endeavour to give effect to their conviction with the greatest sympathy and respect. I do not, I own, believe their demand to be spontaneous; but it is genuine, it is in ready response to the promptings of the able and determined women who lead them, and who, from a very different vantage-ground, direct the campaign in which they are the obedient rank and file. Their own lot is known to be one of the hardest upon earth; they themselves know little beyond it, and it is in no wise blameworthy, but the reverse, that they should seize ardently on an enterprise which, they are taught, will infallibly lighten burthens and increase comforts, in this toilsome world, for themselves and their daughters. But it by no means follows from all this that their claim should and must be conceded; that it is wise and practical, having regard to all the considerations involved; that the volume and unanimity of a class demand should put us upon that which would be literally the most momentous revolution in its affairs that this country could undertake. If, indeed, the impossible were possible; if it could be demonstrated that the only means for any great and lasting betterment of the conditions of life among our toiling women is the concession to them of a vote for Parliament, and, further, that the concession would infallibly effect this betterment; then, indeed, we might be driven to the concession of the vote as a lesser evil than the permanence of the present state of things with working-women. But to say this is to state a platitude. There is no political machinery which can *bring* about the vast changes we all long for in that vast field; they must *come* about by changes in the habits of life, in the social conditions, the interaction of various classes throughout the country. If the much longed-for vote were attained, and working-women could dictate to Parliament (which by no means necessarily follows), the result would, according to present appearances, be much hasty and short-sighted legislation, tending to increase the already too frequent ruin of home life and mother's care, as more and more women become bread-winners in place of

idle and self-indulgent or feckless husbands. On the other hand, our earnest hope and belief is that reforms in detail—reasonable redress of grievances and improvement of conditions—can be more wisely and securely carried out under the present and immemorial allotment of functions between the sexes than by upsetting that allotment.

(3) The mistake is often made by the advocates of women's suffrage of supposing that they who oppose it desire that women should hold themselves aloof from any interest in the public affairs of their country. I remember Mrs. Fawcett's eloquently insisting on the meanness of this supposititious programme for imprisonment of 'the female mind.' But the suffrage party may be assured that no such limitation is proposed or desired by their opponents. The latter, in common with other thinking women throughout the country, earnestly desire that their sex should take, as far as possible, intelligent interest in public affairs, and, further, should be acquainted with the main problems of the day, at least in outline, and more particularly with those bearing on female conditions and female needs. They welcome the exercise, more and more, of consultative and advisory functions, by reasonable and thoughtful women, in the country's concerns; they welcome the presentation of grievances and the suggestion of remedies by those toiling thousands of women upon whom rests so much of the physical burthen of life. But they are convinced that the last word in all these matters ought to rest with men—even as God has made man 'the head of the woman.'

Lastly (if I may presume to give my impressions in that respect), I believe that the great majority of Englishmen would, for their part, hold these views if the question of women's suffrage were fairly and squarely put before them. Miss Stephen suggests a Referendum to women. It would be interesting, but I do not think it ought to be decisive. My whole contention is that the matter is for men to decide, whether by Referendum or by our old-fashioned method of a General Election. If I am right in believing my countrymen are against women's suffrage, I earnestly hope they will have the courage of their convictions, and resist it, no matter with what volume of female voices it may be demanded.

THEO. CHAPMAN.

A FIFTEENTH-CENTURY FEMINISTE

CHRISTINE DE PISAN.

Christine de Pisan, Italian by birth, French by adoption, may be regarded not merely as a forerunner of true feminism, but also as one of its greatest champions, seeing that, in her judgment of the sexes, she endeavours to hold the scales evenly. Possessed of profound common sense, and of a generous-hearted nature, she is wholly free from that want of fairness in urging woman's claims which is so fatally prejudicial to their just consideration. She stands before us, at the dawn of the fifteenth century, Janus-headed, looking to the past and to the future, a woman typical of a time of transition, on the one hand showing, in her writings, a clinging to old beliefs and mediæval forms, and on the other asserting, in her contact with real life, independence of thought in the discussion of still unsolved questions.

Christine was born at Venice in 1363, where her father, Thomas de Pisan, of Bologna, distinguished for his knowledge of medicine and astrology, had settled on his marriage with a daughter of one of the Councillors of the Republic. When five years of age, she was taken by her mother to Paris, to join her father, who had been summoned thither some time before by the King, Charles the Fifth, to serve as his astrologer. At the end of the fourteenth century astrology played a very real and important part in men's lives. Before wars or journeys were undertaken, or additions to castle or chapel made, or even a new garment put on, the stars were consulted for the propitious day or hour. So deeply was Charles the Fifth imbued with a belief in the efficacy of this occult art, that when he wished to confer some special honour, or to express his gratitude for some service rendered to him or to the State, he sought to enhance his bounty by sending an astrologer as part of his gift. By the time little Christine arrived in Paris, her father had gained the confidence and esteem of the King, and was settled at Court with substantial maintenance. Here she was brought up as a maiden of quality, surrounded by much magnificence, for Charles loved beautiful things, and never stayed his hand to procure them, even when the gratification of his desires

involved hardship to his people. He possessed many virtues, but economy was not one of them. The dismal castle of the Louvre, which had been the home of the French kings since the days of Philip Augustus, found no favour in his sight as a place of residence, and he quickly set about building the sumptuous Hôtel de St. Paul. The Louvre he destined for official functions, for an arsenal, and for his library. To collect books was one of his greatest delights, and he spared no trouble or money to make his library as complete as possible. To increase its usefulness, he employed a number of translators, not only of Greek and Latin authors, but also of the most important Arabic writings, thus bringing both the classics and the science of the day within the reach of the many students privileged to make use of it. It was in this library that Christine spent many hours reading, and meditating on the thoughts of the greatest minds, thus fitting herself for the part she had to play when life had ceased to be a gay dream. We can get from a miniature in a *Book of Hours*, now at Chantilly, and painted by the brothers Limbourg for Jean, Duc de Berry, a brother of the King, some idea of what this old royal residence of the Louvre was like. In this miniature we see represented a square, grim castle, with a large tower at each corner, and narrow slits for windows, suggestive more of a place of refuge in time of war and tumult than the home of a peace-loving, enlightened king. When Charles determined to beautify this sombre structure, statues were set up without, and tapestries hung within. One of the towers was fitted up for the library, panelled with rare woods, and furnished with some thirty small chandeliers and a large central silver lamp, all kept lighted both night and day so that work could go on at all hours. In the courtyard, an outside circular staircase (one of the earliest, if not *the* earliest, of the kind), was added to give, as was said, a note of gaiety. But the idea of gaiety seems somewhat ironical when we learn that, as it was difficult to get a sufficient number of large slabs quarried quickly, headstones from the cemetery of the Holy Innocents were taken for the purpose! How characteristic this of a people who could with equal lightheartedness carve grinning grotesques in the most sacred part of the Sanctuary!

Christine, as a child, showed an extraordinary capacity for learning, and this her father zealously fostered and developed. At the age of fifteen she married, and married for love, the King's notary and secretary, Etienne de Castel, a gentleman of Picardy. Her happiness and well-being seemed assured, but Fortune, whose wheel is ever revolving, though sometimes so slowly as to lull us into forgetfulness, had decreed otherwise. For Christine it revolved all too quickly. Two years after her marriage the King died (1380), and her husband and father lost their appointments. Gradually anxiety and sorrow crept like some baneful atmosphere into the once happy home. First she lost her father, and then, two or three years later, her husband

died, leaving her, at the age of twenty-five, with three children to provide for. Like many another, she turned to letters as both a material and a mental support. Endowed with an extraordinary gift of versification, she began by writing short poems, chiefly on the joys and sorrows of love, expressing sometimes her own sentiments, sometimes those of others for whom she wrote. But she tells us that often when she made merry, she would fain have wept. How many a one adown the centuries has re-echoed the same sad note!

'Men must work, and women must weep.' So says the poet. But life shows us that men and women alike must needs do both. And so the sad Christine set to work to fit herself, by the study of the best ancient and modern writers, to produce more serious matter than love-ballads. 'I betook myself,' she says, 'to ancient histories from the beginning of the world, and then to the study of the sciences and the poets.' We can picture her to ourselves at work in the library of the Louvre, amidst its 900 precious MSS., and in the library of the University of Paris, to which she had access through her friend, the renowned Chancellor, Gerson. In a miniature at the beginning of one of her MSS., she is seen seated, in a panelled recess, on a carved wooden bench, dressed in a simple blue gown and a high white coif. She is working at a folio on a large table covered with tapestry, and a greyhound is lying at her feet. It is quite possible that this may be either a conventional setting, or one due to the imagination of the artist, but as the miniaturists of those days were, as far as they could be, realists, it is more than probable that we here see her represented at work in her favourite nook in the Louvre library, together with the faithful dog who shared her lonely hours. Gradually solace came to her through her work, and having found so precious a treasure for herself, she, like our own modern sage, never tired of preaching to others the gospel of its blessedness.

Whilst Christine wrote, and lived her student life, her fame went forth, and princes sought, by tempting offers, to attach her to their Courts, but without success. Of these, Henry the Fifth of England, and Gian Galleazo Visconti, Duke of Milan, were the most importunate, and particularly the former, who was unaccustomed to rebuff and failure. But Christine, with repeated gracious thanks and guarded refusals, remained firm. No reason for her decision is recorded, but it may well be believed that her patriotism would not allow her, even with the certainty of ease and emolument, to quit France at this critical time.

Although Christine's reading was very varied and extensive, there were two subjects—the amelioration of her war-distraught country, and the championship of the cause of womankind—which specially appealed to her as a patriot and a woman, and for which she strove with unceasing ardour. France was in a sorry plight. There was war in the land, there was war in the palace. The sick King

suffered more and more from attacks of madness, and during these periods the Dukes of Orleans and Burgundy fought for the regency. Christine began her patriotic work by fervent appeals to Isabella, the Queen, to use her influence to put an end to these dissensions which so greatly added to the troubles of the kingdom. She also lost no opportunity of proclaiming, in her various writings, the duties and responsibilities of kings and nobles to the people, and the necessity, if there were ever to be peace and prosperity, of winning their regard. At the command of Philip le Hardi, Duke of Burgundy, uncle of the King, she wrote, in prose, *Le Livre des faits et bonnes mœurs du roi Charles V.*, recounting his virtuous life and deeds, and their advantage to the realm, and introducing a remarkable dissertation on the benefit to a country of a strong middle class. She of course reasoned from Aristotle. The subject is a commonplace one now, but in the case of anyone living at the beginning of the fifteenth century, and brought up, as Christine had been, at a magnificent Court, it shows rare independence and breadth of thought to have grasped and proclaimed with such firmness and clearness as are displayed in her treatise the germ of the policy of all modern civilised nations—that a middle class is essential to bring into touch those placed at the opposite extremes—the rich and the poor.

In another of her prose writings, *Le Chemin de long estude*, she dreams that the Cumaean Sibyl appears to her, and offers to take her to the other world, but promises to show her, on the way, what is worth seeing in this! However exhausting this programme may appear to us, Christine, knowing the real passion of the Middle Ages for travel—for even those who could not travel in reality did so in imagination—makes use of it as a setting for the introduction of a discussion on the qualities most necessary to good government. This dream-journey she dedicates to the King, Charles the Sixth, for his diversion in his saner moments, and thus again introduces into high places the subject so near to her heart. But though she laboured so unceasingly for the good of her country, she also did her utmost to defend her sex from the indiscriminate and malicious censure which had been heaped upon it, for the evil spoken seemed to her to far outweigh the good. A century before, Dante had idealised woman—even if, as some think, he personified some abstract quality—and placed her in heaven beside the Deity. Chivalry had also idealised woman, but in an exotic, exaggerated manner, which was bound to reach its zenith, and bound also to have its darker side. So we find that to speak good or ill of womankind became a conventionalism in the Middle Ages. Black or white was the tone chosen by the artist in words. There was no blending, no shading. Women were either deified, or held to be evil incarnate. The material side of life men understood, and could depict with some exactness, but to in any way grasp its subtler aspects required an education which could be attained

only by slow degrees, since it meant the gradual modification of the long-cherished illusion that brute force is the world's only weapon. A want of capacity to discern is often responsible for a depreciatory opinion, and we can but ascribe this strangely narrow-minded and superficial attitude towards woman to some such want. Christine set herself the task of trying to remedy this evil, not by shouting in the market-place, but by studying men and women as God made them, and as she found them. Before she began her work, a new day seemed to be dawning. Just as, when classicism was in full decadence, Plutarch wrote *De Mulierum Virtutibus* (of the virtue of women), so, in the fourteenth century, Boccaccio gave to the world *De Claris Mulieribus* (of right-renowned women). We do not expect to find woman treated on a very high plane by Boccaccio, but we recognise that, in a way, this work forms a fresh starting-point in the eternal controversy. Perhaps we should not have had this curious collection of stories of women, virtuous and vicious, mythological and historical —stories which are certainly very inferior as art to those of the Decameron—had not a crisis occurred in Boccaccio's life. One day a Carthusian monk came to him with a warning message from the dead, and, much troubled in mind, he resolved to try to begin life afresh. But he was a better story-teller than a moraliser. He would fain save his soul, but he liked and courted popularity, and knew well the deeper meaning of the proverb, 'A terreno dolce, vanga di legno.' And so he mingles virtue and vice, hoping, as he says, that 'some utility and profit shall come of the same.' To us of to-day, the chief interest of this work is that Boccaccio's fame perhaps gave a definite impetus to the discussion of the sex, instead of wholesale assertion, and also that it probably suggested to Chaucer the idea for his *Legend of Good Women*. How refreshing to find ourselves in the atmosphere of the kindly Chaucer! Let us pause for a moment, and recall what *he* says of women, he who was not only a knightly court poet, but also a popular singer, well versed in the practical wisdom of life. In the prologue to his *Legend of Good Women* we read, 'Let be the chaf, and wryt wel of the corn,' and in allusion to his library of sixty books, old and new, of history and love-stories, he says that for every bad woman, mention was duly made of a hundred good ones. Time and experience in no way dulls this appreciation, for when, later, the *Canterbury Tales* appear, his estimate has risen tenfold, since in the prologue to *The Miller's Tale* we read, 'And ever a thousand gode ageyn one badde.' From this time onwards, literature on the subject increases almost *ad infinitum*. Treatises and imaginary debates seem to vie with each other for popularity. All these make intensely interesting reading, for these fanciful discussions, which are supposed to take place, sometimes between a man and a woman, sometimes between a mixed company in a garden or villa or some bath resort where many are gathered together, are really a record of the intel-

intellectual amusements of the late Middle Ages and the Renaissance. 'Que devez-vous préférer, du plaisir qui va vous échapper bientôt, ou d'une espérance toujours vive, quoique toujours trompée?' 'Which sex loves the most easily or can do best without love?' Suchlike were the subtle problems which on these occasions folk set themselves to solve.

Christine began her serious work in the cause of womankind by attacking two books, Ovid's *Art of Love*, and *The Romance of the Rose*, both of which it was regarded, in the Middle Ages, as wellnigh sacrilegious to decry. Her challenge, *L'Epistre au Dieu d'Amours*, took the form of an address to the God of Love, professing to come from women of all conditions, imploring Cupid's aid against disloyal and deceitful lovers, whose base behaviour she largely attributes to the false teaching of these two books. This argument appeared in 1399, and she soon discovered that she had stirred up a hornet's nest. But she had attacked advisedly and fearlessly, and was quite prepared for any counter onslaught. Her position was considerably strengthened by the allegiance and co-operation of her staunch friend, Gerson, the Chancellor, who himself took up arms against the flagrant scurrility to be found in the portion of *The Romance of the Rose* contributed by Jean de Meun. Other powerful allies joined the cause, and, to help to crystallise their efforts, species of 'Courts of Love' were instituted, not to discourse on love alone, as heretofore, but in the defence of woman also. All who united in this meritorious fellowship undertook to wear a distinctive badge, and thus proclaim boldly their confession of faith. Among these orders, one was styled 'l'écu verd à la dame blanche,' another 'l'ordre de la Rose,' and so on, suggestive of their purport. This moral and literary contest is perhaps the most brilliant of the many discussions that took place in the Middle Ages in honour of women. The highest and the wisest in the land joined in it, but all the honour must be given to Christine for having, by her brave and reasonable attitude, caused the problem, which henceforth was to evolve like truth itself, to be treated on a rational basis.

L'Epistre au Dieu d'Amours is an extraordinary product of worldly wisdom and common sense, seasoned with satire. One of the complaints against disloyal suitors, and one which strikes a singularly modern note, is that they make protests of love, and false promises, which must be either paid for in ready money or rejected with scorn. Then the hero, if he has won the day, proclaims his victory in taverns and other places of resort, and even in mixed company. Or if, as is more often the case, he has lost it, he still tries, by suggestive hints, to appear to his fellows a successful gallant. Surely the worldling of to-day does not seem to differ very essentially from his brother of the fifteenth century, or to have progressed any further along the path of loyalty!

Christine's line of argument is that the many must not be condemned for the shortcomings of the few, and that even when God made the angels, some were bad. She goes on to answer the charge that books are full of the condemnation of women, by the simple remark that books were not written by women. Where is the shade of the worthy Christine to-day? Does it walk the earth with a flag of triumph or a laurel wreath whilst its sisters in the flesh are writing on every subject in heaven and earth and sea? 'De nos jours, le monde est aux femmes!'

Is it marvellous, asks Christine, that a woman—'une chose simplete, une ignorante petite femmellette,' as she expresses it—should be betrayed by man, when even the great city of Troy was, and when all the books and romances are full of the betrayal of kings and kingdoms? And if woman is not constant by nature, why should Jean de Meun, in *The Romance of the Rose*, devise so many tricks to deceive her, seeing that it is not necessary to make a great assault upon a feeble place? Then she deftly turns the tables on the other sex, reminding each that he is the son of his mother, and that—

> Se mauvaise est il ne peut valor rien,
> Car nul bon fruit de mal arbre ne vient.

And so on to the end, all is argument and banter. The repute of her letter must have travelled quickly, for whilst Christine was still combating with dissentients, an epitomised rendering of it appeared (1402) in English from the pen of Hoccleve, the pupil of Chaucer, entitled, 'The lettre of Cupide, God of Love.'

Later, Christine writes *La Cité des Dames*, an account of the building of an imaginary city which is to enshrine all the heroic deeds of women. This has been aptly called 'The Golden Book of Heroines.' It may certainly be considered her masterpiece on her favourite subject. Her wonderful sense of justice, her ideas on the education of women, her discrimination as to the part women should take in public affairs, and other matters too diverse to be dealt with here, make it a marvellous *résumé* of statesmanship as far as it goes. It is a real Utopia. Perhaps to Christine it was a glimpse of the Promised Land! As we read her views on the education of boys and girls together, in this happy city, we feel that she might be discussing with us the problems of to-day. She says that if boys and girls are taught the same subjects, girls can, as a rule, learn just as well, and just as intelligently, as boys, and so on. In this conclusion she forestalls the learned Cornelius Agrippa, a doctor and philosopher of the sixteenth century, one of the most original and remarkable men of his time, who boldly asserts that sex is merely physical, and does not extend to soul or rational power.

Of her poetical writings on love and the sexes, perhaps the most enchanting is *Le Livre du Dit de Poissy*. In it she takes us, on a

bright spring morning, with a joyous company from Paris to the royal convent of Poissy, where her child is at school. She describes all the beauties of the country, the fields gay with flowers, the warblings of the birds, the shepherdesses with their flocks, the willow-shaded river bank along which they ride, the magic of the forest of St. Germain, a little world apart of greenery and shade, filled with the song of nightingales. Laughing and singing by the way, they reach the convent gate. Then follows a description of the beautiful carved cloisters, the chapter-house, the nuns' dress and their dormitory, the garden scented with lavender and roses, with one part, where small animals are allowed to run wild, left uncultivated, and the ponds well stocked with fish. As the day wanes, they bid farewell to the nuns, who offer them gifts of purses and girdles, embroidered in silk and gold, worked by their own hands. They return to the inn where they are to spend the night, and, after supper, wander forth to listen to the nightingales, then dance a carole, and so to bed. The ride back to Paris in the morning, during which the discussion on the sexes is introduced, is painted with the same impressionist touch, and it is with real regret that we take leave of these happy folk as they alight in Paris city from their stout nags.

Another similar discourse, *Le Débat de Deux Amants*, has for setting a gala entertainment at the magnificent dwelling in Paris of the Duke Louis of Orleans, brother of the king. He had married Valentine Visconti, daughter of Gian Galleazo Visconti, founder of the Certosa, near Pavia, a princess well versed in pomp and splendour. It is on a day in May, the garden is gay with gallants and fair ladies. We hear the minstrels play, and watch some of the company, decked with garlands, dancing under the trees. In the palace there is music and singing. Christine is seated, in a tapestried hall, with one or two esquires who prefer to discourse of love to joining in the jollity. After a time the talk turns on fickle men, and Christine brings forth from her vast storehouse of knowledge classical and mediæval examples. As she mentions Theseus, and recalls his baseness to Ariadne, she points to the tapestry on the wall before them, where the story is woven. This little touch makes the scene very real to us, for the record of the purchase of this tapestry, with the price of twelve hundred francs paid for it, may still be found amongst the royal inventories.

There is such a volume and variety of works from Christine's pen that it is no easy task, under limited conditions, to make a fair selection. One of the most significant, since it deals with a subject on which she was wont to dwell, is *La Mutation de Fortune*. In it she writes, as it were, with her heart in her hand, telling first of the sore havoc Fortune has wrought amongst those most dear to her. Then she turns to the world in general, not, however, in the spirit of the pessimist, but rather in that of the philosopher. She well knows

that Fortune is no blindfolded goddess turning writhing humanity on a wheel, but a something rooted in ourselves, and she has pity for 'la povre fragilité humaine.'

Once again, with her versatile gifts, she turns from philosophy to a treatise on military tactics and justice, *Le Livre des Faits d'Armes et de Chevalerie*. However devoid of interest, except as a landmark in the history of military strategy and customs, this work may be to-day, it was thought of sufficient importance in the reign of our Henry the Seventh for the king to command Caxton to make a translation of it, and it was quoted as an authority in the reign of Henry the Eighth. Considering the nature of its contents, this seems quite an extraordinary tribute to the judgment and ability of the writer.

But the misery of France is ever increasing. Ceaseless civil war and foreign invasion impoverish the people, and make desolate the land. The dissolute Court is extravagant, and filled with discord. Christine, fired with patriotic fervour, once more makes an effort, which proves to be her final one, to arouse the pleasure-loving nobility to some sense of its obligations to the nation. *Le Livre des Trois Vertus*, and *Le Livre de la Paix*, appear one after the other. In the former, which she dedicates to the Dauphine, Margaret of Burgundy, her theme is the influence a princess may and should have on Court life; in the latter, the duties of princes to the people.

But it is too late. The sand in the hour-glass is running low. Disaster follows upon disaster, until the final blow is struck at Agincourt (1415), where the flower of the French nation is cut off, and princes of the blood are carried away into exile. Christine, with bleeding heart, and worn with trouble and disappointment, retires to the convent of Poissy, perchance to find peace and consolation within its tranquil walls, and to implore heaven's aid for her sore-stricken country. For fourteen years no sound from her reaches the outside world. Then, inspired by the glorious advent and deeds of Joan of Arc, with all her old passion she pours forth a final hymn of praise and thanksgiving to the woman who has at last aroused France to patriotism, and so dies in peace.

ALICE KEMP-WELCH.

M. CLEMENCEAU AS WRITER AND PHILOSOPHER

FEW men are better known than M. Clemenceau. He has been before the public for nearly forty years during one of the most interesting, though not—unfortunately—the most glorious periods of French history; and his dash, his wit, his go, together with his savage logic, have made him an exceptionally conspicuous figure on the political stage. It is curious that his literary achievements should be so seldom spoken of. M. Clemenceau has written nearly a dozen volumes, on a variety of subjects, and some of them were undoubtedly successful, if passing through six, eight, or ten editions means success for a book. Yet M. Clemenceau, as a writer, is not well known; people hardly ever quote from his books, many cultivated readers have only a vague idea even of their existence, and, in short, they cannot be said to help their author much, in any manner. On the other hand, we see that M. Deschanel, with not a tithe of Clemenceau's originality, is in the French Academy for three or four volumes by which no publisher seems to have become very rich. (A strange enigma at first sight, yet not very difficult to solve.) In the case of the ex-President of the Chamber and would-be President of the Republic we see a man of slender power aiming at literary celebrity, as he used to aim at success in Society, well connected, and making the most of his old advantages in the interests of his new ambition. The result is such as clever management of this sort can lead to, viz. the paltry celebrity called notoriety.

In the case of Clemenceau, it is clear that the man, far from serving the writer, simply outshines him. One suspects that such a fiery Radical can only write to further his political action, and one is right—and I must add at once that this entire devotion to his ideal ought to be his chief glory—but one forgets that a man of such remarkable parts cannot be quite the same when he speaks and when he writes; that there is more effort to define himself on the part of a man who takes up his pen and strives to give full expression to his thought; and, in short, that most men of action are best explained by their writings.

This will be felt by whoever chooses to look into M. Clemenceau's works. The man appears before the reader's eyes with all his perfections and limitations—some of them unknown or only dimly apprehended—and his formula becomes clear and easy. In his books, as in his life and in his politics, M. Clemenceau appears to be an impassioned individual, whose characteristic is energy fed by a domineering ideal, but the ideal is that of the poet rather than of the philosopher, and this fact accounts for the mobility with which he has been so often twitted.

Most of M. Clemenceau's volumes consist of articles reprinted from the numerous papers to which he used to contribute. Some of them are a mere jumble, as if the journalist's drawers had been turned, such as they were, into the Press, instead of the waste basket, and they are often wretchedly got up. The worst in this respect is a fat brochure on the Dreyfus affair, at sight of which I experienced the same depressed feeling as the author himself once felt, at an inn where the landlady thought to please him by immediately turning the talk to the unfortunate Captain. But all these books possess in common the quality of being deeds, not words, and they are written in the crisp eighteenth-century French, which holds the reader spell-bound even when the matter is not quite to his taste. Three of them, *Le Grand Pan*, *La Mêlée Sociale*, and the novel entitled *Les Plus Forts* ought to give their author high rank in modern literature, and possess, in a higher degree than their fellow volumes, the charm of adding as many touches as they have pages to M. Clemenceau's portrait.

Nothing is so unfortunate for a man as to go by a nickname. For many years M. Clemenceau has been called the overthrower of Cabinets, and numbers of people imagine him only as a grim, saturnine misanthropist, sneering and snarling sceptically in a corner of the Chamber or the Senate, and rising from his bench at long intervals just to deal a deadly blow at a Prime Minister, no matter whether it be Gambetta or only M. Combes.

No fancy can be so remote from the truth. M. Clemenceau is neither a sceptic, nor a Nitzschean, nor a harsh ironist, nor a destructive politician. He is, on the contrary, more or less, the reverse of all that. Above all, he is not a sceptic. The form of scepticism affected in France during the past thirty years has been mostly the graceful, easy, and lazy dilettantism which has Renan for its father and M. Anatole France for its most complete exponent. Sceptics of this stamp are generally too fastidious to launch out on the muddy political shallows, and too averse from a plain aye or nay to expose themselves to the ridicule of adopting a system. Now M. Clemenceau not only has revelled in politics from his youth, but he never loses an opportunity of avowing a system, and this system is no other than hard and fast materialism, the materialism of forty years ago in all its crudeness, narrowness, and overweening finality.

The reader who knew nothing of M. Clemenceau's biography might be astonished at this statement. One or two facts and dates will dispel the feeling. M. Clemenceau is the son of a Vendéan doctor, who carried his hostility against religion generally so far that he never allowed his children to be christened. A Vendéan boy, brought up among the associations of the Giants' War, by a country doctor, who hated the Chouans and their superstitions, could only grow up a fierce Revolutionist and a staunch atheist. When Georges Clemenceau arrived in Paris in 1862, to proceed with his medical studies, he was already both a Revolutionist and an atheist, and everything appeared calculated to harden him in his beliefs. It should be borne in mind that most Frenchmen are open to philosophical doubts only through religion, and to religious doubts only through philosophy. One is either one or the other, and it is very rarely that a man in France thinks his own thoughts between the extremes of faith and unbelief, and passes from one intellectual stage to another by his own progress of thought. Georges Clemenceau had been brought up in a manner that admitted of no doubt, and the surroundings into which he was thrown on his arrival in Paris were not likely to shake any of his beliefs. Those were the days of the decline of the second Empire, when the motto was 'Revolution and Atheism,' and when a popular leader summed up his programme by saying 'You can only be revolutionists if you are first atheists.' The medical school of Paris was in the forefront of this battle. Most of its professors were only atheists, who carried on the materialist tradition of Cabanis and Broussais and thought that by preaching this doctrine they were doing their duty by the democratic movement as well. But most of the students looked upon this half-hearted conduct as despicable philistinism, and supplemented their masters' philosophy with the political theories rampant in the Quartier Latin papers. So M. Clemenceau found himself in a wonderfully congenial atmosphere, and developed the tendencies he had brought with him so quickly that before he was twenty-two he had been imprisoned at the Santé for a demonstration in favour of the Revolutionists of '48, while his essay for his medical degree boldly showed in print what the professors' teaching only permitted to infer.

Though pugnacious and more than outspoken, M. Clemenceau had nothing in common with the smoky and beery set above which Gambetta towered at the Café Procope. There was never any demagogic vulgarity about him, and in his manner, as in his writing, the chaffing tone does not conceal a peculiar aristocratic aloofness; the man is proud of the singleness of his politics and of his Vendéan and Republican origin. Clemenceau the youthful democrat, thought it beneath him to rant at taverns; he worked in the laboratories and read hard. He seems to have had an early inclination towards the English Positivists, who voiced his so-called materialism. It was at this

period that he became acquainted with Darwin, who, after thirty years, was to furnish him all the matter of his preface to the *Mêlée Sociale*, with Herbert Spencer and with J. Stuart Mill. His first publication after his medical 'thesis' was a translation of the latter's well-known work on Auguste Comte. This is not the place to state with proper fulness the effect produced in his mind by his reading of the English Positivists, and to contrast it with the tone he would have probably adopted had he gone to Haeckel's school instead. Suffice it to say that it may account for his latent idealism. Englishmen are never irreligious, even when they profess to be so, and M. Clemenceau curiously resembles them in this. The essay which he has prefixed to his *Grand Pan*, and to which the volume owes its title, leaves no doubt of this. It is easy to detect in it another English influence, that of Gibbon. The writer tells us the weird story of the mysterious announcement to the haunted crew of a Greek vessel of the death of the 'Great God Pan,' just when Jesus of Galilee was born of a Virgin. M. Clemenceau is a devout Pagan, and mourns, through nearly a hundred pages, the disappearance of the sons of heaven and earth. In true Gibbonian spirit he laments the iconoclastic mania of the first Christian Emperors and of the Popes and monks, who canonised their furor. Anon, the historian turns poet and his tone becomes one of triumph. The Great God Pan murdered by the *lucifugi* has been resuscitated at a touch of Spinoza's wand. *We* are Pan, we know it, for we know everything at present, and 'we command a total view of the world.'

This is a glorious revelation indeed, and whoever feels inclined to imagine M. Clemenceau as a sceptic has only to listen to his hymn. Such a hymn—unfortunately suggesting every now and then that of Sganarelle at the end of *Don Juan*—does not belong to sceptics, and M. Clemenceau is indeed a believer. He believes, like M. Edgar Monteil (in his *Catechism of the Free Thinker*), that physicists and biologists 'can no more be deceived than they can deceive us.'

If, then, we undoubtedly are the Great God Pan, we have only to act according to our nature and enjoy ourselves as once did the gods of happy Hellas. But we have hardly heard this cheering invitation when we are told—still in lyrical accents—that perfect happiness is something more than the disportments of many-shaped Jupiter. 'If we live to keep ourselves, we do well; but if we live to give ourselves, we do better. Every perfect enjoyment is to give one's self away and thus hourly bring one's self into communion with Pan, whose evolution has only placed us apart that we may make him greater and better.' This is pagan mysticism, but underneath runs the old vein of Christian charity. In a hundred other passages we read of effort, of sacrifice, of ennobling sorrow, and we discover, as I said above, that the same man who is so far from being a sceptic

but he adheres to every article of the Monistic creed is just as remote from being an epicure and preaches the noblest of idealisms.

Here probably lies the secret of Clemenceau's apparent shiftings. The materialist doctor in him does not shrink from the ridicule one incurs by talking about 'a total view of the universe,' but the idealist appears at every moment in the social reformer. He hates Christianity, which he always confuses with monasticism and the self-slaughter of ascetics, but he preaches self-denial and charity. Such contradictions are less rare in scientists than in any other section of savants. They firmly believe in God, and only refuse to own it because people far their inferiors call that God which certainly is not God. Huxley was one of those. Their lips are blasphemous; but their hearts are single and generous.

One ought not to wonder that a man who is a pantheist and yet talks of the nobleness of sorrow should not be a Nitzschean. A Cabinet overthrower is not necessarily a monster of selfishness. In fact, M. Clemenceau, in his novel *Les Plus Forts*, makes a dead set at the iron philosophy embodied in the *Superman*, and preaches quite an opposite doctrine of tenderness and love. This novel was published in 1898, when the author was under a cloud for the side part he had played in the Panama affair, and when he might have been bitter not only against the electors who had not returned him but against mankind at large. These circumstances only add vigour to the position he adopted in his book.

The—not very probable—plot is a conflict between two old friends, the Marquis de Puymaufray and the manufacturer Harlé, concerning the moral instruction to be given to a charming girl, Claude, who Harlé thinks is his daughter, but in reality is Puymaufray's. Harlé believes in nothing except success, that is to say, wealth, a wide social connection, a *beau mariage* and all that. Puymaufray, a ruined man and an unacknowledged father, eats up his heart in fruitless attempts to counterbalance his friend's influence. The child loves him, but her environment is too much for her nobler tendencies, and when Harlé calls to his assistance one Countess de Fourchamps, the quintessence of worldliness, the game is lost, and Claude launches, with all sails out, into the great Parisian life of sham, greed, and deceit, by marrying a politician she despises.

The novel is not well put together, some parts are clumsy, some others appear sentimental almost to maudlin, especially by the side of a few scathing chapters in which the corruption and hypocrisy of society are sketched in vitriolic touches, but it is a work of noble inspiration. The Clemenceau who wrote it is just the reverse of the Clemenceau of legend. No Breton nobleman dreaming his proud dreams in his lonely stronghold had dared endow with every high quality a Puymaufray so abhorrent to the harsh machinery of civilisation. For forty years politics have thrown M. Clemenceau's

lot with Radical manufacturers of Hark's stamp, honest liars who talk for ever of raising the working classes, and treat them, perhaps unknown to themselves, like Congolese planters; but how he must have despised these strong men, and how he must have enjoyed the idea that he was leading them, year after year, Government after Government, to social reforms which they hate like poison but will be obliged to swallow with a smile!

Clemenceau does occasionally assume the Nitzschean set expression, reckless language and cruel gesture, but it is only when he thinks himself in presence of selfishness or fallacy. Here the danger of his one-sided philosophy becomes evident, for his *Weltanschauung* conspires with his temperament and breeding to distort things to his view. He believes in effort and sorrow, but he hates God and harps savagely on the 'crimes' of God. Set the cruel entity aside in your children's education, and teach them astronomy and geology until they come to realise the great Pan. He loves Puymaufray because his Christian ideal is lost in his worship of his daughter, but he hates not only priests and monks and bigots of all sorts, but even nuns, merely because a supernatural love is superimposed on their lives of endless sacrifice. As their innermost life is communion with Christ, he cannot bring himself to believe that they really love human beings. He hates the shams of civilisation, the trumpery of courts, tribunals, and government. He abhors the hypocrisy of the *bourgeois*, and brands their vices and the corruption of their theatres in cruel, quiet pages one might think copied from Veuillot's *Odeurs de Paris*. In short, he often gives one the impression of a tender soul capable of the most violent hatreds, and disquietingly suggests the great ancestors of 1793, who were so gentle and piteous when the monsters in them did not show their fangs and glaring eyes. The more so from an over-sentimental and almost morbid love of animals, whom he calls—most happily, I must confess—sometimes our 'poor relations,' and sometimes 'the fifth State.' He is always right—even when exaggerated—in his sympathies, but he is often blind in his dislikes when unfortunately the Nitzschean thrusts himself in, and that is the danger of his nature.

Apart from the mistakes and violence thus brought about by his breeding, and, above all, by his poor philosophy, most of his writings suggest a regular good fellow with more humour than satire, and an inexhaustible fund of compassion for the humble and defenceless. Some of his short stories are indescribably touching and perfect little masterpieces. There is one—called the *Colibri*, of a child who dies and compels his mother to sing a song by his bedside, just when he is dying, which no reader can resist. Many others are unpretending humorous tales, full of air and sunshine—full of concealed art, too—which only a man really enamoured of the old provincial life is able to pen. The dry Voltairean vein never appears except when stupidity

united to conceit or selfishness and cruelty require proper castigation. Then the punishment is prompt and complete. The Parisian scenes in *Les Plus Forts* are as good as any written in that style.

This brings me to say a word of Clemenceau's literary parentage. He evidently owes his best to Voltaire and the other masters of the direct, lucid, and light language of the eighteenth century. When he swerves from that tone, as in the preface of the *Grand Pan*, his lyricism soon becomes insufferable: when he preserves it, he carries you along, whether you like it or not. He likes the Greeks, a rare characteristic in a modern French statesman, knows the English writers, and does not show off his knowledge of them—another rare characteristic of the modern Frenchman who drinks from those wells—I have not detected five Anglicisms in all his volumes, and Gibbon is the only writer he quotes.

This style is exactly that suited to a man who is, above all, a man of action, and never wrote an article or delivered a Parliamentary address without some set purpose and object. It is dry and apparently unemotional; yet, it is surprising how easily and fully it conveys the pathos which the author feels so continuously, even though he chooses to let it appear only in flashes.

In short, M. Clemenceau is a stylist as well as a thinker, and a man with a will, which qualities might all be summed up by just calling him a writer, as opposed to an author. You thought—in Pascal's oft-quoted words—to encounter a scribbler, and you find a man.

Would to God the man were as free from the prejudices inherent in 'a total view of the universe' as his rich and naturally noble nature would give him a right to be!

ERNEST DIMNET.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF LESLIE STEPHEN[1]

A DOUBLE interest attaches to this fascinating volume. It is a rare, original, and attractive character that is here described; and the book which describes it was the last work of the learned and highly-gifted author, whose untimely death the world of legal and historical science now deplores. Subject and writer were worthy of one another. It would have been impossible to find anyone more capable than F. W. Maitland of appreciating the strange and subtle blend—the mixture of gruffness and tenderness, of reserve and sympathy, of solitariness and capacity for friendship, of the love of letters and the love of nature, of irony and reverence, and many other apparent opposites—that made the charm of Leslie Stephen's character.

It seemed strange to some that a scholar, whose great mental powers and untiring industry had hitherto been concentrated on the study of medieval English law and institutions, should undertake the life of a literary man of our own age, a man, too, whose interests were essentially modern, and who was by temperament disposed to regard minute antiquarian research with something akin to contempt. But no one who knew the two men could have failed to perceive the sympathy that existed between them, the natural attunement of their characters; and any one familiar with Maitland's writings would at once see that here were the makings of a first-rate biographer. For his studies of thirteenth or fourteenth century law are no mere dryasdust researches after rule and precedent, no mere abstract deductions from the records of the Courts; they are instinct with human sympathy, with that quality of restrained and reasonable but vivifying imagination which distinguishes the true historian. In restoring the forms and the procedure of our early legal system, he got behind them to the ideas on which that system was based, and so to the minds and characters of the men who framed and worked it. And not only were these men familiar to him in general; he seemed to know them individually, these Edwardian lawyers and judges, to have talked confidentially with Bracton, to have listened to Hengham's

[1] By Frederic William Maitland. London: Duckworth & Co. 1906

judgments, nay, to have even sat at the feet of the English Justinian himself, so deeply had he entered into the spirit of the men of the Middle Age.

It was not really wonderful, then, that he should have turned his pen from the elucidation of mediæval law-books to perpetuate the memory of a beloved personal friend. The result is a biography of remarkable brilliance, truthfulness, and insight—a biography, too, which, like all good biographies, while never putting the author in front of his subject, even as guide or showman, betrays throughout the flavour of an individual mind, and inevitably, but in a delicate shadowy manner, delineates the writer's character and temperament behind that of his hero. Such is indeed the nature of all great biographies. A good biographer must keep himself out of sight so far as he can; but extinguish himself he neither can nor should. Do we not know Tacitus almost as fully as Agricola, Joinville like Saint Louis, Boswell at least as well as Johnson?

So here, not obvious, but to be found by those who read the book with this secondary object in their minds, is enshrined much at least of the character of F. W. Maitland as well as that of Leslie Stephen. The scholar who was the greatest writer on English law since Blackstone, who has created anew the study of his subject, whose name as a historian of the creative type will go down to posterity along with those of Savigny and Stubbs and Mommsen, has, in raising a monument to his friend, unwittingly built up his own, and shown himself to be not merely a great scholar but a writer of first-rate literary power, and a lovable, humorous, sympathetic man. Thus much it may be permitted on this occasion to remark, for the author, alas! is dead, and we may praise him freely. We may say that, had he never written this biography, the world would never have known how much it lost by that fatal voyage to the Canaries; we may be thankful that, with unerring insight, Leslie Stephen chose him to write—if any one was to write it—his biography, and that Maitland's life was spared long enough to complete the task. But he would have been the first to remind me that not the author but his book, and the subject of his book, are now in question; and to these, after a digression which Leslie Stephen at all events would have excused, I must now return.

The story of Stephen's life is not more eventful than the lives of most literary men, in whose careers the production of notable works or the development of opinions takes the place of action and adventure. Born in the year of the great Reform Act, of stout legal and evangelical stock, the son of the ecclesiastical historian, the brother of the judge, he was a delicate, sensitive, quick-tempered child, whose health at one time gave cause for anxiety, and was far from foreshadowing the vigour of his youth and manhood. Mentally and morally, however, he very early showed signs of what was to be his later disposition.

It is related that he refused to say his prayers if another person was in the room. His mother tells us that his first experience of a sermon bored him sadly. 'Towards the end of it,' she says, 'Leslie, quite forgetting himself, said in a loud voice, "Three." He was counting my rings. . . . Soon afterwards a loud yawn was heard from him. With these exceptions he was very good.' Poetry made a very different impression. Scott was his favourite. When out for a drive he would repeat *The Lady of the Lake* so loudly that the passers-by would 'turn round in astonishment.' When reciting *Marmion*, he seemed 'to have neither eyes nor ears for what was passing round him, but to be completely absorbed by what he was saying.' A love of poetry and a dislike of sermons were characteristic of him all his life. He preserved to the end his faculty for learning by heart. 'His memory for poetry was wonderful,' says his daughter; 'he could absorb a poem that he liked almost unconsciously from a single reading.' And in his old age he would shout Mr. Newbolt's *Admirals All* as he strolled in Kensington Gardens, to the surprise of the attendants, perhaps the sons of those he had astonished with *Marmion* sixty years before. Nor was poetry alone a pleasure. As a boy he read Boswell's *Johnson*—'the most purely delightful of all books'—and the first book he ever bought with his own money was *Vanity Fair*. Truly, in these matters the child was father to the man.

Four years of his boyhood he spent at Eton, but that famous school set no mark upon him, partly, it may be surmised, because he lived with his parents 'up town'—in other words, in Windsor—and thus could never be fully absorbed in the life of the place. He was not happy at school; his health was poor; and he left when he was only fourteen—at a moment, that is, when, for most boys, the best part of their school-time has hardly begun. Eton, then, cannot be said to have 'produced' Stephen—a word which in his connexion (he used to say) should be translated into 'failed to extinguish;' and it was to the loss of both that they were not better acquainted.

After a year or two at King's College, London, he went up to Cambridge and entered at Trinity Hall. For the next fourteen years of his life this was to be his home. His early physical weakness had almost disappeared; at Cambridge his health steadily improved; he was lean, as always, but active and vigorous in mind and body. In the wholesome atmosphere of the place, its studies, its sports, its companionships, he began for the first time really to live. His career as an undergraduate was not specially distinguished, but, 'without being brilliant, it was,' says Mr. Maitland, 'just that which a wise father might wish for his son.' He read steadily, rowed hard, took his share in the debates at the Union, and won a scholarship and eventually a first-class in the Mathematical Tripos. For ten years he rowed in his college boat; he was so keen about it that he seemed, to one who might have known better, a mere 'rowing rough.'

himself never regarded it as waste of time. 'The greatest pleasure life,' he wrote later, 'is to have a fanatical enthusiasm about something. . . . This is the real glory of rowing; it is a temporary naticism of the most intense kind; while it lasts it is less a mere me than a religion.' And he goes on to say that it is 'so closely und up with memories of close and delightful intimacies, that it most makes me sentimental.' He could not say more; against ntimentalism he was always on his guard.

Having taken his degree, what was he to do? Fate decided for m. He felt no call for any particular profession; why not stay here he was? His position as a Wrangler led on to a Fellowship; tutorship fell vacant; in a natural way—a way more natural then an it would be now—he accepted the post, took orders, and settled wn as a college don. For eight years more he remained at Camidge, living mostly with and for his pupils, sometimes rowing in e boat, sometimes 'coaching' it—we remember the prayer of Sir G. revelyan 'for the wind of a tutor of Trinity Hall'—occasionally reaching in the college chapel, looking after his young men's morals, aching them mathematics, and taking them out for long Sunday alks, after one of which—it is not surprising to learn—a young mpanion had to go to bed instead of to dinner. For his walking, the 'Tramps' (his walking-club of later years) knew well, was odigious. His biographer mentions some wonderful feats, such as s nearly beating a famous runner, Mr. P. M. Thornton, in a match in hich the latter was to run three miles while Stephen walked two. nce he walked his fifty miles, from Cambridge to London, in twelve urs, to dine with the Alpine Club; on another occasion he walked x miles and three-quarters within the hour. He despised the conitutional 'grind,' but a long walk was a joy to him, a tonic and a freshment, sometimes a moral resource or medicine, as when, like is shadow, Mr. Whitford, in *The Egoist*, he wanted to 'walk off his mper.' One of his best essays is that *In Praise of Walking*. He ften walked alone, but he did not, like R. L. Stevenson, prefer lonely alks. In fact, this rather grim, shy, reserved man loved companionip of the right sort, and could be the most delightful of companions. Nor must we look on Stephen as, in these youthful days, an athlete or athletics' sake, or as sacrificing the mind to the body. On the ontrary, bodily exercise and the *corpus sanum* that results were for im the best preservative of the *sana mens*; and mental sanity was is reward.

While engaged in the varied activities of a tutor's life (and to be tutor at Cambridge is no sinecure), he read widely—philosophy, olitical economy, and other stubborn subjects. He began to write, oo, not very seriously as yet, but such short pieces as his papers about e Alps and those whimsical, ironical, and illuminative *Sketches rom Cambridge by a Don*. He was reflecting, too, and reflecting

to some purpose. His reflections changed not only his views but his whole way of life. In 1862 he came to the conclusion that he could no longer subscribe to those religious doctrines to which he had assented when he took orders six or seven years before. By what exact process he arrived at this conclusion we are not told. It seems to have come gradually, without any painful searchings of heart; but it was decisive and final. As he himself put it, 'it was not so much a process of giving up beliefs as of discovering that he had never really believed.' He had taken many things on trust; the gradual opening of his mind showed him that he could do so no longer. Having arrived at this point, he could not conscientiously retain his tutorship, and he therefore resigned. But he did not give up his orders, apparently because he was under the impression that this was out of his power; nor did he lose his Fellowship. This he only resigned on his marriage in 1867; his orders he did not give up till 1875.

He did not even leave Cambridge at once. Two years longer he stayed on, unable to tear himself away, and doing what work he could. It was in this interval, during the American Civil War, that he first visited the United States. The occasion was notable. He was intensely interested in the struggle; he sympathised with the North, at a time when most of the influential classes in this country were Southerners; and, though Gladstone thought—and said—that Jefferson Davis 'had made a nation,' he became convinced that the North would win. He did not come back enamoured of the country or the people as a whole, but, what was of more importance, he made some close and firm friends. To Lowell, Holmes, and C. E. Norton he became deeply attached; and among all the charming letters, warm with affection, rippling with humour, that are published in this book, none are more charming than those addressed to his American friends. His opinions as to the war he defended in a vigorous onslaught on the *Times*—almost his only exercise in this *genre*:

> If I had proved [he says] that the *Times* had made a gigantic blunder from end to end as to the causes, progress, and consequences of the war, I should have done little. . . . But I contend that I have proved simultaneously that it was guilty of 'foolish vituperation'; and as I am weak enough to think anything a serious evil which tends to alienate the freest nation of the old world from the great nation in the new, I contend also that I have proved the *Times* to have been guilty of a public crime.

Soon after his return to England he left Cambridge for good, and launched out on what was to be the business of his life, literature and journalism, in the great world of London. He left Cambridge without regret, for his last two years had given him a distaste for the life, and he was glad to have been forced away to enter on a freer and larger course.* But he never repented him of the years he had spent at 'the Hall,' and he returned again and again with pleasure to his old haunts. In after years it was especially the old associa-

ions that rendered Cambridge dear. 'I love the sleepy river,' he wrote much later; and we can guess why. Thirty years after he had left, speaking at the unveiling of Fawcett's statue at Lambeth, he said:

I always associate Fawcett with a garden. . . . He loved it . . . not least because a garden is the best of all places for those long talks with friends which were among the greatest pleasures of his life. The garden where I have oftenest met Fawcett, and where I have talked with him for long hours, never clouded by an unkind word, is the garden of an old Cambridge college, with a smooth bowling-green and a terrace walk by the side of the river, and a noble range of chestnut trees, and the grand pinnacles of King's College Chapel looking down through the foliage. Fawcett loved that garden well.

And does not this beautiful passage show how Stephen also loved it, and why? Well may his biographer say, 'the siren Cambridge had sung her song, and won such a lover as she has rarely had.'

Once in London, Stephen soon found as much work as he wanted. Debarred, as he imagined, from adopting the law, he was 'driven,' as he put it, 'to the occupation of penny-a-lining.' His pen was busy in many quarters—in the *Saturday Review*, then at the height of its fame, in the newly established *Pall Mall Gazette*, in the *Cornhill*, *Fraser*, the *Fortnightly* (then edited by his friend Mr. Morley), and elsewhere. His work on the *Cornhill* and the *Pall Mall Gazette* brought him into connection with Mr. G. Murray Smith, a connection which ripened into affection, was cemented by common undertakings—notably, the *Dictionary of National Biography*—and lasted for the rest of Stephen's life. This is not the place to estimate or criticise the quality of Stephen's literary work—such a task would require an article by itself—but it may be pointed out that a large portion of his best writing took at first a journalistic form. This was the case with his *Sketches from Cambridge*, his *Hours of Exercise*, *An Agnostic's Apology*, *Hours in a Library*, *Studies of a Biographer*, and other works composed of scattered papers. These books show a unity of cohesion which indicate a definite conception and purpose in the author's mind. Of course there was an enormous mass of work, principally belonging to his earlier years, of the ordinary journalistic type—what he called his 'subterranean' work—which was not republished, and which Mr. Maitland has not sought, except in rare cases, to identify. As he well says, 'sufficient unto the day is the daily thereof, and to the weekly the weekly thereof.' There is a *cacoethes servandi*, as well as *scribendi*, but neither Stephen nor his biographer was likely to give way to it.

But besides these articles and essays, whether converted into books or not, what an amount of solid reading and thinking was put into the *History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century* and *The English Utilitarians*—subjects in which family traditions and his own studies had steeped him from youth up! What fraternal

devotion and discriminating sympathy are to be found in the lives of his brother Fitzjames and of Henry Fawcett! What model biographies, distinguished alike by judgment and learning, lucidity and force, are the volumes he contributed to the 'Men of Letters' series—the lives of Johnson, Pope, Swift, and others! His philosophy, as displayed in these books, in the *Science of Ethics*, &c., has the severe sanity of the eighteenth century in which he delighted. He made no pretence of being a metaphysician. Metaphysics he regarded as unlikely to lead to discoveries, but as 'a legitimate, normal, and interesting branch of imaginative literature. The poet and philosopher have this in common: they prove nothing, but by utterly dissimilar means they suggest a view of life.' If it was true that he thought of philosophy as akin to poetry, he was equally apt to criticise poetry from the point of view of philosophy. His literary judgments do not show much sense of form or much taste for the finer shades and supreme dexterities of expression, whether in poetry or prose; he took no great delight in the *mot propre* or the perfect line. For him it was rather the contents that mattered; and of these he was a shrewd, penetrating and sympathetic judge. Common sense rather than subtlety marked his critical work; George Meredith applied to him the epithet 'equable'; and his biographer approves.

These sober, sane, and equable judgments and descriptions of men and things he continued to produce for nearly forty years, in the midst of much laborious editorial work, in connection first with the *Cornhill*, afterwards with the great undertaking of his life, the *Dictionary of National Biography*. Few, if any magazines, have attracted so brilliant a circle of writers as the *Cornhill* during Stephen's management. Matthew Arnold published in it his *Literature and Dogma*; Robert Browning sent poems; George Meredith, Thomas Hardy, Henry James, Miss Thackeray, and other first-rate writers contributed novels; Henley and R. L. Stevenson (whom Stephen had brought together in Edinburgh) wrote essays. Of the editor's own contributions—which were many—a remark of George Meredith must be quoted, for its delicious invention and observant aptitude. Speaking of Stephen's style, he says: 'The only sting in it was an inoffensive humorous irony that now and then stole out for a roll-over like a furry cub, or the occasional ripple on a lake in grey weather.'

But his great achievement was the *Dictionary of National Biography*. For nine years he toiled, almost without ceasing, at this heavy task, until his health broke down under the strain. To Mr. Sidney Lee is due the credit of completing what had been so well begun, but Mr. Lee would be the first to assign the chief praise to the pioneer who determined the lines and principles of the work, who selected and trained his regiment of contributors, and set a high example of patience, judgment, thoroughness, and all the other editorial virtues for his successor to follow. Of the value of the

Dictionary there are no two opinions; it is doubtful if it has its equal, it certainly has no superior, in any tongue. Not content with editing, he contributed to almost every volume; and his contributions contain some of his best though naturally not his most attractive work. Dry as these lives mostly are, they are frequently enlivened by touches of Stephen's humour, as in his description of Robert Owen as 'one of the intolerable bores who are the salt of the earth.' Of his 'dictionary style' his biographer picturesquely and truly says: 'It is Stephen's very self on one of his "going days": making a bee-line across country, with no ounce of flesh to spare, and with that terrible step that looked so short and was so long.'

The Dictionary shortened his life. For a year or two, about 1885, he paid no visit to his beloved Alps; and a man of his nervous temperament and fierce application could ill dispense with holidays. The consequences were disastrous. Repeated collapses compelled him in 1891 to give up the editorship, and he was never the same man again. To give up his Alpine holiday was a loss which nothing else could make good. For seven-and-thirty years Switzerland was to him a source of health and pure delight. He was no great traveller; two or three visits to the United States almost exhaust the tale of his wanderings far afield; but to the Alps he went back year after year, at first always in the summer, for climbing purposes, latterly in the winter, for health alone. One of the original members of the Alpine Club, he was for years one of its most venturesome and accomplished climbers. It was said of him that 'he strode from peak to peak like a pair of compasses'; and Mr. Whymper called him 'the fleetest of foot of all the Alpine brotherhood.' His many first ascents—his passage of the Eiger Joch, his conquest of the Schreckhorn, and other feats—are they not told in the pages of the *Journal*, or described with inimitable humour, often at his own expense, in *The Playground of Europe*?

It was quite in his own ironical vein to dwell on the athletic and sporting aspects of mountain travel; we know how he hated 'gush.' But Switzerland was to him far more than a health-resort, or a gymnasium; the good that he got from the mountains was at least as much moral and spiritual as physical. They were endeared to him by sacred associations with friends and comrades, and still more by what he had felt in their austere and majestic presence. The long days spent upon the heights, in the ethereal air, the solitude, the purity and mystery of the higher Alps, swept the cobwebs from his brain, the melancholy from his heart, the dross from his soul. No wonder that—to alter Wordsworth's line—'the precipice Haunted him like a passion,' or that, as Mr. Freshfield says, 'the Alps were for Stephen a playground, but they were also a cathedral.' All true mountaineers, all whole-hearted lovers of the Alps, know what this means. One does not worship a cathedral; one loves it because of its associations, the

emotions it inspires—because, in short, one worships in it. And what he worshipped, let Stephen himself say:

> The mountains speak to me in tones at once more tender and more awe-inspiring than that of any mortal teacher. The loftiest and sweetest strains of Milton and Wordsworth may be more articulate, but do not lay so forcible a grasp upon my imagination. . . . There, as after a hot summer day the rocks radiate back their stores of heat, every peak and forest seems to be still redolent with the most fragrant perfume of memory. . . . They retain whatever of high and tender and pure emotion may have once been associated with them.

Stephen's first marriage, with Miss Minnie Thackeray, in 1867, put some limits to his climbing, though not to his enjoyment of the Alps, but it brought him instead domestic happiness. One of his love-letters must be quoted here. It was scratched with a fork on the back of the *menu* of a Political Economy Club dinner:

> My dearest Minny,—I am suffering the torments of the damned from that God-forgotten Thornton, who is boring on about supply and demand when I would give anything to be with you. He is not a bad fellow, but just now I hate him like poison. O-o-o-o-oh!
>
> Ever yours,
> LESLIE STEPHEN.

Some charming letters to Mr. Holmes and other American friends —no space, alas! to quote them here—show conclusively how happy he was. His wife's death, in 1875, plunged him into corresponding woe; and again his deepest confidences seem to have been given to his American friends. To Mr. Norton he writes:

> Do you sympathise with me when I say that the only writer whom I have been able to read with pleasure through this nightmare is Wordsworth? I used not to care for him specially, but now I love him.

In 1878 he was married again, to Mrs. Duckworth, and seventeen more years of wedded life were granted him. It was, on the whole—except for the overwork entailed by the Dictionary—his happiest time. A young family grew about him; his domestic affections, which were very strong, had full play; the circle of his friends was as large as he wished it to be; without going into what is called society, he came more in contact with the world, and was taken out of his somewhat melancholy self. Work he had in plenty, work he enjoyed, at all events after 1891. He was the recognised head of his profession, the *doyen* of literary judges, 'the best-loved,' as an unknown admirer styled him, 'of English critics.' The expression pleased and surprised him; for few men have ever been less conscious of their charm than Leslie Stephen.

So the busy, fertile life went on, till in 1895 the shattering blow fell, and his house was a second time left unto him desolate. 'The grief,' says his biographer, 'was much too deep for words'; but 'with quiet courage he tried, as it were, to piece together the fragments of a

shattered life.' Other losses he had too—losses of friends like Lowell, a nephew of great promise, a step-daughter of rare beauty and charm. His deafness grew upon him, to such an extent as to cut him off from all share in ordinary conversation. Of his subject in these latter years, Mr. Maitland gives us several life-like and touching sketches. After remarking that 'Stephen playing patience was not only a sight to see, but, if his luck was bad, a sound to hear,' he continues:

> *Another sight I remember, for I have often seen it*—Stephen sitting in an armchair, with some favourite book in one hand, while the other twists and untwists a lock of hair at one side of the head. Hair and beard are thin; every trace of harshness has disappeared from the face, but not every trace of that fanatical enthusiasm of which the essay on rowing speaks. He does not look much like a judicial critic of that book; but he does look very like Don Quixote—as noble a Don Quixote as painter could wish to see. And there is another look. The blue eyes wander round appealingly from child to child, for he cannot hear what they are saying, and wants to know why they are laughing. The little joke must be shouted in his ear or he will not be content.

No wonder that his letters are no longer gay; but the sadness was mingled with the thankful recognition of much happiness in the past, and of some still left in the present. His children, his correspondence with a few friends, and work were his great resources.

> I worked [he says] in order to distract my mind from painful thoughts, and at last broke down under the strain. . . . Meanwhile I have one great comfort. My children are all well and growing up as I could wish. My wife's two sons are as good to me as if they were my own, and my home is therefore in many ways a happy one, even now.

And again:

> My life is so sad and lonely, except for my children, that it might cease without loss to me or anyone. If I can still do some work, however, it will be bearable. I am cheerful enough, in a quiet way, as long as I can do something. Well, I have had a wonderfully good time, and must not whine.

Nor did he. His old impatience and irritability almost disappeared. 'I am,' he once wrote, 'like my father, skinless, over-sensitive and nervously irritable . . . one of the most easily bored of mankind.' But such slight defects were only on the surface. Beneath them were the real warmth and charm which made Lowell call him 'the most lovable of men,' and Mr. A. Greenwood write of him: 'None of his friends were able to stop at friendship for him; the sentiment went straightway on to affection.' Such as had insight and understanding soon found what was the essential nature of the man, but others were no doubt repelled by the impatience and irritability which he sometimes displayed. He was not one of those who suffer fools gladly. 'I cannot bear long sittings with dull people,' he once wrote; 'even when alone in my family I am sometimes as restless as a hyena.'

> But [says his biographer, truly] all the excitability, all the fidgets, belonged to the most superficial stratum of his character. They were an exterior net-

work, below which all was constant and stable. . . . From that pettiness which often accompanies a sensitive temperament he was absolutely free. . . . Not only as author, but as man, Stephen was equable. Not placid, not always suave, he was equable, constant, magnanimous, though the sheath of some nerves—never a very thick sheath—had been worn away by hard work and many sorrows. . . . He was a man with unusually strong and steady affections. I have sometimes thought there was emotion enough in him to equip two or three first-class sentimentalists. . . . I should say of him as he said of Thackeray: 'His writings seem to show that he valued tenderness, sympathy, and purity of nature as none but a man of exceptional kindness of heart knows how to value them.'

As age and infirmity came upon him, his character seemed to mellow. Instead of becoming more crusty under afflictions, as is the case with ignoble souls, he became, without losing any particle of moral or intellectual force, softer and gentler, and, when death was at hand, calmer and more resigned. He knew well that the end was near. 'What I think,' he wrote to Mr. Maitland, 'is that I am come to the last zigzag; every step will be "down-hill"'; and, with an unforgettable expression on his face, he used the same phrase in conversation with another friend. 'The last zigzag'—what a world of meaning and association is there! The hill of life, up which one laboriously and slowly toils, down which one slides with such ominous ease, was all but crossed. And what memories of happy Alpine days must the phrase have stirred in his mind! The misty dawn, the clearing peaks flushed by the rising sun, the long and steady toil, upwards and upwards; the repose at the top, the welcome repast, the still more welcome pipe under a cloudless blue-black sky; then the descent, the thrilling glissade, the toilsome moraine, the grass-slopes with their chalets and tinkling herds, the pine-woods exhaling their delicious odours in the warmth of the evening sun, the long stony path winding ever down until the last zigzag is reached, and below, as the shades deepen towards night, the final resting-place comes into view.

Like his friend Henry Sidgwick, who had gone that same way but shortly before, he showed neither hurry nor reluctance to depart, but calmly waited for the end.

Greatly as I had admired Stephen [says his biographer] I did not know how admirable he was until he was under sentence of death. . . . He was aware that the time was short; there was grave reason to fear that he would suffer great pain. But he faced the future not only gallantly, but good-humouredly. Not only did he 'scribble' away at his *Ford Lectures*, his *Early Impressions*, and his *Hobbes*, but his one great desire seemed to be that he should not be troublesome to others. As his bodily strength ebbed apace his faults vanished. The dross was consumed, the gold shone; there was no impatience or restiveness; the clear, strong intellect and the affectionate heart were tranquil; and the humour, the good-humour, played round men and books, and life and death.

G. W. Prothero.

THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY

A LITERARY organ of high repute observed the other day, perhaps ironically, that everyone knew the story of Madame du Deffand and Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse, because everyone had read *Lady Rose's Daughter*. Whether the expressed major and the understood minor be true; whether the conclusion follows from them, or whether there lurks in them the fallacy of the excluded middle, are questions which I am absolutely and equally incapable of answering. But it would be rash indeed to affirm that everyone knew the Greek Anthology because everyone had read the volume of Professor Mackail. Mr. Mackail's selection is judicious. His introduction, like everything that he writes on classical subjects, is perfect, and his book is a literary treasure for the general reader. The Greek Anthology, however, is, as Lord Coke said of the law of England, a very particular thing. It is the greatest literary curiosity of the ancient world. It is also a bridge connecting the classical with the middle age. It contains more than five thousand poems, all short, but varying in merit from the highest to the lowest degree. Some, like the epitaph of Simonides upon those who fell at Thermopylæ, are among the highest achievements of human art, whose austere simplicity scarcely seems to be art at all. Some are mere doggerel, preserved by the accident of time, which has robbed us of almost everything written by Sappho and of everything written by Anacreon. The modern anthologies to which we are accustomed are themselves selections from Greek literature in general, such as Mr. St. John Thackeray's and the late Mr. Justice Wright's. The real Greek Anthology is anything rather than exclusive, a treasure-house of things new and old, good and bad, from the dawn of the Renaissance back to the twilight of the Western world. Mr. Mackail's book, good as it is, gives a false impression of harmony and regularity to what is essentially discordant and irregular. These centuries of epigrams are divided into sections according to their subjects. Otherwise there is no thread, and the two quarto volumes of the Palatine Anthology are a confused jumble of the ages. That, indeed, is a large part of their fascination. One can hardly say, with Ion in Euripides, that no shepherd chooses to feed his flocks there, and that no scythe has

passed upon it. Mowers have been there, and even gleaners; and yet, like the Roman Forum, it only becomes more interesting and picturesque with each attempt that is made upon it. It would still be curious, entertaining, even beautiful, if Mr. Mackail's favourites were taken out of it.

An immense majority of these epigrams, all of which we need take any account, are composed in that elegiac metre which Ovid and Propertius learnt from Mimnermus and Tyrtæus. Coleridge has imitated it in a not altogether satisfactory couplet.[1] Clough tried experiments with it in *Amours de Voyage*. But it cannot really be written in English; we have no spondees. That eminent publicist, Hugo Grotius, an industrious man if ever there was one, took upon himself the stupendous task of translating the whole Anthology into Latin elegiacs. It was a labour of love, though he shrank from reproducing all the amatory poems. His quantities, however, were not always sure, and he falls as far short of Petrarch in versification as of Wellesley, Munro, or Jebb. Mr. Mackail's prose, with its dignified simplicity and delicate lightness of touch, gives as correct an idea as any modern language could give of what these epigrams are. The word 'epigram' is the precise Greek equivalent of the Latin word 'inscription,' and the current English use of 'epigrammatic' is as wildly perverse as 'phænomenal' for 'extraordinary,' or 'Platonic' for unreal. Metre and brevity are the common qualities of these little poems, which are often picturesque, still more often melodious, sometimes passionate, occasionally improper, seldom pithy or sententious. Many of the earliest epigrams, being sepulchral or memorial, answer to their names, and among these are a few flawless examples of majestic pathos, such as the simple couplet of an unknown author, which Mr. Mackail renders 'Looking on the monument of a dead boy, Cleœtes, son of Menesæchmus, pity him who was so beautiful and died.' The most famous specimen of the sepulchral epigram is the two verses of Simonides on the three hundred of Thermopylæ, which almost made a poet of Cicero. They are too plain, and too sublime, not to be quoted:

> Ὦ ξεῖν', ἄγγειλον Λακεδαιμονίοις ὅτι τῇδε
> κείμεθα, τοῖς κείνων ῥήμασι πειθόμενοι.

'Stranger, tell the men of Lacedæmon that we lie here in obedience to their commands.'

In another couplet, not less perfect, though less familiar, the same great poet varies the theme, saying that 'these men girt their native land with immortal renown as they shrouded themselves in the dark cloud of death.' 'But though they died,' he adds, 'they are

[1] In the hexameter rises the fountain's silvery column,
In the pentameter aye falling in melody back.

not dead, for valour glorifies them, and brings them up from hell.' Once more, as if unable to leave the subject while any view of it was unseized, Simonides writes: 'If to die nobly is the better part of valour, on us of all men has fortune bestowed it; for in our zeal to clothe Greece with freedom we lie decked with praise that grows not old.' The victory of Cimon drew also a tribute from Simonides which he knew would last: 'These men of old laid down their glorious young lives by the Eurymedon, fighting with the van of the Persian bowmen. Spearmen they were, and soldiers of the line, and sailors on fleet ships. The best monument they left of their valour is their death.' The Planudean Appendix to the Palatine Anthology, taken from the collection made by Maximus Planudes in the fourteenth century, contains one of the best epitaphs written even by Simonides, the occasion being the Athenian raid upon Eubœa of which Herodotus speaks: 'We were slain under the peaks of Dirphys, and a public tomb is raised in our honour hard by the Euripus, a thing not unmerited, for we threw away the flower of our pleasant lives, and welcomed the harsh cloud of war.' No inscriptions so entirely faultless in form and substance, in shape and thought, have been composed by any man, not even in Latin, the monumental tongue. Wordsworth was probably thinking of other and more pictorial poetry, such as the fragment of Danae and her babe, when he prayed that there might be discovered 'one precious tenderhearted scroll of pure Simonides.' But even if the fame of Simonides rested solely on his epitaphs, it would stand without rivalry or blemish.

The Anthology, as we have it, was first edited by the German scholar Frederick Jacobs at the beginning of the last century. The text was revised by Brunck, chiefly known, it is to be feared, in this country from the flippant rhymes with which Porson confessed that at the house of that scholar he had been intoxicated, or from the equally frivolous avowal of Mrs. Browning that she 'much preferred Euripides to Monk, Homer to Bentley, Sophocles to Brunck.' For my part I must honestly and soberly acknowledge that I would rather read Monk's *Life of Bentley* twice than all Mrs. Browning's poems once; and as for Porson, he got drunk wherever he stayed. To the students who compiled, explained, and illustrated the Anthology all lovers of literature must feel the deepest gratitude. It is not by any means plain sailing over this vast illimitable sea. There are Greek epigrammatists whose style differs as much from the style of Simonides, or of Plato, or of Theocritus, as the New Testament differs from the Dialogues of Plato. There are very few advocates of compulsory Greek who, if they were examined in the Anthology, would escape the plough. I should like for instance, to try them with the medical satire of Nicarchus:

> Τοῦ λιθίνου Διὸς ἐχθὲς ὁ κλινικὸς ἥψατο Μάρκος·
> καὶ λίθος ὤν, καὶ Ζεύς, σήμερον ἐκφέρεται.

'Marcus the doctor,' in Mr. Mackail's translation, 'called yesterday on the marble Zeus; though marble, and though Zeus, his funeral is to-day.' This is perhaps as near an approach to what we mean by an epigram as the Anthology contains.

The magnificent and anonymous compliment to Praxiteles is, however, brief and pointed enough. When Aphrodite saw the great statue of herself, she asked in dismay where Praxiteles could have seen her without her clothes. But the Greek interjection φεῦ, 'oh dear,' stamps this epigram as modern. The older and longer form of it, attributed to Plato, represents the goddess as simply struck by the fidelity of the likeness. I wonder that Mr. Mackail should adopt a version which confounds Venus in her glory with Eve after her fall. There are many epigrams attributed to Plato, of which Shelley has translated two, and it seems to be the better opinion that the philosopher wrote verses in his youth. Poetry he always wrote, especially when he was writing against it. That he should have composed the glorious couplet, thus Englished by Mr. Mackail, 'The Graces seeking to take a sanctuary that will not fall, found the soul of Aristophanes,' is a fact, if fact it be, full of literary and historical interest. The idea of Aristophanes as a rollicking, licentious buffoon is as false and misleading as Pope's picture of Rabelais laughing in his easy chair. Both Aristophanes and Rabelais were in deadly earnest. Their humour, apart from the animal spirits which sustain it, is often as deep as life, and as fierce as the bitterest invective. Although Aristophanes held Socrates up to ridicule as a dreamer and a quack, he shared with him, or at least with the Socrates of Plato, a dread and scorn of pure democracy as practised at Athens to which the great historian attributes the result of the Peloponnesian war. Ancient and modern democracy have really nothing in common. There was no representative Government at Athens, and Athenian society rested not so much on the rights of men as on the wrongs of slaves. It was not liberty, nor license, it was ignorance, the triumph of the unfit, 'captive good attending captain ill,' against which Plato directed his subtle irony, and Aristophanes his boisterous fun. Plato, who introduced Socrates and Aristophanes into the same dialogue, that wonderful phantasy called in Latinised Greek the *Symposium*, without a hint at any reason why they should not meet, knew that the 'prince of Attic drolls' was a great poet as well as a poet of nature, so faithful and true that Ruskin quotes him for the movements of clouds. On a tragic contemporary of Aristophanes, whom he never made the butt of his satire, 'singer of sweet Colonus, and its child,' there is a lovely epithet attributed to Simmias of Rhodes:

> Gently, where lies our Sophocles in sleep,
> Gently, green ivy, with light tendrils creep:
> There may the rose-leaf too and clustered vine
> Climb round his honoured tomb in graceful twine;

Sweet were his lays, with sense and feeling fraught,
Alike by Muses and by Graces taught.

The lines of Ptolemy the astronomer on himself, though not a sepulchral inscription, are full of immortality, and strike perhaps the sublimest note in the Hellenic gamut. 'I know,' says Ptolemy, 'that I am mortal and the creature of a day; but when I search out the many rolling circles of the stars, my feet touch the earth no longer, but with Zeus himself I take my fill of ambrosia, the food of the gods.' Very different in kind, though equally exalting the spiritual over the material, are the lines of Callimachus on his dead but living friend Heraclitus, familiar to all readers of *Ionica*. Another version, by Henry Nelson Coleridge, though less beautiful, is nearer the original:

They told me, Heraclitus, thou wert dead,
And then I wept and thereon tears did shed.
How oft we two talked down the sun: but thou,
Halicarnassian guest, art ashes now.
Yet live thy nightingales of song: on those
Forgetfulness her hand shall ne'er impose.

'Forgetfulness' is not exactly an equivalent of death or hell the ravisher of all. But on the other hand the phrase in *Ionica*, 'tired the sun with talking, and sent him down the sky,' is too exuberant for the three Greek words ἠέλιον λέσχῃ κατεδύσαμεν. Better than either English translation is the exquisite Virgilian

Sæpe ego longos
Cantando puerum memini me condere soles.

The origin of Waller's 'Go, lovely rose,' has been found with some width of conjecture in Rufinus's πέμπω σοι, Ῥοδόκλεια, which the author of *Ionica* thus rendered:

Flowers my fingers have been weaving,
Rhodoclea, you're receiving;
Here's a lily, and the cup
Of a full rose mantling up;
Fresh anemone hath met
With narcissus dewy-wet
And the dark-eyed violet.
Put this garland on, and then,
Lady, be not proud again:
Wreath and lady fair were made
Both to flourish, both to fade.

Of all the epigrams attributed, rightly or wrongly, to Plato, the most famous has been expanded by Shelley into the four glorious lines:

Thou wert the morning star among the living
Ere thy pure light had fled;
Now, having died, thou art as Hesperus, giving
New splendour to the dead.

Except that Plato says it in two lines, no criticism of Shelley seems possible or desirable.

The dedicatory lines to Aphrodite, inscribed on her own mirror by Lais, the professional beauty, are no more Plato's than they are Aristotle's, and Prior has made them his own:

> Venus, take my votive glass:
> Since I am not what I was;
> What from this day I shall be,
> Venus, let me never see.

It would be a grievous mistake to suppose that all the epigrams in the Anthology were of a melancholy cast, or even written for edification. The amatory poems of Meleager, a Syrian Greek, born early in the last century before Christ, are the fullest and the richest that even Greek literature contains. He was a consummate master of language, rhythm, and style. That he excelled in literary criticism is proved by his famous *Garland*, in which he lightly touches the qualities of his predecessors, and gives to the verses of Sappho their world-renowned epithet 'few, but all roses.' If you imagine Mr. Swinburne always writing at his best, and never dealing with topics of controversy, you will get some idea of Meleager, who would have been an erotomaniac if he had not been perfectly sane. Two lines of a greater than Swinburne,

> For love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
> Lives not alone immured in the brain,

might furnish a text for Meleager. His most characteristic poem is thus translated by Mr. Mackail: 'Nay by Demo's tresses, nay by Heliodora's sandal, nay by Timarion's scent-dripping doorway, nay by great-eyed Anticleia's dainty smile, nay by Dorothea's fresh-blossomed garlands, no longer, Love, does thy quiver hide its bitter winged arrows, for thy shafts are all fixed in me.' If any one man can be said to embody or personify the spirit of the Greek Anthology, that man is Meleager. He has not, indeed, the dignity, the austerity, the directness, which belong to the great Athenian Age. But the play of his fancy, the width and range of his imagination, his command of the Greek language with all its infinite delicacy and resource, stamp him as the prince of epigrammatists, or, as we should say, of sonneteers. At the condensation of the modern epigram he did not aim. Rather he delighted in endless variations upon a single theme, in ringing the changes upon the bells of his melodious phraseology. A metrical version of Meleager would strain the resources and repay the toil of a scholar who was also a poet. To judge from his *Theocritus*, Calverley might have done it. Among living writers there is none better qualified for such an enterprise by nature or by art than Mr. Gilbert Murray. Mr. Mackail's prose is almost perfect. But prose, of course, it remains, and there seems to be no bridge from

Meleager to prose. Here, for example, is all that Mr. Mackail, which means all that anyone, can achieve in that line.

I make hue and cry after wild Love; for now, even now in the morning dusk, he flew away from his bed and was gone. This boy is full of sweet tears, ever talking, swift, unabashed, sly-laughing, winged on the back, girt with a quiver. But whose son he is I cannot say, for Heaven denies having borne this ruffler, and Earth and Sea deny. Everywhere and by all he is hated; now look you to it lest haply even now he is laying more springes for souls. Yet—there he is, see! about his lurking-place; I espy thee, O archer, ambushed in Zenophile's eyes.

Whether this was suggested by a portrait, or, as is more probable, by Zenophile herself, it has all the effect of painting, and of poetry too. One epigram, not Meleager's, but attributed to Theocritus, whether it was written for a picture or not, is a picture itself, which might have been painted by Giorgione. Theocritus loved these miniatures, one of which appeared, I remember, some thirty years ago on the title-page of a popular novel. Μή μοι γᾶν Πέλοπος, it begins, 'Give me not the land of Pelops, give me not nuggets of gold, nor fleetness of foot to outstrip the wind; rather will I sing under this rock, holding you in my arms, and looking at the flocks as they feed together towards the Sicilian sea.' Theocritus, the first and greatest of all pastoral poets, a poets' poet as truly as ever Spenser was, is not to be judged, like Meleager, from the Anthology. Lest it should be thought that Meleager could write only of passion, I will quote the moving elegy which Provost Hawtrey, of Eton, translated in the same metre. There are no better elegiacs in the English language as there are no better hexameters than Hawtrey's Homeric 'Clearly the rest I behold.'

Though the earth hide thee, yet there, even there, my Heliodora,
All that is left I give, tears of my love, to thy grave—
Tears how bitterly shed, on thy tomb bedewed with my weeping,
Pledge of my fond regret, pledge of affection for thee.
Piteously, piteously still, but in vain grieves on Meleager:
Thou art among the dead; Acheron heeds not my woe.
Where is the flower that I loved? Death has torn it away in the springtide,
Torn it away, and the dust stains the fair leaves in their bloom.
Genial Earth, be it thine, at the mourner's humble entreaty,
Gently to hold in thine arms her whom I ever deplore.

But the haunting cadence of the final verse—

ἤρεμα σοῖς κόλποις, μᾶτερ, ἐναγκάλισαι

—was beyond even the Provost's power to reproduce.

The mournful side of Greek literature is so strangely attractive that we are in danger of magnifying its prominence. There is more enjoyment of life in the Anthology than in any other collection of verse or prose. One part of it, not a very large part, should be buried in everlasting oblivion. The book, on the other hand, which is

devoted to the fair sex has in it quite as much sentiment as passion, and much of it has a delicacy of tone which stands out in contrast to the unrestrained licentiousness of the rest. The moral, if there be a moral, is that which St. Paul borrowed from Isaiah, 'Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.' 'Drink and be merry,' says an unknown contributor to this section, 'for what to-morrow is, or what is the future, no man knows. Haste not, toil not, enjoy yourself as you can, be generous, eat, be wise as a man may; there is no essential difference between living and not living. Such is the whole of life, merely a turn of the scale; all you can get in time is yours, and when you are dead, another's; nothing belongs to you.' Mr. Mackail has put together two of the epigrams which may be called tender notes, or *billets-doux*, almost an English word by this time: 'Would I were a pink rose, that fastening me with thine hands thou mightest grant me grace of thy snowy breast,' and 'Would I were a white lily, that fastening me with thine hands thou mightest satisfy me with the nearness of thy body.' The descriptive verses, full of such lovely names as Demo, and Timarion, and Anticlea, and Heliodora, are sometimes too warm for our chilly northern atmosphere. From the same inexhaustible storehouse of erotic ditties comes the original of 'Drink to me only with thine eyes,' which Rare Ben himself never surpassed. 'I am not fond of wine,' Agathias would have said in plain English, 'but when you wish to inebriate me taste it yourself before you bring it, and I will receive it then. For if you touch it with your lips, it becomes difficult to abstain, or to avoid the sweet wine-pourer; truly the cup conveys the kiss from you to me and gives me news of the favour it enjoyed.'

It does not need the Garland of Meleager to assure us that the Anthology has food for all tastes. Persephone, who 'gathers all things mortal with cold immortal hands,' has no power over blossoms like these. All that research could do has been done, though it may be that we shall yet discover more epigrams, that in this case haughty time will be just. Lord Ellesmere's motto, *Sic donec*, has been cynically rendered, 'Bridgewater House will do in the meantime.' So perhaps will the Anthology. The confusion of the ages is upon it. As in the Forum the observer is bewildered by the accumulations of many centuries standing together like the market-place of a single epoch, so the reader of the Anthology, even in extracts, may find two authors strung together who were separated by the chasm of a thousand years. Between Sappho and Paul the Silentiary the world had been destroyed and made again. Christianity had triumphed. Paganism had been officially cast out. But the enchanted hill of Venus had its visitors even yet, and may possibly have them even now. There have been strange pilgrims to the old altars. Whatever objections of a moral kind may be raised against any part of the Anthology are equally pertinent to the Idylls of Theocritus, which were revised and edited by

Christopher Wordsworth, headmaster of Harrow, Archdeacon of Westminster, and finally Bishop of Lincoln. For the second edition of this volume, published after he became a Bishop, Dr. Wordsworth wrote in Latin a very quaint and curious preface. After citing the authority of Gregory Nazianzen, St. Basil, St. Ambrose, and St. Augustine, for the edifying effect of classical studies, the good Bishop praised the natural piety of Theocritus, alluded in sympathetic terms to the beauty of his hexameters, and wound up with this remarkable outburst, dated on 'the feast of the Epiphany':—

'I will say boldly what I think. Does anyone not rather admire and love the life of Theocritean shepherds sitting on a rock of the Sicilian coast, or on the grass by the banks of the Anapus, or at a fountain under the shade of a murmuring pine, or joyfully celebrating their harvest home after the ingathering of the year's fruits beneath the cover of leafy elms and white poplars, and singing songs to their deities with the flute's accompaniment, than the existence of those philosophers who, now that the splendour of God's countenance has been revealed in the Word of Truth, are satisfied to wander in obscure darkness, and to wallow in the dangerous and trackless abyss of natural phenomena and secondary causes far and widely removed from the Divine intellect, love, and power of the Creator, 'Who,' to quote our English Newton, 'governs all things, not as the soul of the world, but as the Lord of the Universe'?

So there is something to be said for Paganism after all. One line of Browning,

Arcadia, night, a cloud, Pan, and the moon,

recalls Theocritus a good deal more vividly than any amount of episcopal Latin.

A more august parallel may fitly conclude this essay. We read in the Odyssey that Achilles was buried with Patroclus in a 'great and perfect tomb' upon a headland overlooking the Hellespont. On this hint an anonymous writer composed the following inscription:

The tomb of Achilles, subduer of men, which the Greeks built to inspire future generations of Trojans with awe. It overlooks the coast, so that the son of the sea-goddess Thetis may be glorified in the surging of the waves.

There is no reason to suppose that Shakespeare ever saw or heard of this epigram. But among the verses in *Timon of Athens* which are undoubtedly Shakespearean no one would hesitate to include:

Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;
Who once a day with his embossed froth
The turbulent surge shall cover.

HERBERT PAUL.

HOPE FOR THE TROUT-STREAMS

The upper waters of the Tweed, hitherto open to all comers, have been closed against the public, and there are indications that the privilege of free fishing in other parts of the kingdom may be withdrawn. The liberty had been abused. Some of those who took advantage of it fished in order to sell the trout, rather than to enjoy the sport of catching them; others used unfair means, such as 'sniggling,' nets, and dynamite, to fill their baskets; many were in the habit of taking small trout that should have been returned to the water. Anglers being a very large class, the suspension of the privilege is a subject of keen and widespread concern. The legal aspects of the questions at issue are amusingly complex. The public seem to have no right whatever. It has been declared by the Lords of Council and Session that, whilst the people may by prescriptive use acquire a right of way by land or water, they cannot, even by immemorial use, acquire a public right of trout-fishing. On the other hand, it is certain that in a good many cases the right of expelling the public from trout-streams is claimed by persons who are without title to the authority which they exert. Proprietary rights in running water do not in all cases go with proprietary rights in the land through which the water flows. Unless they are accorded by charter, they are implicitly reserved to the Crown. Thus in some cases authority is wielded by landowners who have no better legal standing than the anglers whom they drive from the streams. This state of affairs will be redressed when the Crown publicly affirms its authority over all unchartered waters. That is the only procedure by which the one genuine cause of bitterness can be eliminated from the general question.

In other respects the subject is being considered in a reasonable spirit. It was with reluctance that the landowners resolved upon their course of action; and, realising that unrestricted privilege must inevitably bring about something like ruin, it was without anger, though with misgiving, that sportsmen heard of the closure. This is evident from the fact that as regards the Tweed most of the landowners are willing to join with the local anglers in forming

a protective association. The understanding is that the privilege of fishing will by and by be restored to those who wish it, and are willing to support, morally and with money, measures directed against unsportsmanlike actions. If the same arrangement is made as regards all other rivers on which the public have been free to fish, the best possible solution of the difficulty will have been reached. It will be not only the best possible solution but also a solution in accord with the natural facts. The angler's outlook, on half-public waters as well as on those which are private, is much brighter than it appears to most of those concerned.

Trout-preservation is a subject generally misunderstood. The principles are simpler than they are commonly believed to be. On the Tweed, as elsewhere, it is taken for granted that after many decades of free fishing trout are much fewer than they once were. Noticing that year by year large fish in the basket have been rarer and rarer, students of the subject have inferred that the stocks have been gradually becoming smaller, and have predicted that the species will ere long be extinct. That belief, which is the cause of the prohibitory action, is to a large extent mistaken. Those who entertain it leave out of account the evidence that would meet them if they looked carefully into the streams. Except in places where pollution is serious or pike are becoming plentiful, the rivers hold, if not quite so many trout as they held fifty years ago, as many as there is need for. The real trouble is that the average size of the fish is less than it used to be. Of this there can be no doubt at all. Three-pounders and four-pounders were once not uncommon in many a water where two-pounders are now so scarce that their captures are specially recorded in the public journals.

How is that? How can it be said of any stream that its trout are as plentiful as ever, or at least as plentiful as need be, if it is admitted that the very large fish which were once common have become as noteworthy as the golden eagle? Are large trout more easily caught than small ones?

These questions will be put as if they carried their own answers; but the implication is questionable. There is no cause for pessimistic assurance. Angling is a pursuit in which knowledge comes but slowly and wisdom lingers for centuries. We sport-loving Anglo-Saxons have been fishing for untold generations; yet our natural history of the subject is superficial. We have been assuming that our skill is great in proportion to the weight of the individual fish in our creels. This has occasionally been an assumption not less gratifying than sincere; but it has always been thoroughly unscientific. Large trout in your basket do bear witness to your skill in 'playing a fish'; but they do not necessarily bear witness to [illegible]

At certain times of the season it is the large trout that are most readily hooked.

That statement has never, I think, been made before; but it will bear scrutiny. After a little reflection on experience it will even appear a truism.

The times to which I specially allude are spring and the period after the flood which usually comes before the middle of August. These are the times when the trout rise at fly most freely. They rise well in spring because then they have to recuperate after spawning, and they rise well as autumn approaches because then the rapidly-developing roe is making great demands upon their constitutions. Well, how does the angler fare in spring or early in autumn?

Here, to prevent misunderstanding, we must discriminate. While it is true that trout at large rise most freely in spring and as autumn approaches, it is true, also, that all classes of trout in any stream do not invariably rise at the same time. Sometimes it is only the smaller fish that rise; sometimes, indeed, it is only the very small. On other occasions all the trout in the water are eager to feed. These are the occasions to which attention is invited. What happens? Do you catch a great many small fish, and a large one only now and then? You do not. Large ones are the rule; small ones are the exception. There is an order of precedence among the fish. When all are disposed to rise, a small trout seizes your fly only when there is no large one near. If a large trout is feeding on flies, small trout close beside him rise only when, as at the instant when he himself is taking an insect, they see a chance to do so without incurring his anger. They know that if they took what he himself wants he would turn and snap at them.

This is not speculative doctrine. Here and there, either when fishing yourself or when watching someone else, you can stand at a place from which all that goes on in a pool is to be seen. If you do, you will find that what has been said is true. Whenever there is a real rise of trout, the large ones are caught first.

The rule of precedence among trout holds good in relation to minnow-fishing also. Trout taken on a minnow are almost invariably above the average of the fish in the water. Why? Some may suggest that it is because only the larger trout take minnows; but this cannot be the explanation. It is disproved by the fact that, in a water holding only small fish, trout of a third of a pound or even less seize the bait freely. The explanation, I think, is simple. Minnows keep as much out of the trout's way as they can. You ply your own minnow, not where it would itself be, in some shallow or hiding-place, if it were living and free, but in the open water. Your minnow is an unexpected visitant, welcome to

much generally, but a perquisite of the largest among those which see it.

A survey of angling with any other lure, such as worm or the creeper, would lead to the same conclusion; but the cases which have been stated are representative and sufficient.

Each year brings more rods to every river where there is no restriction on the number of anglers; in very many places the trout are to be seen; every angler pays special attention to the large fish; and at certain times the large fish, in relation to tit-bits to rise at or to seize, take precedence over the small. Is not our statement, then, startling as it may have seemed, a truism?

To be sure, it is; but it is not the less alarming on that account. Being beyond dispute, does it not point to the probability that by and by the trout of many a river will be so small that no one of sportsmanlike instinct will think them worth angling for? It would incline us to that fear if there were no hope of anglers at large taking a more enlightened interest in the subject; already, indeed, in every region beyond a two-hours' journey from London, there are many streams which, although they contain trout in great abundance, are ruined from the sportsman's point of view. Fortunately, however, there is cause for hope. The lesson from the Tweed will be pondered in all quarters of England and Scotland; perhaps, even, here and there in Ireland, which is richly endowed with trout-streams. It will oblige anglers to realise the need for precautions against the possibility that their sport may become a thing of the past.

The chief precaution has not yet been mentioned in the tidings from Tweedside; but it will suggest itself to some who are acquainted with many streams. It is the establishment of a rule against the retention of trout that are of less than a certain weight. All fish under the standard should be carefully restored to the water. A rule to this effect would have striking results within three years. At the end of that time the average weight of trout in any stream would be much more than it is at present. Many rivers in the south of England, most notably those in Hampshire, are under rules of the kind mentioned. The outcome is astonishing. Wherever there is a limit to the angler's privilege of catching and keeping, the trout adapt themselves to it with remarkable uniformity. One June day, on a stretch of the Test where the standard is three quarters of a pound, an angler had the good fortune to catch fifty trout. Thirty were just over the standard. Each of the other twenty the professional attendant declared to be just under; but the difference between 'just over' and 'just under' was so slight as to be scarcely perceptible. This incident on the Test, which is not exceptional, seems to show that trout are extraordinarily adaptable to the rational requirements of man. They fulfil his specifications almost to an ounce.

It will be said that what can be done in Hampshire cannot be done elsewhere. The waters of that county are chalk-streams, and therefore, it is generally supposed, are by Nature peculiarly well adapted to be the haunts of heavy trout. There is little truth, if any, in the belief indicated. Trout in Hampshire and elsewhere in the neighbourhood of London are large and lusty simply because those who manage the streams there know how sport may be pursued without disobedience to the laws of Nature. Trout in other regions are inferior simply because the laws of Nature have been violated. There is no important difference between a stream flowing through chalk soil and a stream flowing through soil of any other kind. Trout do not naturally thrive in the one any better than they thrive naturally in the other. Here again the general understanding is disregarded; but the statement, if examined in the light of an example, will be found true. Compare the Test with the Tay. The Hampshire stream flows through meadow lands, where summer is long and luscious; the Highland river, from source to estuary, is bordered on both sides by mountains, on which the snows lie until June. The Test is gentle, and in many stretches muddy at the bottom; the Tay is impetuous, and in most places its bed is gravel or sand. No two rivers in the Kingdom present a greater contrast. In the general understanding the Test is an ideal trout-stream, while the Tay is an overgrown burn. The Hampshire trout are heavy, game, and of rich quality; while the Highlanders, it is supposed, are little better than those of a mountain tarn. This is all wrong. The average trout of the Tay is in every respect as good as the average trout of the Test. The Tay, like the Test, is 'preserved,' though not so rigorously. That is the secret of its excellence. Although among the mountains, it is not what is known as a 'mountain stream.' Its course lies through valleys. Although in the Highlands, that is to say, it is not, except in volume, noticeably unlike any ordinary river in a lowland region of the United Kingdom. Any ordinary river would, if it were given fair play, become as good as the Test or the Tay. This is said from more than abstract reasoning. In almost every county there is at least one stream that within the memory of men still living was as good as either of the rivers of which we have been speaking. The institution of a rule determining the weight of 'takable' trout would quickly restore the injured rivers to their natural state. Incredulity as to this will be felt only by those who either have travelled but little throughout the kingdom or have travelled without being observant. For example, the Eden, far away in the north, in Fife, is so much like the Test that an angler dropped from an aeroplane on one of them, and not being told which, might easily mistake it for the other. The essential similarity is just as striking as the similarity of the general aspects. Though its abundant trout are now not better on the average than five-to-the-

pound, the Eden used to yield baskets as good as those which will be made in Hampshire this month or next.

These remarks, it will be understood, are impartial. They are intended not to depreciate the South-of-England streams but to make it clear that streams elsewhere are not sufficiently valued. While trout-fishing within easy reach of London costs much, trout-fishing in many other places costs nothing or very little, and therefore has never been esteemed as it is now, when there is a possibility of the privilege being withdrawn. Practically every county in the kingdom will ere long become as attractive as Hampshire if what is happening arouses anglers generally to interest in the management of streams. It is clear that the first measure of reform must be the imposition of a rule that the taking of immature trout shall be an offence disqualifying the person guilty from exercise of the privilege. Besides being no more than the owners of fisheries are entitled to stipulate, this would be a self-denying ordinance easily borne. It would mean light baskets this season and the next; but it would assure heavy baskets three years hence and every season after. If trout under three quarters of a pound are saved now, fish of this weight will by that time be as plentiful as fish of three ounces are at present. Does not the prospect warrant the sacrifice?

The sale of brown trout captured under the privilege should be forbidden. The suggestion is not invalidated by the fact that tenants of grouse-moors sell some of their spoils. The cases are not analogous. The lessee of a grouse-moor is under contract to kill no more when he has bagged birds to a certain number, leaving the stock sufficient; if the grouse to which he is entitled are more than he himself can use, there is no reason why he should not turn the excess to pecuniary account. A man fishing under privilege is in a different position. It may be that he pays nothing to the owner; it may be that he pays a small sum, contribution to a fund for the protection of the stream. In either case, as the owner does not profit in a pecuniary sense from granting the privilege, it is manifest that the beneficiary accepts the privilege on the understanding that it is to be used in pleasure only, not for sordid gain. Every large town has a ready market for brown trout; this is known to have greatly encouraged improper methods of fishing on streams open to the public. The traffic, of course, must cease if the fisheries are to be redeemed. Whatever may be thought of the *Times* theory that the possessor of an article has an inalienable right to trade with it, our reasoning in the matter of brown trout caught under privilege seems irrefragable. Obviously it is open to the owner of a stream, whether a private person or the Crown, to say to the public, 'Yes, I will allow you to fish, for the pleasure of the pastime; but I will not allow you to fish with intention to make a pecuniary profit.' A concession of privilege involving property is not analogous to a concession of political power.

It is not accompanied by the implicit sanction of a larger claim.

In connection with the Tweedside episode, proposals for drastic reforms have already been bruited abroad. It has been suggested that anglers on streams open under privilege to the public should be forbidden to use any other lure than fly. This shows excessive solicitude. In Hampshire, it is true, there is an unwritten law that fly alone is permissible, and even that the fly must float; but this is a needless safeguard on any ordinary stream. Trout are amazingly prolific. A year's progeny of a single pair are more, when three seasons old, than a score of expert anglers could catch in a month. When it is mentioned that a well-stocked stream, such as the Test, is estimated to have 25,000 trout to the mile, anyone can perceive that there is no likelihood of the waters ever being seriously injured by fair methods of angling. A worm in a summer flood, which Tweedside in its new zeal speaks of banning, cannot, on reflection, be considered an unfair lure. What, on the average, is the total time of floods in summer? It is not more than two weeks. It is not more than the period of the Mayfly, which, far from being a season of abstinence, is even in Hampshire rejoiced in as the bravest fortnight of the year. Now, the Mayfly is just as deadly as the worm; yet it has never been seriously suggested that those who use it in the region where the management of trout-streams is best understood take more trout than the stocks can afford. In short, there is no need for a vogue of dilettantism in the sport. On the trout-streams everywhere all will yet be well if, besides seeing to the enforcement of current laws, owners and the privileged public agree to use the waters for pleasure only, and to take effective measures against the slaughter of immature fish.

W. Earl Hodgson.

Oakbank, Aberfeldy, Perthshire.

A PLEA FOR THE POPULAR IN LITERATURE

READERS of foreign books upon English literature must surely have been struck by the conspicuous place which, in most of them, is assigned to Byron. In the volume by Professor Brandes,[1] which deals with Wordsworth, Keats, Shelley, Coleridge, Scott, Landor, Moore, as well as the lesser stars of the early nineteenth century, one hundred and fifty pages out of three hundred and fifty are occupied with Byron. To this foreign critic, Byron is the true 'passionate personality' of the English movement, the man who was in the main stream of the world's thought, and who is the final expression of the British poetic spirit of this period. In his closing summary he tells us that, while Wordsworth, Scott, Keats, Shelley, and Coleridge were all in their different degrees limited and provincial, Byron broke all bounds and flooded the world with his song.

> What language! What tones breaking the death-like silence of oppressed Europe! The political air rang with the shrill notes; for no word uttered by Lord Byron fell unheard to the ground. The legions of the fugitives, the banished, the oppressed, the conspirators of every nation, kept their eyes fixed on the one man who, amidst the universal debasement of intelligences and characters to a low standard, stood upright, beautiful as Apollo, brave as an Achilles, prouder than all the kings of Europe together.[2]

Taine is no less enthusiastic. Byron is to him 'the greatest and most English' of the men of his time—'so great and so English that from him alone we shall learn more truths of his country and his age than from all the rest together.' 'Into what mediocrity and platitude,' he cries, 'sinks the Faust of Goethe compared with Byron's Manfred!' Here are judgments which in certain striking respects run counter to modern criticism in this country. If one must not say that Byron is under a cloud, he is at all events counted to be one of the faultiest of great poets, and many modern writers speak of his vehement and ill-balanced opinions as fatal or, at least, a serious drawback to the true spirit of poetry. These foreign critics, however, sweep aside mere literary criticism and apply a test of character

[1] *Naturalism in England.* English translation (Heinemann). [2] *Ibid.* p. 356.

and energy which not only puts Byron at the head of the English movement, but makes him a supreme leader of European thought.

Which of these judgments is more likely to stand the test of time need not be discussed at this moment. But the fact that foreign writers of eminence take this exalted view of Byron's place in literature, and take it by appealing to the substance of his poetry, surely suggests certain reflections on the literature and criticism of our own day. For it is precisely these qualities that Taine and Brandes find so admirable in Byron which have for some years past been in disrepute among English writers. No one in these days 'breaks the silence with shrill notes which make the air ring.' The modern man of letters, on the contrary, is at special pains to disclaim the idea that he has a mission in life or anything momentous to say which is not already familiar to the man in the street. Moralising, we are perpetually told, is fatal to literature, as of course it is, if by moralising we mean the dull and unskilful hammering of the commonplace. The axiom, however, takes on a meaning which actually shuts off the literary artist from the greater matters of life and conduct. Books on style proceed from beginning to end on the assumption that the literary art consists wholly in the right choice of words and their scholarly arrangement in graceful patterns. And being thus preoccupied with word-craft, a great many modern writers find it easier to write good sentences than good chapters or good books. They lack what Frenchmen call the *esprit de suite*, that grasp of the whole and sense of orderly development which belong to the great theme in the hands of the master. The critic, meanwhile, judges not of what is said, but of how it is said, and is even apt to take the narrowest view of this accomplishment.

It follows almost inevitably from this conception of the writer's art that the great mass of the public become estranged from literature. In these days we have writers with immense circulations whom the literary people declare to be of no account, and literary people of high accomplishment whom the great public refuses to consider. A small minority speak habitually of the literary art as if it were a secret process which is hidden from their neighbours, and their neighbours retaliate by showing complete indifference to what this minority calls literature. That this gulf must necessarily be fixed between the few and the many in their appreciation of literature, and that the common people must demand common things while the men of letters cultivate subtleties and delicacies which the great majority cannot appreciate, is an assumption so frequently made that it has come to be regarded as an axiom of criticism; and the writings of the elect are full of lamentation and woe at the alleged narrowing of the circle in which their refined wares find acceptance.

And yet, if one looks back on the history of literature, it is an assumption for which there is very little warrant; so little, indeed,

that to insist on it seems, if one may judge from the past, to be the note of an inferior school, and not, as so many writers appear to take for granted, of the great schools—a note of Euphuism rather than of Elizabethanism. Judged by its power of surviving, Euphuism has no advantage over the most popular method in authorship. The stylists of the year before last are in the same grave with the popular novelists whom they despised, and the critic of to-day scarcely troubles even to drop a tear over them. For though style is, as Stevenson truly said, a great antiseptic, it can only do its work if there is a body worth preserving, and then it acts silently and imperceptibly. Of course, it is true that the mass of people look first to the thing said rather than to the manner in which it is said; but it is a mistake to suppose that the manner does not make its appeal to the reader because he is unable to analyse its virtues. Style in its perfection is like the sword in the *Arabian Nights*, which decapitated its victim, and left him unaware of what had happened, till he shook his head, and it rolled on to the floor.

So far then, as it depends upon style, the virtue of being above the heads of the people belongs not to the best, but only to the second-best literature. With that reservation we may concede it. If a writer cannot ascend to the heights, it is well for him not to descend to the depths, but to work on the middle plane where he may make a cultivated appeal to the people of culture. Here he may legitimately rely on accomplishments which will be 'caviare to the general' who have been educated in the various kinds of public schools; here, too, he may give himself reasonable airs of superiority over lower mortals who frankly bid for the largest circulation with wares that are wholly commercial. Genius, however, is not limited by these conditions. The appeal which genius makes to the heart and imagination may carry it to vast masses of people who have no opinion at all about the literary form that it uses. And for this reason, an exaggerated concern with the mechanism of literature is almost invariably a sign of the absence of genius, though it may also very well be the sign of a high degree of accomplishment.

The rise and fall of English literature in the nineteenth century brings this home to us. Glancing back over those years we find at the beginning of them a whole school of writers in revolt against the stylistic conception of writing—Wordsworth, in particular, asserting that there is no such thing as a literary language as distinguished from ordinary speech, and carrying his theory to excess in a studied, and occasionally somewhat ridiculous homeliness of speech. The mark of this school is what Professor Brandes calls its 'naturalism,' that is, its contact with nature and human nature as opposed to the formalism of its predecessors. Yet this school, without any laboured pursuit of style, did, as a matter of fact, achieve the highest form of expression, as in Keats and Shelley, and Wordsworth himself. Descend-

ing to the next generation, we find a powerful band of prose-writers, the chief of whom are Carlyle and Ruskin in one field, and Dickens and Thackeray in another field, whose main purpose is to say what they feel about life, and who are so filled with their subject that they have no time to consider themselves as literary craftsmen, superb as they very often are in that respect. With all his professed contempt for the thirty millions, mostly fools, Carlyle's ambition was to reach them and to influence them, and not to tickle the palates of the literary hundred, whom he probably considered the greatest fools of all. Ruskin, too, resented nothing so much as the imputation that he was a mere literary artist or artistic critic, and year by year addressed his vehement exhortations on life and conduct to a larger and larger audience of simple people. These two men between them reached hundreds of thousands of working-class and middle-class folk in the days before school boards, without ever forfeiting the respect of the literary *élite*. An even more remarkable instance is Tennyson, who was at once the conscious literary artist and the most popular of poets. Browning and Meredith are in a different category; but, though their appeal was to a smaller class, both of them are entirely removed from the esoteric and æsthetic. Here we are in presence of men with imagination so vivid and ideas so rich that they break the bounds of speech in the effort to overtake their own thoughts. Hence a certain obscurity for less nimble minds, but it is, if one may so express it, a natural obscurity arising out of the breathlessness of this pursuit, not the artificial obscurity by which smaller men conceal the poverty of their thoughts. Both these men are in the main stream of human nature, rejoicing in life and all its manifestations, sane, robust, and optimistic, without a touch of that intellectual vanity which makes the work of some others who depict human nature seem a kind of condescension. Browning's men and women, like the men and women of Thackeray, Dickens, and Meredith, are not the stuff that books are made of, but humanity interpreted by genius, which means by sympathy. These great writers have their weaknesses and limitations, no doubt, but they never look down on their subject; they are filled with the sense of its mystery and complexity, and of the immense difficulty of measuring its heights and its depths. Hence the mid-Victorian school of fiction has handed on to us an infinitely varied portrait gallery of humanity, in mean circumstances and heroic, in poverty and wealth, ridiculous and pathetic; but, on the whole, making a brave show against the buffets of fortune and the powers of darkness.

Then there comes upon the scene a powerful man of letters who draws a dividing line between the Philistines and the elect, the cultured few and the uncultured many. It would be the basest ingratitude to question the debt which English letters owe to Matthew Arnold. His poetry was exquisite and original; he sharpened criticism and

improved taste at a time when both were on the down-grade. For all that, the stress which he laid upon the æsthetic element in literary culture drew attention from the ethical side of his teaching and encouraged the vanity which in the next twenty years led men of letters to pride themselves on appealing to a limited public. Yet Arnold himself, while appealing to this audience, fit but few, insisted with all the force of his nature that the main thing was the substance of literature and its ethical character, and in this respect he remains a true mid-Victorian. There is even a passage in one of his essays in which he denies to Addison the title of a great writer on the ground that he is not a profound moral thinker. This does some injustice to Addison, whose moral was not the less profound because it was conveyed indirectly; but it may be quoted to show that, whenever he came finally to appraise a writer, Arnold thought of his substance and not of his form. His hard saying that poetry is a criticism of life, the weight which he attached to Hebraism as against Hellenism, to conduct as against mere manners, his unfailing interest in moral tendencies and the drift of public affairs, were even more vitally characteristic of his life and writings than his advocacy of culture. Nevertheless, his influence over men who had not his genius—who could imitate his manner but not enter into his thought—was, I am afraid it must be said, in the contrary direction. To them he seemed always to be preaching the comfortable doctrine that culture, which they understood as meaning a knowledge of dead languages and a University education, placed them in a class apart from their fellow men who were without these advantages. They read with delight the passage in which he spoke of a barbarian upper class, a Philistine middle class, and a brutalised lower class, and with immense self-complacency conceived themselves as the select minority which stood outside those ignominious categories. Arnold himself would have made short work of their claim, but his teaching had in effect encouraged the belief that literature, in the true sense of the word, was the possession of the few.

And then, improving upon this example, we had a school of stylists who sought still further to narrow the circle and finally to make of literature something exquisite and gemlike, appealing to connoisseurs who were a minority of the minority. The one considerable man of this group was Walter Pater, who was indeed a delightful craftsman, and did work which was entirely admirable within its own limits. No one need quarrel with the masters of any style who give us the best of which their nature is capable; the quarrel is with disciples who would have us believe that the master's method is the only method. With the Arnold influence and the Pater influence working together upon the educated classes, the idea of literature had undoubtedly become impoverished in the last ten years of the nineteenth century. We had swung as far as possible from the naturalist movement of the

early years of the century, and had come to think of the man of letters not as interpreter of the inarticulate masses, but as leader of a forlorn hope against the masses. There have, of course, been eminent exceptions. In Stevenson we had a novelist who, like Tennyson in poetry, combined the most exquisite skill in word-craft with a simplicity and buoyancy of nature which have made him the delight of the many as of the few; but, like Arnold, Stevenson influenced other writers, who had not his genius, on the æsthetic rather than on the human side. They dwelt on his account of the labour by which he acquired the art of writing—how he did 'sedulous ape to Hazlitt' and other masters of style, what innumerable note-books he kept, and how he enriched his vocabulary by collecting strange and curious words—and it bewildered them to find that the most diligent efforts on the same lines left the public cold and unappreciative in their own case. It cannot be doubted that the public have, on the whole, shown a thoroughly sound instinct in this respect, and when we hear cultivated persons denouncing Board schools and halfpenny newspapers and popular magazines for their alleged debauching of the public taste, we may remind them that this great public whom they despise and fail to reach reads Stevenson, reads Tennyson, reads Carlyle and Ruskin, and now buys by the hundreds of thousands the popular editions of the great classical writers which are issuing in streams from the press. And if for modern fiction and modern essays they are delivered over to writers who make the pursuit of the largest circulation a purely commercial business, the reason must be either that we lack literary men with natures large enough and simple enough to make this wide appeal, or that the men who might have made it have deliberately chosen to treat writing as if it were an art for the few.

Of course, if the first of these solutions is the right one, if, that is to say, we lack genius, there is no more to be said. 'The wind bloweth where it listeth, and no man knoweth whence it cometh or whither it goeth.' We must simply bide our time till this massive and simple kind of genius reappears. But even so we may make things easier for genius when it comes, and prepare an atmosphere which will be favourable for its coming, if we set our faces against the literary tyranny which is constantly narrowing the sphere of letters, and teaching the younger writers of to-day that it is a kind of vulgarity to appeal to the great public. It does not follow, as these critics seem to suppose, that because some writers obtain the largest circulation by methods which have nothing in common with literature, the mass of people are inaccessible by writers who respect their calling. That is a false syllogism, as the experience of great writers proves, and the constant assertion of it as if it were an incontestable fact, decentralises literature and drives it more and more into holes and corners. This tendency is seen in the fiction and drama of to-day. One hears educated people talking habitually as if it were necessarily a mean

thing to be a successful novelist. And so in truth it is, when the success is obtained by coarse and crude effects which pander to a mean taste and lend themselves to cheap advertisement. But it is precisely the disaster of this superfine assumption that it leaves the field clear for these coarse practitioners, while the better class of writers go burrowing in the holes and corners. There are, I believe, about four hundred new novels published every publishing season in London. Speaking roughly, 40 per cent. of these are worth some kind of consideration, the rest being published for reasons which, I suppose, are well understood by publisher and author, but are quite unintelligible to the critic and the public. The 40 per cent. may generally be divided into two classes. The first and larger class are deliberate attempts by people more or less clever—but attempts which have nothing to do with literature—to hit a supposed popular demand for amusement and sensation. They are for the most part quite harmless, and, judged as efforts to entertain, they call for no censure. The remainder and much the smaller portion are by writers who obviously have taste and literary skill and who challenge a literary judgment. But almost invariably these skilful writers devote themselves to the hard cases of life—to erratic people with morbid tendencies who become involved in far-fetched and improbable complications. An astonishing degree of subtlety is displayed in unravelling these tangled skeins, and the critics lift up their hands at the skill and delicacy of the performance. One need by no means say that there is not a place for literature of this kind or that it may not justly be praised for its exquisiteness, when it is exquisitely accomplished. Let us admit to the full that there is one kind of excellence which must always be of this superfine character. But when all has been said, this kind of literature remains hole-and-corner literature, and it is useless to complain because the great public, which is concerned with the typical human case and with the broad and simple emotions that are common to high and humble, remains untouched by it.

. . . .

It is impossible to read the biographies of the greater literary men of the last century without being struck with their enormous energy and fertility. These qualities also appear to be on the wane. In these days we hear but seldom from authors who have made their reputation. They produce a masterpiece, as friendly critics describe it, and then retire for a considerable period to ponder over the next. At intervals we hear of the physical exercises which they impose upon themselves in order to sustain this labour, of the exhaustion which supervenes when they write more than a limited number of words a day, and of the long periods of incubation in which they do nothing but think. And then, if they produce their books, at intervals of, let us say, less than eighteen months, they are solemnly taken to task by the critics and warned that they may weary the public and spoil their

market by what is called over-production. Can one imagine any of the more powerful mid-Victorians submitting to these conditions? Here, taken almost at random from one of the admirable biographical chapters which Mr. E. T. Cook is writing for the new edition of Ruskin's works, is a description of the kind of life that that great writer lived. Mr. Cook is speaking of the years from 1870 to 1878:

> He delivered eleven courses of lectures at Oxford. He wrote guide books. He published at various intervals portions of works on botany, on geology, and on drawing. He started a library of standard literature. He arranged an Art collection at Oxford, contributing to it some hundreds of his own drawings—a large number of them made for the purpose—and writing several explanatory catalogues. He founded a museum at Sheffield. He engaged in several social experiments; the better sweeping of the streets in St. Giles', and the sale of tea at a fair price, were not too trivial for his effort, nor the reformation of England, through a companionship of St. George, too large. He wrote incessantly to the newspapers on topics of the day; and all the while he poured forth, at monthly intervals, that strange and passionate medley of information, controversy, homily, reminiscence, and prophecy, which he entitled *Fors Clavigera*. These tasks were undertaken, not one thing at a time, but often all at the same time. 'Head too full,' he wrote in his diary (12th February, 1872), 'and don't know which to write first.' [3]

Carlyle, Froude, Newman in his younger days, Goldwin Smith, Huxley, Tyndall, Matthew Arnold, all in their various degrees display this same insatiable energy and versatility. Something not themselves seems to have compelled them to speak, whether the public would listen or not, on all subjects, human or divine, often in complete innocence of expert knowledge, but with a fine reckless self-assertion which woke a splendid echo in the crowd. 'I confess,' says Carlyle, 'I have no notion of a truly great man that could not be *all* sorts of men. The poet who could merely sit on a chair and compose stanzas would never make a stanza worth much.' That was the real working creed of Carlyle and his contemporaries. To-day our distinguished writers are nearly all specialists—specialists in fiction, specialists in economics, specialists in philosophy, specialists in style—and if you ask them to speak on any burning question of the day, they reply that this is not in their department, and that they must reserve themselves for their own piece of research, or their own chosen accomplishment. Mr. Wells is almost alone among the younger writers in venturing to be both a writer of fiction and a writer of books dealing with things as they are. Thus for writers who made the whole of life their province, we have writers who deliberately confine themselves to one province and make it provincial. Hence the singular lack in these days of the powerful and discursive kind of literature with which the eminent men of a previous generation appealed to the public on an immense variety of subjects.

[3] Introduction by E. T. Cook, *The Works of John Ruskin*, vol. xx. p. xvii.

The change is in brief from an ethical to an artistic atmosphere. From Byron to Matthew Arnold, everybody preached and everybody generalised. Tremendous battles were fought over the eternities and immensities, and the everlasting ayes and nays. Bagehot and Mill philosophised about politics; Carlyle, Emerson, Ruskin, Matthew Arnold, preached without ceasing, and even scolded and threatened; Mazzini rhapsodised about democracy. No one was bored, no one doubted that the questions at issue were enormously important; everyone took for granted that it was the business of the writer to moralise and to preach. The objection so often raised in these days that Thackeray, George Eliot or Tennyson are too didactic is certainly not a common contemporary criticism. The idea that their business was primarily with the art of writing, and that the art should be pursued for the art's sake, belongs to quite the end of the last century. The result of this ethical atmosphere was an authoritative tone which has quite gone out of recent writing. It is really almost incredible to us in these days that 'Modern Painters' should have been the work of an unknown young man of twenty-seven. What young man in our time would have the courage, even if he had the genius, to write thus? And what would the clever critics say if he did, or if even he adopted the stern and impressive manner of Mr. John Morley's *Essay on Compromise*, written at the age of thirty-two? Young men in these days are expected to be clever and cynical, and permitted to show a high degree of literary skill, but we do not encourage them to lay down the law to their elders or to moralise about things in general.

This absence of an authoritative general literature is nowhere more felt than in the sphere of religion. One hears on all hands about the Higher Criticism of the Bible and the learned work which is being done by accomplished scholars, and the new meanings which they are finding for old things. Immensely important and interesting work it is, beyond doubt, and let those who are qualified for it pursue it with all possible diligence. But it is scholarship and not religion which is here in question, and scholarship, however profound, will not fill the place of religion, though it may supply the background of knowledge and learning which the religious teacher needs, if he is not to offend the educated intelligence. The religious controversies of fifty years ago may seem trivial and embittered, if one looks back on them in cold blood and forgets the emotions that they kindled at the time. Yet there is no doubt of the serious reality of them to enormous numbers of people. The battles about the apostolic succession and the nature of the Sacraments were carried on by men who believed the things at stake to be fundamental, and who made their arguments a real conflict of the opposing types of human temperament. Here in a new form was the ancient conflict between mystic and rationalist, and the modern audience was profoundly stirred and

interested by it. Newman, with his rare genius, gave the argument a vast sweep which made it embrace the whole of life. It was not as priest or theologian or Romanist that Newman made his appeal, but as a man penetrated with the mystery of man's existence, brooding over it, groping for its meaning and clue. Here was the true note of catholicity; and the religious teacher who speaks thus, speaks to every man and for every man. When we have put aside all that is controversial in Newman's writings—all that concerned his relations to the Oxford movement or the Roman Church—we can hardly over-estimate what this great writer did to keep alive the religious spirit in this country during the last century. And it is precisely this influence that we lack in these days, the influence of a great spirit dealing always with the greatest of subjects.

Or take another man, outwardly at the opposite pole of thought, John Stuart Mill, whose name stands for the utilitarian view of life. The label, one feels, is of no consequence compared with the fact that he too is fundamentally of the same serious temperament as the great religious teacher just mentioned. Mill's *Autobiography* and Newman's *Apologia* may be read side by side as one might read the record of two travellers on the same quest. They represent between them the two most definitely opposed types of intellect; they have in common that inexhaustible curiosity of soul which looks beyond things to the interpretation of things, beyond the daily comings and goings of men to their distant goal. The motto which Newman chose for himself, *ex umbris et imaginibus in veritatem*, might in its truest sense have been Mill's also. Early in his *Autobiography* he tells us that he put to himself the question, 'Suppose that all your objects in life were realised; that all the changes in institutions and opinions which you are looking forward to could be completely effected at this present instance, would this be a great joy and happiness to you?' And an irrepressible self-consciousness distinctly answered 'No!' At this, he goes on, 'my heart sank within me; the whole foundation on which my life was constructed fell down. All my happiness was to have been found in the continual pursuit of this end. The end had ceased to charm, and how could there ever again be any interest in the means? I seemed to have nothing left to live for.' It would take too long to recall here how Mill found solace in this mood, and how he finally emerged from the melancholy which it caused him; but to the end of his life and through all his writings we are aware of the unanswered question giving depth and intensity to all his speculations. What modern writers can be said to fill the place of either of these men? To ask this question is not to disparage the younger generation of writers or to question their ability. This is evident and abundant. But they succumb too easily to the critical tyranny which would make artists of them instead

of preachers and prophets, and which, in so doing, cuts them off from contact with the simpler and deeper things of life.

It is commonly said that Board schools and a cheap press have between them unfitted the mass of people for the reading of good books. We are asked to observe the contrast between the old days when the best of writers appealed to a small but select audience, and these times when mediocre writers pander to the illiteracy of the many. Hence the inference is drawn that the extension of the numbers of those who can read must necessarily depress the standard of what is offered them to read. And thus it is supposed to be impossible for good writers to hold their own against the immense quantity of rubbishy literature which undoubtedly is thrown upon the market in these days. It might almost as well be argued that good speaking, good preaching, or good conversation, are impossible because every-one knows how to talk and can understand when he is spoken to in some fashion. Of course it is true that large numbers of people, who would not have read at all, entertain themselves by reading all manner of things which have nothing to do with literature—the odds, the starting prices, the penny novelettes, the shilling shocker, and so forth. Reading of this kind may be harmless or the reverse, just as eating or smoking or any other form of human activity. Nothing can be said about it in general terms. The printed page, thus used, is one means among many of getting contact with life, and life is of all sorts. But literary people surely flatter themselves far too much when they attribute their own failure to influence the public to the supposed debasing competition of this popular reading. There is probably no boy (or girl) with the beginnings of a literary sense who was ever turned away from good literature by the mere mass of the printed matter which is within his reach, and there are thousands who have been led on to something that may be called serious reading by the cheap periodicals that are now in vogue. Exceptions there are, of course, but the popular magazines of to-day are out of all proportion better than the corresponding publications of twenty and thirty years ago; and the idea which obtains among some writers of books that the public taste is being debauched by them is, I believe, almost wholly groundless. May we not rather say that some of the literary people are apt to think far too ill of this public? Half of them write down to it, and the other half write over it, all of them despising it either way. The result is that we have two products equally artificial—the literature of the under-educated, and the literature of the over-educated—the first produced by writers who exploit and thereby create a vulgar taste, the second by writers who pride themselves on appealing to a few refined persons and deliberately choose what is remote and complicated. And yet the field of the really

great writers lies broad and shining between these two extremes, and on it is ample scope for all works that are at once simple and profound.

The writers who complain that the great public turns away from them should ask themselves whether there is in truth any reason why average, simple, serious people—the kind of people who read and are touched by the Bible, by Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth—should trouble themselves to read their works? What of the kind of sustenance they want is to be drawn from the rarified studies of matrimonial unhappiness, sexual indulgence, and morbid casuistry, which form so large a part of the more accomplished fiction of to-day? Why should they bother themselves about clever paradoxes which present the world inside out and make mock of their sentiments and instincts, when they know in their hearts that some literary gentleman is merely posturing before them? And what encouragement is there for them to interest themselves in art or poetry when it is openly laid down that nothing can be of the highest merit which is not beyond their reach?

Observations of this kind can lead to no definite conclusion. Yet in these days, when nothing is talked about but the different ways of selling books, it may be worth while to think a little about the writing of books and the reading of them. Manifestly, with our immense output, we have comparatively few works of the first class, and the great mass of the reading public is getting little or no moral sustenance from modern writers. This is a great loss for which we can scarcely console ourselves by flying to the classics. Every generation needs living writers to interpret the present, and even to re-interpret the past in the light of the present. Another Gibbon living now would write a different history of 'The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,' not merely because research has brought new facts to light, but because the point of view has shifted and because the experience of the nineteenth century has greatly enlarged the range and interest of the problems of Empire. There is no magic by which we can command a new Gibbon, or even a second Froude, but we can set our faces against the mechanical view of history, which seems to be gaining ground, and which, if it prevails, would hand the whole subject over to archæologists and record-searchers. And so throughout the range of literature. We cannot invent a new Ruskin or a new Carlyle, but we can resolutely oppose the literary tyranny which, if a new Ruskin or a new Carlyle appeared, would prevent them from raising their heads. Nor need we be browbeaten by the little masters who impoverish the idea of literature by making it a thing of words appealing to the dilettante, and shut off from the mass of men and women. Our writers should be encouraged to live less in the study and more among men, to be less careful of their

reputations and more prodigal of their gifts. The public, I believe, is ripe for a richer and fuller kind of literature than we have had in recent years; and we shall hasten its coming, if we can banish the idea that popularity is necessarily a mean art to be eschewed by good writers, and restore the true doctrine that literature is neither a trade to be pursued by inferior writers nor a secret to be guarded by superior writers, but the appeal of the best men to the greatest number of their fellow-countrymen.

J. A. Spender.

THE LITERARY ASSOCIATIONS OF HAMPSHIRE.

THE county of Hants is justly regarded as one of the most favoured in England. The varied character of its scenery, with its noble chalk downs, its extensive sea-board, its verdant and peaceful valleys, its vast stretches of moor and forest-land, cannot fail to charm the lover of Nature; while for 'swift, shallow, clear, pleasant brooks, and store of trouts' we have it on the authority of Izaak Walton that 'Hampshire exceeds all England.' Its historical associations too are of special interest. Many are the camps and barrows, crowning the high downs of the Island and the mainland, or scattered throughout the New Forest, which point back to pre-Saxon times. In Silchester the county possesses the greatest of the buried Romano-British cities, and in Winchester the early capital of the kingdom. The picturesque ruins of Quarr Abbey, of Beaulieu, of Netley, of Wolvesey, of Portchester Castle, are eloquent of the past; while the historical interest of Winchester Cathedral can hardly be exaggerated. Many again are the distinguished names, especially in early and mediæval times, associated with the county. Before the Norman Conquest the most famous makers of English history were connected with Hampshire. The long line of Statesmen-Bishops included many occupants of the See of Winchester; while in more modern times great names are not wanting which have added lustre to the long and splendid roll of England's greatness. Less striking perhaps at first sight are the literary associations of the county. Still, a large number of men of letters have been connected with it, and when it is remembered that 'Alfred created English literature' and created it at Winchester, and when the names of Gilbert White, Jane Austen, Charles Kingsley, and Lord Tennyson are called to mind, it will be allowed that a consideration of the subject should not be without interest.

With the exception of certain charters or grants of land made by the Kings of Wessex to the monastic houses of the county, our earliest historical document is the famous 'Donation' of King Ethelwulf, made in 854 or 855, in which, as the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle phrases it, 'he booked the tenth part of his lands to God's praise and his own

eternal welfare.' This deed was written at Winchester, and laid with much solemnity on the high altar of the Cathedral Church in the presence of Bishop Swithun and the assembled Witan. The gift was not, as has often been supposed, one of tithe; but a gift of a tenth part of the crown land of Wessex to the Church. The original document, written over a thousand years ago, is preserved in the British Museum; and one of the special grants made to the convent of St. Swithun may still be seen in the Cathedral Library at Winchester. It begins by saying that Ethelwulf had granted twenty manses of land 'at the time when I had decided to grant the tenth of my lands throughout my realm to the sacred churches.'

A few years later, under the fostering care of Alfred, Winchester became the home of all the learning and culture of the day. He established a school for the young nobles of the Court, and it was the need of books for these scholars in their own tongue that led the King to those remarkable literary efforts which mark the first beginning of English prose. He took the popular manuals of the age—the Consolation of Boethius, the Pastoral of Pope Gregory, the compilation of Orosius, and the history of his own people by the Venerable Bede—and translated them into the English language. 'Before then,' writes Mr. Green, 'England possessed in her own tongue one great poem and a train of ballads and battle-songs. Prose she had none. The mighty roll of the prose books that fill her libraries begins with the translations of Alfred, and above all with the Chronicle of his reign.' It is, as Dean Kitchin well says, 'a source of legitimate pride for Winchester, that within her walls Alfred made that first and greatest history book of the English people.' At Wolvesey Castle, with the help of the brethren of St. Swithun's, the earlier part of the record was completed and copied out; while for twenty years the King wrote with his own hand the contemporary chronicle of his reign. Several copies of this great work were afterwards made, and sent to different places; one to Peterborough and another to Canterbury; while the 'mother-manuscript' was kept at Wolvesey, chained to a desk, where all who could might read it. Until quite recently it was believed that this very manuscript, written by Alfred's own hand, was preserved in the Library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. It seems, however, to be now generally admitted that the Corpus document is not the original Chronicle of Alfred, but an early copy made at Winchester not long after the King's death. The importance of this great work can hardly be over-estimated. In reading the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle we are reading 'the first vernacular history of any Teutonic people, and, save for the Gothic translations of Ulfilas, the earliest and most venerable monument of Teutonic prose.'

A most interesting manuscript belonging to the latter part of the tenth century, and connected with the monastic revival under Archbishop Dunstan, is still preserved in the Bodleian Library at Oxford.

It is known as the *Tropary of Ethelred*, and is a musical MS. compiled for the use of the organ in Winchester Cathedral during the reign of Ethelwold. This document, of the highest interest to ecclesiologists and musicians, gives us, in the notation of the period, the actual tones and cadences used at that time in the cathedral services.

After the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, the most celebrated document in early times is William's Domesday Record; and no county in England is so closely connected with it as Hampshire. Commissioners were sent throughout the kingdom, inquiring

what hides of land there were in each shire, what lands and cattle the king himself owned therein, what was due yearly to him for it. And he had it written down, how much land his archbishops held, his bishops, his abbots, and his earls, what each 'land-sitting' man held of lands or stock and its value. So narrowly was it spied out—'tis shame to tell, but he thought it no shame to do—that never a hide or rood of land escaped, nor ox, nor cow, nor swine, but it was set down in his writing and brought to him.

These returns, compiled in the year 1086, were all sent to Winchester, where the original rolls were copied out into one great Domesday Book. It is worth noting that the only name which the book gives of itself is that of 'The Book of Winchester.' At Winchester, too, the book was kept, so long as the city remained the capital of the kingdom; it was afterwards transferred, with the other exchequer records, to Westminster. So far as Hampshire is concerned, the account in the Domesday Survey is fairly complete; there is, however, one notable omission. The city of Winchester is not mentioned, probably because, being the seat of government, it demanded a separate treatment. Accordingly in the days of Henry the First the special *Liber Wintoniæ*, the Winton Domesday, was made. This mediæval document is a valuable record of the inhabitants of Winchester in the early part of the twelfth century, and contains much interesting matter with regard to the life and manner of the people and of the condition of the city.

During the long period of the Middle Ages the lamp of literature was kept burning in most of our Hampshire monasteries, and many interesting documents connected with the Abbots of Titchfield and Beaulieu, and the Priories of St. Denys and Christchurch, and above all with the Convent of St. Swithun's, are still in existence. This latter house, especially in its earlier days, had a good reputation for learning, and numbered certain authors among its brethren; and as the Scriptorium, says Dean Kitchin, in his interesting Introduction to the *Obedientiary Rolls of St. Swithun's*, was probably never altogether idle, by degrees there came to be a large collection of valuable manuscripts. It is much to be regretted that at the time of the Commonwealth these priceless treasures were scattered to the winds. Waller's troopers, as the Dean says, were not of a literary turn, and when in 1642 they took possession of the Cathedral they twice ransacked the Library. The vellums and parchment MSS. and printed books were

dispersed abroad; some were sold to wealthy persons; some found a resting-place in other libraries; others were irretrievably lost. The good chapter clerk, John Chase, did all that lay in his power to protect the treasures under his care, and we learn that by persuasion or purchase he recovered many valuable MSS., 'some from the hands of the tradespeople of the city, some even from the filth and damp of the gutter.' A few of the ancient Codices may still be seen in the Cathedral Library; among them a very fine MS. of the *Concordantia Moralis* of Conrad de Allemannia, and an early copy of Bede's *Historia* written in the tenth century. But by far the most interesting and valuable is the splendid Vulgate Bible of the twelfth century, written throughout in a fine very clear hand, and all of it, Dean Kitchin tells us, the work of the same scribe. This Codex is beautifully illuminated, and the colours and burnished gold are as fresh and bright to-day as when they were first laid on by the unknown artist in the Scriptorium of St. Swithun's.

Throughout the whole of this period, and indeed for many long years after the invention of printing, but few Hampshire names connected with literature have come down to us. We hear, indeed, of John de Basingstoke in the thirteenth century, one of our earliest Greek scholars, who studied for a time at Athens and returned home laden with precious manuscripts. To him belongs the honour of reviving the study of Greek in England. In the following century William de Alton, a Dominican of some distinction, wrote a work on original sin. Later on, it is interesting to remember that William Lilly, the Grammarian, the intimate friend of Colet and Erasmus and Sir Thomas More, was born and educated in the ancient market-town of Odiham. More, in one of his letters, speaks of him as 'my most dear companion,' and when in 1518 Dean Colet founded St. Paul's School, he appointed 'Master Lilly' to be the first head of it.

With the dawn of the seventeenth century the names of men of letters connected with the county begin to grow more numerous. Michael Drayton, in what he calls his 'strange herculean task,' the *Polyolbion*, which appeared in 1612, devotes the second book almost entirely to the rivers, forests, and scenery of Hampshire. In the chancel of the church of Bishop's Waltham lie the remains of Dr. Robert Ward, one of the translators of the Authorised Version of the Bible. In early life Ward had been the tutor of Lancelot Andrewes, and it was mainly owing to his influence that Andrewes entered the ministry, and that the Church of England was able to boast of one who was 'Doctor Andrewes in the schools, Bishop Andrewes in the diocese, and Saint Andrewes in the closet.' In after years, when Andrewes became Bishop of Winchester, he collated his old tutor to the rectory of Bishop's Waltham, where the stately remains of the episcopal palace, often occupied by Andrewes, may be seen on the banks of the Hamble stream. In 1613 George Wither, who had been born in the

little village of Bentworth some twenty-five years before, published his satirical poem entitled *Abuses Stript and Whipt*, in which he has several allusions to 'the beechy shadows' of 'our Bentworth.' On the outbreak of the Civil War, Wither, who was a keen politician, is said to have sold part of his ancestral property at Bentworth in order to raise a troop of horse for the Parliament. At that time the rector of New Alresford (afterwards the birthplace of Miss Mitford, the well-known authoress of *Our Village*) was the learned Dr. Peter Heylin, the friend and biographer of Archbishop Laud, and the writer of a work on the English Reformation. His views were naturally distasteful to the Presbyterian party, and it was known that he possessed a fine library, valued, it was said, at a thousand pounds. Hence Waller's troopers, fresh from their work at Winchester, or it may have been immediately after the fight at Cheriton, a few miles only distant from Alresford, visited Heylin's rectory, and seized his entire library, while the living was sequestered by Parliament. Another victim of the Great Rebellion was Thomas Johnson, the learned editor of the great edition of Gerard's *Herball* which appeared in 1633. In this undertaking he received considerable assistance from Mr. John Goodyer, of Maple Durham, near Petersfield, one of the most famous of our early botanists. To these observers we owe many of the first records of Hampshire plants, a fact which renders this edition of Gerard of peculiar interest to Hampshire botanists. Thomas Johnson, who practised as a physician in London, and kept a herbalist's shop on Snow Hill, was led by his zeal for the Royal cause to enter the King's army, where he greatly distinguished himself. He became Lieutenant-Colonel, and played an important part in the siege of Basing House, where unfortunately he was mortally wounded. 'At which time,' says an old writer, 'his worth did justly challenge funeral tears; being then no less eminent in the garrison for his valour and conduct as a soldier, than famous through the kingdom for his excellency as an herbalist and physician.'

Among the most popular hymns in the English language are, beyond question, Ken's Morning and Evening Hymns. Before he became Bishop of Bath and Wells, Ken was connected with the Diocese of Winchester, being successively rector of Brighstone in the Isle of Wight, where a yew hedge at the bottom of the rectory garden is traditionally known as Ken's Walk, rector of East Woodhay, where in the churchyard there is a yew tree planted by him, and Prebendary or Canon of Winchester. The question as to where Ken wrote the hymns is much disputed, and many places claim the honour of having witnessed their birth. Dean Plumptre, in his beautiful biography of Thomas Ken, has exhaustively treated the subject, and inclines to the conclusion that they belong to the earlier Winchester period of Ken's life, about seven years after his election as a Fellow of the College. 'Winchester,' he adds, 'may cherish the thought that

they came from Ken's pen and lips there, and were accompanied by him on his lute, or on the organ which was the cherished treasure of his chamber in the College.' It would be interesting if we could connect any of the writings of Ken's brother-in-law, Izaak Walton, with the county of Hants. The writer has already shown, on another occasion, and his conclusion is generally admitted to be conclusive, that the last seven years of the aged fisherman's life were chiefly passed, not, as has been generally supposed, with Bishop Morley, but with his daughter and her husband, whom 'he loved as his own son,' and who was rector of Droxford and Prebendary of Winchester. Now, Walton's *Life of Mr. Robert Sanderson* appeared in 1678, some five years before his death; and although it is possible that the work may have been written at Farnham Castle, where Izaak continued almost to the last occasionally to visit his old friend, yet it is far more probable that it was written under the roof of his daughter who was the stay and comfort of his declining years, either in the Prebendal house at Winchester, where, during the severe winter of 1683, he died, or, as the writer prefers to think, in the old rectory of Droxford on the banks of the river Meon. We learn from Walton's will that part of his library was kept at Droxford, doubtless in one of the sunny rooms looking down the valley, and there it is not unreasonable to think of the old man writing his *Life of Bishop Sanderson*, in the concluding paragraph of which he says: ''Tis now too late to wish that my life may be like his; for I am in the eighty-fifth year of my age; but I humbly pray Almighty God that my death may; and so as earnestly beg of every reader to say, Amen.'

Before quitting the literary associations of the seventeenth century, it must be called to mind that many of the beautiful letters of Rachel, Lady Russell, 'whose noble and gentle virtues, proved by the most cruel of all trials, have gained for her the reputation of a saint,' were written at Stratton Park. These letters contain several allusions to Titchfield, where she was brought up, and where the stately ruins of her old home may still be seen; while at Stratton her memory survives in the name of an avenue of trees known as Lady Russell's Walk.

It is remarkable how many of the literary persons connected with Hampshire during the eighteenth century were clergymen of the Church of England. Edward Young, the poet of the *Night Thoughts* and *The Last Day*, was born at Upham, near Bishop's Waltham, in the rectory house which, though altered and enlarged, is still standing. Basingstoke is justly proud of the names of the three Wartons. Thomas Warton the elder, Professor of Poetry at Oxford, was Vicar of the parish from 1723 to his death, and, as his monument on the chancel wall informs us, 'the father of two distinguished sons—Joseph, head-master of Winchester, and Thomas, the poet, (laureate), and the historian of English poetry.' In the picturesque churchyard of Headbourne Worthy, near Winchester, beneath the east window of

the Saxon church, may be seen the plain tomb of Joseph Bingham, the learned author of the *Origines Ecclesiasticæ*. For many years he was rector of the parish, to which in 1712 Bishop Trelawney, recognising his invaluable work on the *Antiquities of the Christian Church*, added the rectory of Havant. At Havant, Bingham died in 1723, when his remains were transferred to the parish so long associated with his name. Another ecclesiastic of considerable eminence in his day was Mr. Robert Lowth, the Hebraist, who eventually became Bishop of London, and who is still remembered by his *Life of William of Wykeham*, his *Lectures on Hebrew Poetry*, and his *Translations of Isaiah*. The earlier portion of his career was almost entirely connected with Hampshire. He was born at Buriton rectory, near Petersfield, of which parish his father, William Lowth, the commentator, was rector. He was afterwards educated at Winchester and at New College, Oxford. At a comparatively early age his great merits were recognised by Bishop Hoadly, who called him from Oxford to the position of Archdeacon of Winchester, to which 'dignity,' the Bishop quickly 'added a suitable support'—so we learn from Lowth's Dedication of his *Life of Wykeham* to his patron, 'the great Advocate of Civil and Religious Liberty'—in appointing him to the valuable rectory of Woodhay, a parish, as we have seen, at one time associated with Thomas Ken.

A greater celebrity than Bishop Lowth was also connected with the retired village of Buriton. The ancient manor-house belonged to the father of Edward Gibbon, and there the future historian of the Roman Empire spent many of the earlier years of his life. But 'the rustic solitude of Buriton' does not appear to have been congenial to his taste. Indeed, in his autobiography, he speaks of the years he spent there as 'the portion of my life which I passed with the least enjoyment, and which I remember with the least satisfaction.' The ordinary pleasures of the country had no attraction for him. He seldom mounted a horse; he never handled a gun. The visits of his 'idle neighbours' bored him. His duties as captain of the local militia became increasingly distasteful; each year he was 'more disgusted with the inn, the wine, the company, and the training.' Of the house itself, which is still standing, he speaks in more favourable terms. 'If strangers had nothing to see, the inhabitants had little to desire.' He himself occupied 'a pleasant and spacious apartment,' where, he says, 'I was never less alone than when by myself.' At this time he was 'contemplating at an awful distance' the *Decline and Fall*; but it was not until after the death of his father in 1770, when he had 'finally disentangled himself from the management of the farm, and transferred his residence from Buriton to London,' that he actually undertook the composition of his famous work.

In the sphere of natural history three distinguished writers were associated with Hampshire in the eighteenth century—William Gilpin,

Curtis the author of the *Flora Londinensis*, and Gilbert White. For thirty years Gilpin was vicar of Boldre in the New Forest; and there his beautiful book on *Forest Scenery* was written. Unfortunately, much of his local description is now obsolete, owing to the changes which have taken place in the Forest; but the real value of the book remains in its pure love of Nature and simple unaffected style. The good man lies buried in his own peaceful and solitary churchyard, on the north side of the church, beneath the shadow of a great maple tree. The boyhood and early manhood of William Curtis were passed at Alton, where he was born in the year 1746; and it is interesting to bear in mind that the skill and knowledge which render the *Botanical Magazine* and the *Flora Londinensis* of such value to English botanists were first acquired in the pleasant neighbourhood of that town, and within a few miles of Selborne, where Gilbert White was then living. In after years the two naturalists were on friendly terms, and it is not unreasonable to suppose that the relationship began when young Curtis was a medical apprentice to his grandfather in his native town. Of Gilbert White and his beloved Selborne it is difficult to speak in a few sentences. His famous work appeared in 1789, when White was approaching his three-score years and ten, and was the result of the observation of his life-time. It may fairly be claimed as the most delightful book on natural history in the English language; and it is little wonder that every year many distinguished persons in the world of science and literature make a pilgrimage to the parish so intimately associated with the life of the great naturalist. Selborne itself has but little changed in the course of the last century. It is still possible to visit the exact spots rendered famous by his writings. Though 'The Wakes,' where he lived, has unfortunately been enlarged and modernised, yet his study and bedroom remain in almost the same condition as when he occupied them. His sundial stands on the lawn, and his narrow brick pathway still leads to the meadow beyond. The glorious Hanger is still covered with beech-trees, under which several rare plants noticed by White continue to flourish. The Lyth, the green valley leading to the Priory Farm, is as quiet and secluded as when, one hundred and fifty years ago, Gilbert White loved to watch the night-jars hawking for chafers in the twilight. His noble yew-tree, 'upwards of twenty-three feet in circumference,' wrapped in its 'thousand years of gloom,' still guards the churchyard, where the grave of the famous naturalist may be found; marked only, in keeping with the simplicity of his life, with a low head and foot stone, under two feet in height, and the brief inscription: 'G. W., 26th June, 1793.'

About fifteen miles due north of Selborne lies the little village of Steventon, where in 1775 Jane Austen was born. Like Gilbert White's, her life was serene and uneventful; and, like his, was passed almost entirely in Hampshire. Her literary work may be divided into two

distinct periods. The first portion of her life, up to the age of twenty-five, she passed at Steventon, and there she wrote *Pride and Prejudice*, *Sense and Sensibility*, and *Northanger Abbey*. Then, after a few years' sojourning first at Bath and afterwards at Southampton, she settled at Chawton, and there she produced her three most celebrated novels —*Mansfield Park*, *Emma*, and *Persuasion*—novels which excited the enthusiastic admiration of Lord Macaulay and Sir Walter Scott, and which in the opinion of Lord Tennyson placed her 'next to Shakespeare.' The country around Steventon, of which secluded parish Jane's father was rector, is without distinction, but with a quiet charm of its own. The old parsonage where she was born was pulled down some years ago; and the church in which she worshipped has been almost entirely rebuilt; and there are now no memorials whatever of her or her family at Steventon. At Chawton, however, in which picturesque village, some four miles from Selborne, she lived from 1809 to 1817, the house is still standing in which she produced her best work. It is a small unpretentious building, a good deal altered since her time, and now used as a village club. After some eight years' residence at Chawton her health began rapidly to decline, and it was with great difficulty that she wrote the concluding chapter of *Persuasion*. So in May 1817 she removed with her sister Cassandra to Winchester in order to obtain better medical attention. They took rooms in a little house in College Street, on which a tablet has now been placed recalling the fact that 'In this house Jane Austen lived her last days and died July 18, 1817.' She lies buried in the north aisle of Winchester Cathedral, where a fine stained-glass window has been inserted to her memory.

In the Victorian history of the county of Hants the names of four clergymen are mentioned whose works, written during the nineteenth century, have exercised an influence far beyond the range of the diocese of Winchester. These are Legh Richmond, Keble, Charles Kingsley, and Trench.

Legh Richmond was curate of Brading, in the Isle of Wight, from 1797 to 1805, and it was during those years that he met with the parochial experiences which he afterwards embodied in his narratives of *The Dairyman's Daughter* and *Little Jane the Cottager*. These stories obtained an extraordinary popularity, and were translated into many European languages. Even now little Jane's grave in Brading churchyard is yearly visited by large numbers of persons. For thirty years, from 1836 to his death, John Keble, 'the true and primary author' of the Tractarian Movement, was rector of the parish of Hursley, near Winchester. His famous work, *The Christian Year*, had been published in 1827; but it is interesting to know that it was with the proceeds of this book and of *Lyra Innocentium*, which he wrote at Hursley and which has many associations with the place, that Keble most generously rebuilt Hursley church. Before Richard

Chenevix Trench became Dean of Westminster he was for over twenty years connected with the diocese of Winchester, first as vicar of Curdridge and afterwards as rector of Itchenstoke. At Curdridge he wrote his well-known work on *The Parables* and many of his elegiac poems; while in his fine old rectory on the banks of the Itchen he wrote *The Study of Words*, which has passed through numerous editions, and those other works on *The Miracles* and the *Synonyms of the New Testament* which may fairly be claimed to have enriched the literature of the English Church.

The name of Charles Kingsley is one of the greatest among our Hampshire men of letters. For three-and-thirty years he held the living of Eversley in the north of the county, and there most of his novels and sermons were written. Much as Kingsley loved Devonshire and the Fens, where he was brought up, yet his biography testifies that to him there was no place like Eversley. In his essay *My Winter Garden* he has painted in glowing colours his own corner of the county, with its wide stretches of brown moors, and its magnificent Scotch firs. 'I respect them, these Scotch firs. I delight in their forms, from James the First's gnarled giants up in Bramshill Park—the only place in England where a painter can learn what Scotch firs are—down to the little green pyramids which stand up out of the heather, triumphant over tyranny and the strange woes of an untoward youth.' For the New Forest, too, he had a deep affection, as several of his ballads testify, while no descriptions of the chalk streams of Hampshire are said to equal those contained in *Yeast* and other of his writings. Well does the writer remember a visit he paid to Eversley not long after Kingsley's death. The rectory was empty, but the study window stood open, and he entered the room, with the brick floor and the swing door, associated with so many memories of the famous parson and novelist. There *Alton Locke* was written, and *Hypatia*, and *Two Years Ago*, and many of his manly sermons. Outside the study was the little side garden up and down which he was wont to pace when working out his stories. There on the lawn stood the great fir-trees he loved so well. The church was uninteresting, save that it was Kingsley's church, and that hard by in the churchyard his remains were resting, marked by a simple cross with the motto of his own choosing, *Amavimus, Amamus, Amabimus*.

Of the many writers who had some connection with our county during the nineteenth century it is only possible to mention the most conspicuous. The town of Portsmouth is justly proud of being the birthplace of Charles Dickens, although with Hampshire he had little connection in after life. It may, however, be noted that the meeting of Nicholas Nickleby with Mr. Crummles is placed at the Bottom Inn between Horndean and Butser Hill on the old coach road to London. Thackeray, too, resided for a time at Fareham, and utilised his knowledge of the district in his unfinished novel *Denis Duval*. Sir Walter

Besant was also a native of Portsmouth; and his story *By Celia's Arbour* deals with the times of the French prisoners at Portchester Castle, a few miles distant from his birthplace. Miss Charlotte Yonge's numerous works were written at Otterbourne, where she resided; and Captain Marryat's best story has to do with the New Forest. For some years William Cobbett lived at Fairthorn Farm, Botley; but the large square house built of the noted Fareham red brick, in which he dispensed hospitality to his friends, has been pulled down. His political pamphlets have now passed into obscurity; but his racy book the *Rural Rides* is still a favourite among lovers of country life. Many of these 'rides,' undertaken during the years 1821 to 1832, were through the county of Hants, and Cobbett's descriptions of the scenery and of the state of agriculture are alike full of vigour and interest. Passing mention must also be made of Colonel Peter Hawker, whose *Instructions to Young Sportsmen*, published in 1830, is the most famous book on shooting in the language, while his *Diary* is the delight of field naturalists. The Colonel lived at Longparish House by the river Test, in which he loved to angle, and in which he caught literally thousands of trout; he also spent much time on the coast of Hampshire, where he built himself a cottage at Keyhaven, near Lymington, but the number of wild-fowl has sadly diminished since the great sportsman wrote his celebrated books. It must not be forgotten that the poet Keats during his 'short journey to the grave' sojourned now and again at Shanklin, in the Isle of Wight, where he began *Endymion*, and afterwards wrote *Lamia*. His poem *To Autumn* was written when on a visit to Winchester.

In conclusion a brief reference must be made to the connection with our county of Lord Tennyson, the greatest literary name (with the possible exception of Jane Austen) associated with it. Hearing in 1853 that the beautiful old house of Farringford, at Freshwater, was for sale, he went with his wife to see it. They crossed the Solent in a rowing-boat on a still November evening, and 'one dark heron flew over the sea, backed by a daffodil sky.' Next day, we are told, 'as they gazed from the drawing-room window towards a sea of Mediterranean blue, with the down on the left rising above the foreground of undulating park, golden-leaved elms and chestnuts, and red-stemmed pines, they agreed that they must if possible have that view to live with.' So Tennyson came to Freshwater, 'far from smoke and noise of town,' to the secluded, creeper-covered house of Farringford, which was to be his home for forty years, and where many of his best works, including *Maud* and the *Enoch Arden* volume and the *Idylls of the King*, were written. One of his favourite haunts was the meadow called Maiden's Croft (dedicated to the Virgin Mary), looking over Freshwater Bay and toward the downs. In this field of the old priory he built himself a little summer-house, where he would write down the lines he made as he paced up and down the meadows.

'I made most of *The Holy Grail*' he would say, 'walking up and down my field "Maiden Croft."' The country around Freshwater, and especially the 'noble downs,' the air of which, he used to say, was 'worth sixpence a pint,' are intimately associated with the great poet's memory. His favourite walk, his son tells us, was along the downs from Watcombe Bay by the Beacon towards the thymy promontory that towers above the Needles. 'The views of sea and cliff, the gloom and glory over the waters on either hand, were a perpetual delight to him.' On the one side 'the hoary Channel tumbles a billow on chalk and sand,' and on the other the beautiful outlines of the New Forest, with the noble edifice of Christchurch in the distance, are seen beyond the blue waters of the Solent. He liked to listen to 'the scream of the madden'd beach dragg'd down by the wave'; or watch at sunset the great waves flinging their rosy 'veil of spray' behind them and 'shouldering the sun.' One special spot that he liked above all was a platform of cliff above Scratchell's Bay, looking up to a dazzling white precipice, which he named Taliessin or the 'splendid brow.' Here he loved to stand, and watch the birds, an unceasing source of interest to him, that haunt the chalk ledges—the splendid peregrines, the ravens with their 'iron knell,' the kestrel-hawks, the stock-doves, the countless wild fowl, cormorants, puffins, guillemots, razorbills, that visit the cliffs every spring. Not far from this spot, on 'the ridge of the noble down,' fitly stands the lofty Iona cross of grey Cornish granite which has been erected as a memorial to our Island poet. In the church below, a tablet to his memory has been placed upon the chancel wall which tells us that his 'happiest days were passed at Farringford in this parish.'

JOHN VAUGHAN.

THE NORWICH SCHOOL AND THEIR LAST EXPONENT

The Norwich School have come into their kingdom, but it is only within the last few years, surprising as the statement may at first appear. In Norwich four years ago there was a very fine exhibition of their work, to which Mr. James Reeve sent his now famous collection. Not long afterwards the Reeve collection was again shown in London, on its acquisition by the British Museum. On several recent occasions, too, the pictures collected by the late Mr. Staats Forbes were seen in London, and at Christie's a number of Norwich School pictures have changed hands. The first books written upon the School have appeared during the last year, one that promised more than it performed by Mr. Dickes, and another of considerable value, on Crome's etchings, by Mr. Theobald, the happy possessor of the Dawson Turner collection. All these happenings have increased the sum of knowledge and stimulated to a degree hitherto unknown the public interest. It is to be hoped that now adequate monographs will be written on some of the associates and followers of 'Old' Crome. Justice, though tardy, has been done to Crome himself and to Cotman, but other members of the Norwich school have yet to receive full recognition. Now and again some notable landscape is exhibited at Burlington House, such as George Vincent's *Driving the Flock*, which was to be seen a few years ago, and critics are constrained to say that if this example were typical of his work the painter would rank with our masters of landscape painting. The 'if,' like the wise wagging of a forefinger, would seem to imply knowledge, but in truth Vincent's pictures are little known even to the critics and when brought at long intervals from their retreat it is generally to surprise. There is no picture by Vincent in the National Gallery, and the little subject, a forest road, at the South Kensington Museum is singularly unrepresentative of the work of a painter who has revealed the phases of the sky with an aerial charm that lingers in the memory. When his masterpiece, *Greenwich Hospital*, was shown at the International Exhibition of 1862 interest was aroused for a time in the forgotten painter. 'He would have ranged,' wrote Mr. Palgrave, 'with our best men, if we may argue safely from one example.' Exhibited

again at the Royal Academy, it caused many to marvel that a picture by a man almost ignored in the annals of our art could easily vie with the pictures of Turner and Wilson between which it was hung.

The works of James Stark, Crome's most celebrated pupil, have for a generation or more been sought by discriminating judges, and their worth is estimated by those who

> buy and sell our pictures, take and give,
> Count them for garniture and household stuff,

at augmenting prices. But to the public, to that posterity for whom Crome urged him to paint, his pictures can hardly yet be said to be familiar. His posthumous reputation, moreover, has suffered from the habit of attributing some of his best work to the hand of his master. An instance of this occurred at one of the winter exhibitions of the Royal Academy, when a picture by Stark was assigned in the catalogue to Crome, and was cited at the time as an example of an excellence in Crome's painting to which none of his pupils could attain. Another instance occurred in 1903, when the late Mr. Forbes exhibited his Norwich School pictures at the rooms of the Fine Art Society. Among them was *A Lane near Norwich*, a fine landscape attributed to Crome. The history of this picture was known to me, and having in my possession an etching of it made by the painter from his picture, I sent this etching with its history to Mr. Forbes, with the result that he restored the painting to its rightful ownership. Before Stark's work found favour in the auction room some of the pictures of his best period were, for purposes of gain, assigned to Crome, the difference in the price of the works of master and pupil being considerable. Since the market value of Stark's best work has approximated to that of Crome's the temptation has been slight. But again and again have Stark's pictures been exhibited thus re-christened, and it is now a hopeless task to restore them to their true paternity. In addition, feeble works that have but scant claims even to resemble those of the Norwich school are freely called Starks, and bear conspicuously upon their faces his signature, although the pictures signed by him are probably only two in number. Such is the price that must be paid sometimes for the growth of a painter's reputation. When in 1876 Stark's *Valley of the Yare* was seen at Burlington House it was a revelation to many of the admirable quality of his best work, and ten years afterwards it was acquired by the National Gallery. Owing to the adoption of a somewhat arbitrary chronology, it has since been removed to the Tate Gallery, and is thus divorced from other pictures of the school in the older building. That this picture is known as a Stark and not as a Crome is due to the late Mr. Arthur Stark, the son and pupil of the painter. While it was in Mr. Arthur Stark's possession he was offered for it what was then the high price of a thousand pounds, a sum which at that time he could ill afford to

forfeit. 'But if I have it,' said the disingenuous dealer, 'it's a Crome.' 'And wherever I see it, it's a Stark,' replied the owner, and refused the bribe.

Our public galleries are comparatively rich in examples of Crome's work, discreditably poor in examples of the work of Cotman and other members of the school. Of the *Dutch Galliot in a Storm* in the National Gallery, which sails under Cotman's flag, the less said the better. It is one of the many forgeries. He whom it may tempt to associate with the name of Cotman something hard and mechanical should contrast it with the *Fishing Boats off Yarmouth* in the Norwich Castle Museum. Apart from the tale of our public galleries, but few opportunities had been afforded until lately of reviewing the claims of these painters. At the International Exhibition were to be seen some of Crome's finest subjects, but it was not until 1878 that the school received their first appropriate recognition, when at the winter exhibition of the Royal Academy a room was devoted to fifty-six of their pictures, the majority of which, however, were by Crome and Cotman. Stark's pictures, eight in number, were ill chosen, there were only six by Vincent, although these included *On the Yare*, and four by Stannard. Soon afterwards the Norwich Art Circle gave several interesting exhibitions, Thirtle's water colours being for the first time gathered together, landscapes characterised at once by freedom and delicacy. It was seen then that some of Thirtle's pictures are spoilt for posterity because the painter mixed the fugitive indigo with Indian red to produce the gray of his skies. As in some water colours by Copley Fielding, the indigo has faded, leaving a brilliant red to bewilder the spectator. After this revival of interest the school was little heeded for twenty years.

Norwich is now proud of its painters, but in their lifetime it was otherwise. In those days in East Anglia it needed a man of genius to divine the genius in Crome. 'Seek'st thou a living master?' cries Lavengro to his brother. 'Thou hast one at home in the old East Anglian town . . . the little dark man with the brown coat and the top boots . . . whose works will at no distant period rank amongst the proudest pictures of England . . . thy, at present, all too little considered master, Crome.' Crome was a drawing master, and by virtue of his industry and engaging qualities he earned in this way, after a struggle, a modest competence. His pictures he painted on Sundays and in his holidays, sometimes making a present of his work to a patron whose children he taught, and if he received five pounds for a masterpiece he deemed himself lucky. Among his Norwich contemporaries he was called Black Jack, a sobriquet in which there lurked disparagement, for to the dark minds of these worthy gentlefolk and merchants the deep interwoven mystery in his pictures was blackness. This was the Norwich for whose fair fame he was so ambitious that he strove to make it a centre of art second only to the

metropolis. At his death, in 1821, *Mousehold Heath*, now one of the glories of the National Gallery, was bought by Stannard for a sovereign, and thirty years after his death his pictures could be bought for ten guineas. FitzGerald could appreciate Crome's masterly qualities in 1842, and Borrow could acclaim him in 1850. Mr. Ruskin, however, neither in the third and fourth volumes of his *Modern Painters*, published in 1856, nor in the last, published in 1860, had one word to say of the man who had done perfectly so many of the things on which he lavished his eloquence. M. Chesneau, in his *Peinture Anglaise*, recognised in Crome one of the truest and most vigorous landscape painters we have ever seen, and wrote in terms of high praise of the work of Cotman, Ladbrooke, Stark, Vincent, and J. B. Crome. But Mr. Ruskin in his preface to the English translation, in 1885, had no word to say of Crome and his school, and in his notes to the final edition of *Modern Painters*, published three years later, this dour boycott is maintained. Yet he could find ample space to dwell upon the work of later and inferior men. The omission is stupendous, and that it is wilful can hardly be disputed; to record it is to throw a significant light on Mr. Ruskin's prepossessions. From other pens Crome and Cotman have received the gracious treatment which they merit. Of the school, however, the criticism has been jejune. Yet Crome has been rivalled in fidelity to nature, and perhaps surpassed in mere technical skill, by more than one of those whom he started on their course and left to carry forward the traditions of his art. The pictures of James Stark and of Vincent have the same beauty, the same sweetness, though not the same strength and not always the same spontaneity; we miss in them the glory of a first utterance, but in their best works it is hard to say in what respects they are not equal to their master.

In his valuable monograph on Crome Mr. Binyon holds that 'the Norwich school had no common bond of theory'; a little consideration, however, will show that this position is untenable. The painters of the school were closely linked, and not only was the influence of Crome manifest on the first generation, his teaching was handed down from father to son. James Stark, Vincent, and J. B. Crome were Crome's pupils; Arthur Stark, the last exponent of the school, who died four years ago at the age of seventy-one, was the son and pupil of James Stark; Stannard and H. Ladbrooke were the pupils of Robert Ladbrooke, who learnt and practised his art with Crome from the days when as lads they shared the same garret and worked for the same print-sellers; and Miles Cotman and Lound were Cotman's pupils. The few recorded utterances of Crome's are evidence that theory played an important part in his teaching. In a letter to James Stark he writes 'Breath (breadth) must be attended to if you paint,' and the breadth he aimed at was never the slick emptiness that too often reigns supreme in modern Academy exhibitions, but one that

had the fulness of nature. He exhorted his pupils to keep the masses large and in beautiful lines, and to give to the sky, which plays so important a part in all landscape, and a supreme part in the low levels of the Norfolk scenery, the prominence it deserved. 'As to your sky,' he writes to Stark, 'make the parts broad and of a good shape, that they may come in with your composition, forming one grand plan of light and shade.' When painting his favourite Yarmouth jetty, and in other subjects, he has often, in his own words, made the sky 'play the first fiddle.' As with the Dutch painters, so with Crome and his school, the low levels of the surrounding landscapes impelled a closer and more lingering attention to the skies. To this in the first place, no doubt, is due that sense of air and space in their pictures, for which Crome said he painted *Mousehold Heath*. They show us the open road, and there is 'a wind on the heath.' With the open-blowing heath in his mind Crome writes, 'Trifles in nature must be overlooked that we may have our feelings raised by seeing the whole picture at a glance, not knowing how or why we are so charmed.' The mind is not to be bewildered by trivialities, it is the superfluous that he would disregard. He is the master of simplicity, than which, perhaps, nothing is more subtle. But small things are not trifles to him unless they hinder instead of help the composition, he discriminates between what is characteristic and what accidental, and carefully paints in the foreground of *Mousehold Heath* some thistles, docks, and sorrel. Unlike some painters of the Dutch school, he will not paint detail for its own sake, but neither he nor his pupils are afraid, in artist's parlance, of putting a lot into their pictures. In the foregrounds of many of their landscapes finely drawn weeds and grasses may be discovered—discovered rather than seen, for none knew better than these painters how to subordinate the part to the whole. This rare union of breadth with detail, of breadth which compels attention at a distance by beauty of mass and line, with such detail as may be examined closely and still delight the eye, is the stamp of the Norwich school. 'Breadth were easily obtained if emptiness could give it'; it is breadth with fulness which we find in the work of Crome, Cotman, and Vincent, it is this which makes the charm of James Stark's *Valley of the Yare*. When this picture was acquired by the National Gallery the late Mr. Armine Kent wrote some pleasing verses upon it, not included in the recent volume of his literary remains, *Otia* :—

> On standing tower and stretching plain
> Shadow and gleam alternate fleet,
> The team doze patient in the wain,
> The stooping hinds lay low the wheat,
> A tempered and autumnal heat
> Makes golden all the mellow air,
> And broods in sunlit silence sweet
> On the broad Valley of the Yare.

Men blinded by no golden rain,
Whose pulse for no renown could beat,
These Norfolk worthies did not deign
To force our suffrage or entreat;
Not theirs to clamour and compete
For meeds and markets for their ware—
Enough if Art her Gods could greet
Here in the Valley of the Yare!

Bell wethers for misguided feet,
Lo! here ye tinkle and lo! there—
But Art immortal fixed her seat
Here in the Valley of the Yare!

The tradition is handed on. We find this characteristic union of breadth with detail in many of the landscapes contributed by Arthur Stark to the exhibitions of the Royal Academy and the British Institution. Among his later pictures may be instanced *Finis*. It is the close of day; over the rising heath in the foreground comes a shepherd with his sheep; beyond is the soft blue distance of the hills. The sky, in which a warm, grey tone predominates, reminds one of the sky in Crome's Windmill landscape, it is, despite its sober colour, so unexpectedly rich and luminous. The technique is the same, the glow, the atmosphere are there, it is an old master. The *Meadows near Sandwich* has the breath of the open places of the earth. One can examine the lush grasses which the sheep are cropping, but the spacious meadows, the distant gleam of white cliffs calling to mind our memories of the sea, the clouds that drive across the wind-swept sky, all are instinct with

Silence and passion, joy and peace,
An everlasting wash of air.

There is, too, a consummate little picture of evening on Dartmoor. Although but a glimpse of the distance is given, and the furze-clad heath amid which the cattle browse may be looked at closely for its detail, yet there is in this tiny canvas all the romance of things far off and unapproachable, and all the mystery of gathering darkness.

Too much has been made of Crome's love of the Dutch painters, and in particular of Hobbema. His reverence for Hobbema is well known from the anecdote recorded in Wodderspoon's memoir. A few minutes before he expired, waking from a long lethargy, he exclaimed, 'Hobbema, my dear Hobbema, how I have loved you'; and one wishes that Meindert Hobbema, when dying poor and neglected in his last lodging at Amsterdam, soon to be buried in a pauper's grave, could have had prescience of that cry. But Crome knew very few of Hobbema's works, and however much he loved the Dutch painters, a love the reason for which may well be found in the similarity between the aspects of Holland and our eastern counties, and in a kindred feeling for natural beauty and colour, his was too forceful and original

a genius to endure the shackles of the imitator save in his novitiate. The rare catalogue of the paintings, prints, and books in his possession, which were sold at his death, shows that he had acquired one landscape by Hobbema, one by Ruysdael, and several by other Dutch painters of note, among them Vandervelde, Van Goyen, and Cuyp, as well as a number of pictures by unknown painters of the Dutch school; but we also find that he had one or two pictures or sketches by N. Poussin, Murillo, Hogarth, Wilson, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Opie, and the list of prints still further attests the catholicity of his taste.

Some interesting particulars of Crome's technique are preserved among the papers of Mr. Arthur Stark, which have not been published.

> His mode of painting was to get the whole work perfected in drawing and arrangement of light and shadow, and very especially so in the impasto and gradation of surface; it then presented more the effect of a carefully executed monochrome than an embryo picture. Afterwards, when the fit of inspiration was on him, he would flood the whole at once with the glorious tone and colour that are so characteristic of his art. This mode of working up for a subsequent glaze is scarcely used by any painter of the present time to anything approaching a like extent.

This was the means by which Crome obtained his effects, and not, as Mr. Binyon supposes, by covering his canvas with a tone of warm grey on which to paint, making use of the ground for shadows.

> To my father painting with him (writes the younger Stark) he would often burst out suddenly with a colloquial cry, 'We'll show 'em, Bor, we'll show 'em,' the 'em being the world at large, and the Bor a Norfolk term of endearment. And on my father looking over his shoulder, he would always find him when thus excited in the midst of a great glazing and enrichment of his work, his sense of enjoyment then becoming too great for silence.

Crome never touched one part of his work without going over the whole, for completion to his mind did not mean the finishing of parts, but rather their harmonious relation to a large and consistent whole. To glaze a picture in this way the colours are first permitted to dry, and then the painter to secure the effect in his mind applies to the whole or portions of the work one or other of the transparent colours. This pigment is made very liquid, and is applied with a rag as often as with a brush. Nature may be said to glaze a landscape when a shadow passes over the sun, or when the sun in sinking each moment floods the country with a richer light. The tone of the whole landscape is then altered, each colour sharing proportionately and harmoniously in the change. By a glaze such effects can be, and have been rendered perfectly, and they do ill who sneer, in modern fashion, at anything but the practice of solid painting. This mode of working up for a subsequent glaze was generally adopted by Crome's pupils, and it was often adopted also by Arthur Stark. The pictures of James Stark and of Vincent have sometimes suffered from the

so-called cleaning to which they have been subjected by dealers, a process in which some of the glazing, and consequently the atmosphere and colour of the picture, has been removed. Although the best dealers of the present day are more circumspect than have been those of past generation who scrupled not to 'clean' pictures with acids or fantastically to nourish them, in the cant phrase, with superabundant varnishes, one sighs for the millennium when to tamper with a noble picture shall be adjudged a penal offence.

For his inspiration Crome went to the very heart of nature. Mr. Wedmore was unhappy when he termed him our most uncompromisin realist—had he written our most subtle realist he would have hit the mark. It is the delicate gradation of light and shade, and not their obvious aspect, in which Crome and his school were passionately interested. The mystery of dawn, the effects of atmosphere on leve prospects of coast and river, mere and meadow, the sombre glory that may brood upon the earth when clouds conceal the sun, the tender glow of evening on holt or heath, the play of reflected and intercepted light upon foliage in the sunlight, or the interwoven shadows of the forest, to these they gave their lives. The glare of the sun at noon, or the chromatic splendours of a gorgeous sunset, are not to be found on their canvas, save in some pictures by Cotman representing the last phase in that painter's more varied career. This vision of nature, this love of the subtleties of light and shade, requires colours that are subdued, yet of an intrinsic richness. So in the work of all the members of the school are seen refined and tender colours, which they mixed with the same knowledge and feeling.

It has been said that an oak painted by Crome is 'a poem vibratin with life,' but a better thing is said by Borrow when he writes of his 'beautiful rural pieces, with trees which might well tempt the little birds to perch upon them.' Those were the days in Norfolk before so many wide lanes had been obliterated, or large tracts of heath brought into cultivation, and some of the ancestral oaks painted by Crome used to uplift their rugged arms in silent nooks where now the railway runs. The *Poringland Oak* and *The Willow* have been instanced as the two grandest pictures of trees, and it is to be regretted that the National Gallery is not possessed of one of them, or of one in which passing by the shining boles of noble trees we enter the tangled intricacy, the awe and darkness of the grove. The *View a Chapel Fields* of a shady avenue in autumn is not at all representativ of Crome's tree painting, the foliage, though of a jewelled richness is a little confused; the subject, too, is somewhat marred by the cattle upon the road, which were painted in by Shayer. The contemplation of this picture has led at least in one case to a curious mistake. In *English Art in the Public Galleries of London* a writer has generalised from the assumption that this is a typical example of Crome's manner in tree-painting, whereas it is one of the rare

instances in which he disregarded the definition of foliage, expressing only the broad, transparent shadow. Crome gave to each tree its habit of growth, its bark and foliage, with a particularity greater than that of any painter before him, and in this he anticipated and surpassed Turner. Yet it is without detriment to the unity of the picture, there is no niggling, to use the word applied, in prejudice, by Mr. Ruskin to the foliage of Hobbema. Just as the figure painter draws first the nude form before he draws and paints the drapery which is to cover it, so Crome and his school drew first the trunk and branches of the tree and then clothed it with its sentient foliage. They are eminently the painters of trees, of trees as they live and grow. Cotman's trees are distinguished for their intimate beauty—he was especially the master of the ash. An exquisite definition and freshness of colour are to be seen in the trees of Vincent, which are often of a greener hue than is common with the school, who in general chose the autumn colour. James Stark painted sylvan scenes with profound knowledge and with the eye of a poet. He has sometimes been called the English Hobbema, but the grace of his woodlands was rarely compassed by the Dutch painters, whose trees, even those of Ruysdael and Hobbema, have by comparison a certain flatness, and are less aglow with life than those to be found in the best work of the Norwich school. In the work of Arthur Stark, also, is seen this knowledge and passionate love of trees. With Comus he, too, might have said:

> I know each lane, and every alley green,
> Dingle, or bushy dell of this wild wood,
> And every bosky bourn from side to side,
> My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood.

A Forest Scene was the third picture he exhibited at the Royal Academy, in 1850, to be followed in after years by many others. His *Stepping Stones* is an example of such tree painting as only Crome and his school can give us. There is no confusion, so single is the effect, so large and simple the masses. It is a russet harmony. Yet the oak which overshadows the stream is drawn and painted as if it were the portrait of an oak, its life is as individual as that of any human being, its foliage is distinct and may be closely examined. In his earlier work some subjects in the wooded glens near Bettws-y-coed are especially imbued with the spirit of the school.

It would be idle, even after this brief survey, to assert that the Norwich school had no bond of theory, no common tradition. A final touchstone is afforded in some sentences penned by the younger Stark, to whom the teaching last descended:

> In art it is unity that constitutes perfection, a unity that comes of simplicity without poverty or bareness. It is a sign of immaturity to be pretentious or florid in design or colour, it is a sign of having graduated in the chaste and supreme school of nature to be simple. . . . The superficial and the dexterous

> soon pall, for nothing cloys so rapidly and so completely as the recurrence of a trick of which we have once mastered the clue. The colour box is not the bow of Iris, a picture should not attempt to deceive but to represent. . . . Crome knew that the grandeur of art is more displayed in the interest it can give to the common and everyday than in any adventitious aid that it can gain from that which is startling and exceptional. . . . The taste must be trained and elevated which takes keen pleasure in the play of light and shade and the delicate interweaving of colour that occur in a long stretch of low-lying landscape. . . . When the sun is in his steady prime he shines fair and square upon everything . . . with a high light, a shadow and a reflection, there is no mystery, no half illumined masses, no colour broken into chaos, yet burning beautiful and harmonious as a whole. But the dearest and tenderest secrets of nature are revealed in flashes, in moments of pause when the glowing light is threatened with extinction by pursuing shade, when the dewy grass laughs in the morning sun, when evening shuts down upon the darkening earth.

Here, surely, is the last testament of the school.

Arthur James Stark was born at Chelsea in 1831. Three years later Cotman came to London, and was soon a constant visitor at the house of James Stark. A scheme was devised between the two artists whereby Cotman was to design the composition of some pictures which Stark was to paint, but the project was soon found to be impracticable and was abandoned. Cotman at that time must have been a picturesque figure, for he used often to walk the streets of London in a riding coat, gaitered and spurred, carrying a riding whip and accompanied by two great bloodhounds in a leash. Doubtless it was the habit of his Norfolk days which he had not yet discarded. One of the boy's earliest recollections was of these dogs, which he regarded with awe. One evening on Cotman's arrival he crept off to bed, but the dogs having been given the run of the house, the child afterwards awoke in the dark, aware of some horrific presence in the room, and was presently affrighted by the sound of the lapping up of water. It was the bloodhounds who had entered his room and were drinking water from a jug. 'It seemed to me,' he used to say, 'as if they were lapping my blood.' In 1839 James Stark removed to Windsor, where he painted many forest scenes; but his Windsor period is not his best. His little son was sometimes his companion on expeditions to Windsor Great Park, and at an early age gave proof that his father's gifts were transmitted, though it was not without a struggle that he gained permission to make art his calling. James Stark for some time persistently tore up all the boy's sketches, and tried to divert his mind to other pursuits, fearing that it was the imitative faculty which impelled him to draw; but when his work began to show real promise the battle was won, and thenceforth father and son often drew or painted side by side, the boy receiving invaluable instruction. So much did he profit by his father's tuition that at the age of seventeen Arthur Stark exhibited at the Royal Academy *A Water Mill*, which was hung on the line between pictures by Landseer and Sir Francis Grant. Between 1848 and 1887 he

exhibited thirty-three pictures at the British Institution, thirty-six at the Royal Academy, and fifty-one at the exhibitions of the Royal Society of British Artists, besides contributions to other galleries. While living in London he used often to spend a part of each year at Sonning, having acquired in his early Windsor days a love of the Thames and its valley, and here and in the neighbourhood he painted many landscapes. Norfolk he knew well, and among the pictures painted in his hereditary county are scenes on the Norfolk coast, at Cromer and on the Yare. There are pictures, too, of the marshes where the cattle browse on the rich pastures, or it is the haunt of teal and wild duck that is depicted, and the dogs are retrieving a mallard. In his works are often delineated the features of an ordinary countryside, and for him there was a never-failing attraction in a farm with all its manifold activities, feeding the calves, milking, removing timber, hay-making, harvesting, and when all is done the cleared field, and the distant horizon. At South Nutfield in Surrey, where in 1886 he took up his residence, he found ample scope for interpreting the spirit of the English fields and trees, as well as of undulating country. A fine subject which he often painted there he discovered upon a farm. On either side of a wide road, which shortly vanishes over the crest of a hill, are grouped mighty elm trees, now, alas, sadly fallen or broken by high winds. In summer time, beneath the intermingling branches which overarch the road, the dreamy shadows or chequered sunshine fall on one side upon a darkling pool. On the other side there are the farm wains, and beyond high hedges an old barn and some ricks. Here by the pool is sometimes found a little gipsy camp, a fire is lit, and outlined against its curling smoke a dark figure is seen bending; or down the road is driven a flock of sheep. His constant study of nature gave freshness and vitality to all he did. Autumn was his favourite season, ever the most attractive to the eye that looks for colour and to largeness of mass. He often rendered the poetry of summer, of which his Sonning pictures afford examples, or, to instance a later subject, *On Summer Eve by Haunted Stream*, in which the pearly tones have all the languor of mid-summer, but he felt in general that the absolute heavy greens of summer blocked the landscape. Few could reveal better than he the fascination of our English winter—not the conventional winter of snow and ice, which he rarely painted, but the dry season when the countryside is full of delicate colour.

His animal painting, wherein he excelled, was the fruit not only of his own aptitude, but of his father's forethought and counsel. He came early under the influence of Edmund Bristowe, who lived at Windsor, and was an intimate friend of the Starks. Bristowe was a man of eccentric and irritable temperament, conscious that he might have achieved greater things had he had greater educational advantages. Doubtless it was this feeling which prompted him to

inscribe above his studio door 'Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch'entrate.' He had the keenest sympathy with animals, and great power of rendering their characteristics, and it is said that he gave suggestions to Landseer. He lived very quietly, and felt the greatest aversion from the monetary dealings connected with an artist's calling. All his pictures he handed over to an agent, a man of some taste, who undertook to dispose of them and to pay him from time to time a sum of money on account. Thus Bristowe could say, 'At least no merchant traffics in my heart,' for he was the very Pictor Ignotus of Browning's poem, save that in place of '*Virgin, Babe and Saint,*' his brush depicted horses, dogs, and monkeys. Even in the best landscapes of the Norwich school the figures, although pleasing and suited to their *milieu*, are not so excellent as the rest of the picture, and in respect of his animal painting Arthur Stark exceeded the traditions of the school. On coming to London he used for some time to paint in the stables of Messrs. Chaplin and Horne, the carriers. At a later period he rented from Messrs. Tattersall the studio which then formed part of their premises, where for three years, amid the rattle and clatter, he perfected his painting of horses. His ability and power became known, and in 1874 he was privately offered the post, then vacant by the death of Mr. F. W. Keyl, of animal painter to the late Queen; this, however, he refused, fearing that the duties might be inimical to the pursuit of his art. His sheep are especially characteristic. He used to say that he did not see sheep as other men painted them; without doubt his way of seeing them was the way of nature, and they are of inimitable charm. In his cattle he never displays any fear of detail, or shirking of the drawing, and they are more true to nature than the sleek, well-groomed animals which the British public have been led for more than a generation past to expect and to admire. A picture of Dartmoor ponies by him, very rich in colour, now hangs in the Norwich Castle Museum. In *Dartmoor Drift*, a larger canvas, exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1877, and now in the possession of Mr. Eumorfopoulos, are to be seen some of the finest qualities of his work, vigour and restraint, breadth with specific character, an impressive arrangement of the light. The drift is the name given to the herd of ponies rounded up each year for the purpose of collecting pasturage fees and sorting out trespassers. In the foreground, guarding her foal and still eluding the drover, is a splendid mare, with dishevelled mane and flashing eye, the breath of defiance in her nostrils. Beyond, within the walled enclosure of a farm, are gathered some of the ponies. Restless and eager to regain their freedom, they are fascinating as individual studies, but are none the less admirably massed. On the left rises the huge brown shoulder of the moor on which lingers a fitful gleam of sunshine which has riven the stormy clouds, and in the distance a score of ponies are trotting over the hill.

He had many anecdotes to tell of Old Crome, stories which have never seen the light, which he had heard from his father, who was Crome's favourite pupil.

The impression left on my mind of Crome (he wrote), an impression derived from the report of my father, who worked for some years in his painting room, was of a very genial man, full of gay humour and *bonhomie*, though inclined to be irritable to his own belongings. Blake asked a student once whether he trembled when he painted, and being answered in the affirmative augured well therefrom of his future. This test applied to Crome would put him high indeed in the roll of fame. His enthusiasm and excitability found strange vent, sometimes in noisy jubilation, sometimes in querulous complaining. Now everything was triumphant and the world was to be astonished, now he was sunk in dejection if the result of his work seemed to his thinking poor and commonplace, but stolid and unmoved when a picture was before him he never was. He was possessed of a very fury of interest and delight in his art, careless when swept along by it of time, circumstance, and indeed of every sublunary thing. If there were engagements they must wait—nay, a bosom friend who was dying, he must die, but the picture could not be left. A bad temperament his to last, no doubt, but it is the temperament of genius; the wheels of life thus driven furiously along break down before their time, but the result is precious. . . . It is characteristic of such an enthusiasm as Crome's to beget its like, and his genius, like a magnet, attracted any art-loving soul that came within his range. A young musician strolling one day down a Norwich street, saw Crome perched aloft upon a ladder, as much absorbed in the painting of a signboard as if it had been the most ambitious venture. Fascinated, he watched the painter as he first struck in boldly the forms he intended to depict and then clothed them in harmonious colour. Kindling at the sight, and conceiving a desire to be initiated in the mysteries of the art, the youth offered the only fee in his power. 'Look here,' he shouted, 'you teach me how to paint and I'll teach you how to play the fiddle.' Crome recognised at once the sincerity of the would-be pupil, and, running down his ladder in a trice, seized him by the hand and exclaimed, 'So I will, Bor.' The compact thus briefly struck produced in Michael Sharp a portrait-painter of much local celebrity, who became known in wider circles by small fancy subjects that attained popularity through the engraver's art. He was possessed of a capital voice, the charms of which led him into more company than was of advantage to his art or his purse; no winter meeting, no summer cruise among the Broads, was considered complete without Mike Sharp.

It may be added that Sharp afterwards lodged with Crome, stood godfather to one of his children, and painted his portrait as well as James Stark's. It is known that as late as 1803 Crome painted signs for a very small fee.

As he painted (writes the younger Stark) Crome would shout with enjoyment, and in a high, shrill voice and simplest Norfolk dialect, both of which I have often heard imitated with irresistible mimicry, would urge on his pupils by the assurance that succeeding ages would be instructed and elevated by their art. The opening of a new term at the schools which Crome attended commonly found him at fever heat upon some picture, and the wrench of having to leave it was too great to be overcome by a sense of duty. The messages requiring his attendance, delivered as they were through his wife, were not well received by the irate painter, and as a last resource the harassed matron used to beseech my father to go into the painting-room and whistle. This sound

Crome detested, and after a struggle he would throw down his brushes, screaming, 'Do you think I am a dog?' He would then rush out of the house, not perhaps to proceed immediately to his engagements, but the spell having been broken, it was not long before he remembered them.

It was by teaching that this man had to live whose every hour away from his canvas was a loss to posterity. In one respect, perhaps, his duties were not unfavourable to his art, they necessitated his driving about the country and seeing it under every aspect.

Of Vincent's life hardly anything is known, but that he, like Cotman, was often in lack of money. It is matter for regret that round this simple fact a dark story of dissipation has been woven, a story whose growth can easily be traced in the dictionaries. In the Redgraves's *Century of Painters*, for example, published in 1866, 'Vincent fell into bad habits and money difficulties, his pictures were to be seen in the shop windows of dealers'; in *English Art in the Public Galleries of London*, published in 1888, 'this unhappy man fell into evil ways, and, sinking lower and lower, finally disappeared'; while in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, published in 1899, 'his health suffered from his intemperate habits, and he died perhaps by his own hand.'

I have known two men [wrote Arthur Stark], who were on terms of the closest intimacy with Vincent, and beyond his being a somewhat clumsy creature, and wearing a sky-blue coat, I never heard of any special foible. I will not attempt the notoriously difficult feat of proving a negative, but will say that the charges against Vincent of bibulousness, extravagance, &c., are not only not proven, but are not asserted as far as I can discover by anybody that has a right to speak. He faded away nobody knows how, nobody just then caring to inquire how, and it is unjust when he is famous to invent for him an exit that shall be ignobly dramatic. Poor Vincent's eyes were always directed to the sky, he was forever studying that which he has painted so exquisitely. His companions called him Old Sky-eye, and by drawing his attention to a passing effect of cloud often succeeded in landing him in a dyke, or in damaging his shins over a fallen tree. A gentle, kindly soul who loved nature first and art next, and had no time or thought to spare for common vice and folly, this is how I have had him represented to me by those who knew him.

To Arthur Stark at the close of life the art of the school was a tale that had been told, a life that had been led. Having in earlier life achieved some measure of success, in later years he experienced not a little neglect and did not exhibit his pictures as often as formerly, although he retained his powers unimpaired. A high-minded yet simple English gentleman, he watched the tide of fashions in painting flow by, and for a while away from him, with a genial interest, and turned again to nature and art, to which he ever brought the ardour of a young lover. He was deeply read in the poets, finding constantly in them, and especially in Shakespeare, his own observations of nature illumined. The charm of his society was irresistible—light-hearted and debonair, he was the life of every company in which he was met.

His religion was the simpler faith of an older day, the faith of Colonel Newcome. Latterly, he found in a severe illness no reason for ceasing the pursuit of his art. One night in October he had a vision—the spirit of art appeared to him in a dream and adjured him to paint not the material aspect but the very soul of autumn, holding for a moment before his eyes a marvellous picture. So vivid was his recollection of the scene thus spiritually limned that the next day he began to paint it, but a fortnight later his own autumn, fruitful and ripe, was ended.

ARTHUR P. NICHOLSON.

A RIDE THROUGH BOSNIA AND THE HERCEGOVINA

THE tourist who 'does' Bosnia from the railway sees, it is true, a good deal of what is most worth seeing in the country. His train passes the mediæval castles of Doboï, Maglaï, and Vranduk on the Bosna; he stays at Sarajevo—which, in spite of some veneer of European civilisation, is still, with its fascinating bazaar and its venerable mosques, purely Eastern at heart; he sees Koinica, and Mostar, with its exquisite single-span Roman bridge and picturesque Turkish quarter; he traverses the fine gorges of the Narenta and passes through the Hercegovina, condemning the barrenness of the scenery, down to Ragusa, and so on to the better-known cities of Dalmatia. Or, it may be, he hardens his heart and journeys back up the railway to Jaice (that wonderful town rising above its great waterfalls to the last fortress of the Bosnian kings), and then he drives—for the railway inconsistently comes to a stop at Jaice—along an admirable road through the romantic defiles of the Vrbas River northwards to Banjaluka, where he finds a train once more which will, in its own good time, bring him on to Agram, and so back to civilised Europe.

It is perhaps as well that the conventional tourist attempts nothing further, for at Mostar, Jablanica, and Jaice he has stayed at the three best hotels in the country; and if he goes further afield, he must be content at times with rough quarters and poor fare, and for means of transit perhaps a dilapidated carriage or a humble pack-horse. The country inns, which are usually kept by Austrians, are not, however, in any sense impossible; there are excellent carriage roads between all the more important places, and Bosnian horses, though they often look wretched enough, always manage to reach their destination in surprisingly good time and with surprisingly few disasters. For those who think that the real pleasure of travel begins when the railway is left behind, the few drawbacks are outweighed in Bosnia a hundred times by the varied charms of the scenery, the glimpses of primitive peasant life which such a journey brings before the traveller, and the interest of the problems—political, racial,

economical, religious—which Austro-Hungary has to face in the Occupied Provinces.

It was my good fortune to spend last summer in these regions under specially favourable circumstances. Through the courtesy of the Austro-Hungarian Finance Minister, Herr von Burian, in whose charge the government of the Provinces lies, I was accorded an 'open order'—a request, that is, to the officials and gendarmerie of Bosnia and the Hercegovina to afford the traveller such help and facilities as may be needed. 'If you do not have an open order,' I had been told before I left England, 'you will be allowed to go nowhere and to see nothing. But, then, if you do have the order, you will still see nothing, for the officials will escort you everywhere, and let you see just what they think fit, and so in either case you will come back no wiser than you went out.' Nearly four months of unhampered travel, chiefly on horseback in the remote parts of the Provinces, and almost always alone, amply disproved the truth of this warning—at least, as far as opportunity of seeing the country and of talking freely with people of every class and creed is concerned. Not the least pleasant and instructive parts of the journey were the conversations with the 'Herr Kreisvorstehers' and 'Herr Bezirksvorstehers,' who are responsible for the local government of the Provinces, or the rides with the gendarmerie officers, who generally know every stone of their difficult districts.

The northern stretch of Bosnia, the rich land drained by the Save, is English in character, an undulating country divided by hedges and enriched with woods. South of this tract the mountains begin to rise; here and there the valleys that mark the course of a river widen into a fertile *polie*, or field, studded with homesteads and orchards, the river itself bordered by a line of silver willows; here and there a stretch of plain, such as the rolling expanse of Podromanje or the bleak plateaux of Gatzko and Nevesinje, and, to the west, of Kupres and Livno, opens between the ranges. But these strips of level country are only incidents in the tangled mass of mountains which extends with scarcely an interruption southwards to Greece itself. The finest and widest mountain view I saw was from a lovely upland meadow, starred with myriads of narcissi, that sloped steeply upwards to a sudden knife-edge. The spot—called by the peasants Sviezda, the Star—where our horses stood was scarcely three thousand feet in elevation, but it was open and treeless, and beyond the narrow plain below us, as far as the eye could see, range after range, rising in height as they receded into the distance, crossed the landscape, now wooded, now rocky in outline, stretching eastward to dark heights in Stara Serbia and Macedonia, westward to the white cliffs of Bielastica, near Sarajevo, and, south, to the bare peaks of the Hercegovina, away to the snows of far Dormitor, highest of Montenegrin summits, some sixty miles distant.

The heights of Bosnia, ranging as they do only up to about seven thousand feet, bear no comparison in scale with those of Central Europe, but the deep and narrow gorges of the Drina, the fantastic pinnacles that outline the walls of the Sutieska Pass, and the gaunt precipices of Maglic and Todorac have a grandeur of their own that is intensified by the loneliness of their surroundings; and it is difficult to imagine anything finer than the confluence of the Tara and the Piva, where the two Montenegrin rivers, blue as the wing of a kingfisher, come through their deep wooded defiles to join their waters beneath the towering cliffs of Stiepanstiena. The Slav names—Servian, especially the long-drawn dialect of Bosnia, has been well called the Italian of Slavonic tongues—Lelia Planina, Mramoria Suma, Jahorina, Studena Gora (the cold mountain), have an almost Carib wealth of full soft vowels, and not less expressive are the descriptive names 'Ranjen' (wounded), where the range is cleft and torn, or 'Volujak' for the rugged mass that forms part of the wall of Montenegro.

The wolf, the bear, and great birds of prey still haunt the remoter mountain fastnesses, but a price is set on every head that is brought in and every egg that is collected, and already wild life is far less abundant here than it is in Albánia or Bulgaria. I saw six baby wolves which had been brought in by a peasant to meet their doom, but I was a day too late for a drive for a bear which had killed several animals in a mountain village. A practised eye may sometimes detect the movements of chamois among the rocks or near the mountain tarns, and we often startled a fox or a roe-deer in the forests.

Nothing can be more lovely in the early months of summer than the high Alpine pastures, when the trees stand back round a level lawn or a steep slope of marshy meadow, rich with a wealth of flowers—pink and yellow lilies, giant orchises, snowflake, Solomon's seal, gentians, and the great yellow-globe ranunculus. Many flowers are familiar in England—pansies, veronicas, vetches, polygalas, yellow flax, and lupins—but here they are larger and more intense in colour in the perpetual moisture and clear air of these high regions. I remember one *chaïr* or *livada* (the Turkish names have a music of their own), a little space between sombre enclosing fir trees, that seemed to sing with flowers—sheets of tall blue campanula, pale meadowsweet, and pink ragged robin.

It is to these Alpine pastures that the peasants from the Karst plains, tall, swarthy Hercegovinans, splendid in their red jackets and defiant red caps, have been accustomed from time immemorial to bring their flocks for the three months of summer, climbing up by the same stony tracks worn by their ancestors centuries ago. The 'Preki,' or 'Guzni Put,' the near or narrow way of the peasant, is a thing to be remembered in the Hercegovinan mountains, giant steps or slides in the rock, and below a steep drop of hundreds of feet, down which it seems the horses must inevitably hurl themselves.

But the 'Preki Put'—the peasant often apologises for its 'weakness,' a Servian euphemism to describe an unspeakably bad road—is, on the whole, more desirable riding than the Kalderma, the old Turkish road, some three metres wide, made of cobblestones which time has worn to every possible level and polished to the slipperiness of ice. The Turks made their roads for all time, because travellers seldom attempt to face their perils, as the tracks proclaim that are worn down on each side of the deserted stone causeway.

Sir Harry Blount, who travelled through Bosnia in 1634, described it as 'a hilly country, cold, not inhabited, and in a manner a continued wood, mostly of pine-trees.' It is still possible to ride for days through magnificent primæval forests, both in the region about Vlasenica and in Western Bosnia; but twenty-five years hence, when the timber firms which are now at work there have finished their contracts, the finest trees, many of them of two or three centuries' growth, will have disappeared, and great tracts of country, unless forest laws are carried out with the utmost rigour, will be laid bare to the bone. A certain amount of felling was of course necessary for the preservation of the forests, and it is true that millions of young trees, self-seeded, are springing up in the moist fertile soil, so that the process of re-afforestation is, to a certain extent, a natural one; but how will these young plants fare when they have lost the protecting shade of the great trees, and, with their loss, a change of climate has come about? It is no easy task, moreover, to safeguard these great natural nurseries against the attacks of cows and goats (the forester's worst enemies), which vie with the peasant himself in the recklessness of their depredations. The Karst of the Hercegovina is a warning to Bosnia, and the exploiting of the chief riches of a country for decades, if not centuries, in advance is on many grounds a questionable policy.

The limestone or Karst of Bosnia is still clothed with magnificent forests of beech and oak and fir; in the Hercegovina and Montenegro it stands revealed in absolute bareness. Dante might well have used the Karst region as a setting for a Ring in his Inferno. Sometimes it is like a desert, where sand has congealed into stones, or a landslip of rocks, arrested suddenly in their fall; or, again, it is like the bed of a prehistoric ocean that has rolled away and left these barren layers exposed; or the surface of the sea, swollen with the great rollers of a subsiding storm, petrified as they heaved and then scarred with a myriad indentations. It is the coldest, most cruel, most hopeless landscape in Europe—a grey, unfriendly, forbidding land, in which human beings have no part or lot; a land to which man sold his birthright when the shipbuilders of Ragusa deprived it of its natural covering of protecting forest. And yet, here and there, a peasant builds a stone-walled, stone-roofed shelter, leaving scarcely space for an eyelet window to look out on the dreary waste around,

and painfully raises a scanty crop in the little hollows, sometimes scarcely two yards across, where the rain has washed down a few inches of unfruitful soil.

The journey from Gatzko to Trebinje—a twelve hours' drive—traverses one of these monotonous tracts, rising and falling in ridges, each of which is crowned, towards the Montenegrin frontier, by an Austrian fort, while to the west the stony landscape stretches away, as far as the eye can see—treeless, lifeless, featureless. That July day of scorching sunshine, when I passed through it, it was indeed a weary land, where there was no shadow of a great rock. For long hours we met no human being till we came on a blind man, with fixed unseeing eyes, alone, marching along the dazzling white road with sure and rapid steps towards some unknown goal. His lonely figure added another touch of strangeness to the scene.

Where the Karst rises into a mountain range its bleakness becomes impressive. Sometimes all the lines of stratification are visible for miles, so level and parallel that they seem to have been ruled by some gigantic hand, sometimes tilted at every angle and broken up in wild confusion. A bitter wind blows over these high regions even in summer; cairns of stones twenty feet high at each turn of the road, as it descends over wall after wall of rock, serve as landmarks in the winter, when the deep snow has blotted out every feature of the country, and here and there a cross or turbaned pillar shows the resting-place of a peasant, who sank into his last sleep in some winter storm.

But the Karst, because of its very bareness, is more sensitive to changes of sky than a country where cultivation and trees afford of themselves colour and light and shade. The white precipices of mountains like Orufa and Prenj in brilliant sunshine against a blue sky assume an almost transparent fineness of outline, and there is a charm even in the monotony of the great plateaux which, though it is difficult to define, is sensible enough.

I remember one picture, that had the delicacy of an old silver-point engraving; a narrow valley, running back into the Baba Planina, and midway, on a rocky height of its own, a ruined castle, rising above a Turkish village, with its minaret and decaying mansions; a little vague cultivation in the hollows, and the rest, mountains, castle, valley, all stones, stones; but everywhere pale wreaths of mist—it was not long after sunrise—curled, and hung, and broke into foam, softening the outlines of keep and rock and precipice into a mysterious uncertainty. It was a harmony in grey, in which a note of colour would have jarred.

Beyond the castle—Ključ (the Key), as it is called—on the face of the encircling cliffs is the entrance to a deep cavern, from which issues one of those strange rivers characteristic of the Karst. The waters fall into the valley, only to vanish again into the ground six

hundred paces away. Tradition says that Sandalj, who was the most powerful of the independent rulers of Chlum (not yet called Hercegovina), blocked up the subterranean passages, and so flooded all the surrounding valley, and for three years defied the Turks in his island castle.

These old rulers of the land are still great heroes to the peasants, and Serb and Turk alike delight to pour out endless stories of their doings. The old Turk who had climbed with us into the ruined keep told us, with great wealth of detail and much reported conversation between Sultan and Prince, how Duke Stephen—for the Emperor Frederick the Fourth had in 1440, in return for Stephen's recognition of his suzerainty, bestowed the title of Herzog on the ruler of Chlum—took to himself the bride who was destined for his son. The son fled to the Sultan, who received him kindly and gave him an army to avenge his dishonour, and thus the Turks were for the first time brought into the land. The version of the story that history seems to have accepted says that this son of Duke Stephen was taken as a hostage by the Turks when they conquered the country, and that he became a Mohammedan and eventually married a daughter of Sultan Bajazet the Second.

Here at Ključ, and again on the banks of the Drina (this time overthrown and hidden by bushes), I saw great stone seats, ornamented with a single line of simple carving, where the peasants said Duke Stephen was wont to sit and dispense justice; and the magnificent peninsula of rock between the Tara and Piva, now Montenegrin territory, is still called Stiepanstiena (the wall of Stephen), while the strip of fertile land below is Stephen's Field. All the castles in this borderland that are not Stiepangrads are Yelena or Yerengrads. Who was this Yelena of the peasants, whose summer home was the wonderful castle of Samobor, 'the lonely height,' which was built, they say, with stones handed from man to man, by peasants standing in a chain from the little town of Cainica, three hours away; who raised the stately watch tower that guards the rushing waters of the Lim, and the yet more remote Hissarlik, far in the Sandjak of Novi-Bazar, and many another little-known, almost inaccessible stronghold? Was she the sister of the Servian Czar Urosh, who married the Bulgarian Czar Michael, or the wife of the great Dúshan; or was she Helen Comnena, wife of Herzog Stephen, himself a castle builder? Possibly there is no need to connect the 'Prokleta Yerena,' the cursed Helen, 'the Greek,' as they call her, who flung her lovers from the terrace of her castle at Zvornik into the river Drina below, with the St. Helena who died a nun and whose wonder-working tomb is still shown in the celebrated church at Detchani (though the transition from sinner to saint was easy and not uncommon in those days); and many of these Yerengrads may have been built by the Romans long before Slav times.

Even more unique in interest than the romantic castles in which Bosnia abounds are the strange groups of vast stone monuments which are supposed to be the burying-grounds of the obscure and persecuted Bogomiles. All that is known of this heretic sect, which appeared in Bosnia almost with the introduction of Christianity itself, comes through the medium of the prejudice and passion of their persecutors. There seems little, however, in their life or doctrine to justify the violence with which they were pursued by the Byzantine Emperor Alexius, no less than by successive Popes of Rome and Kings of Hungary. 'This filthy people,' 'worse and more horrible than demons,' 'imbued with the cunning of the Old Fiend,' 'Basil, the deluded founder of the wretched Bogomiles'—such are the epithets which prepared the way for boiling cauldron and fire and sword.

The Bogomiles held the doctrine of the Two Principles of Good and Evil. All matter was the creation of the Evil One, and as such they rejected the Old Testament, the symbol of the Cross, and the Sacrament of Marriage; they repudiated all earthly possessions, and, as even their enemies allowed, they practised humility and asceticism. The heresy took deep root in Bosnia, and the zeal of the orthodox ultimately defeated their own ends. It was the persecution of Rome, not less than the desire to retain their possessions, that must account for the wholesale conversion of the Bosnian nobles to Islam at the Turkish conquest.

Nothing now remains of the Bogomiles beyond these lonely graves, some of which each day's ride brings before the traveller. Sometimes it is a solitary tomb, half-hidden by long grass and creepers, more often a group of six or seven roughly shaped blocks of stone, apparently thrown at random on the bare hillside, or hardly to be distinguished from a natural outcrop of rock of some little knoll or crest; sometimes—as in the great plain of Podromanje, where the only life seemed to be in the flocks of wheatears as they flitted from tomb to tomb—the whole landscape is one vast cemetery. The 'great stones,' as the peasants call them (many weigh, it is said, from ten to fifteen tons), are usually uncarved blocks, wider above than below, sometimes resting on a yet larger flat slab. Occasionally a mystic symbol of star or crescent, or wand, or a hand grasping a scimitar may be detected on the surface; more rarely the rude figure of a knight or a conventional row of dancers; now and again there is a line of inscription. In the Giaoursko-Polie, 'the strangers' field,' some six hours from Sarajevo, I saw a group of tombs, one of which especially shows rich and elaborate carving, geometrical designs, trees, horses, stags and hawks, knights in armour, and houses, which are evidently the prototypes of the Bosnian dwellings of to-day.

Listen to one or two of the inscriptions, with their unfamiliar cadences, fraught with the acute melancholy, the hopeless pessimism, of the Slav. 'Here lies Vlatko Vladjević. He had neither father

nor mother, nor son nor brothers nor sisters, nor anyone else, only his sins.' Or to this, with its strange assumption of the first person, that startles the ear almost as with a voice speaking through the silence of the centuries: 'Here lies the good Voivod, a son of the good house of Obrenović. At this age I had not yet made myself to be hated, neither by the good nor yet by the bad. Those who have known me have pitied me. I desired to be a brave hero, but death has cut me short in this. I have left my very mournful father, and have gone upon my strange and lonely journey to a new alliance. Early have I gone away to that other world.'

But it is not only for the monuments of the past that Bosnia is interesting. The actual peasant life of to-day, which, with its old-world customs and its widely differing ideas and ideals, contrasts so strangely with the conventional officialdom of the towns and the military routine of the garrisons, offers an ever varying series of pictures and studies to the traveller. One of the most curious features of peasant life is the survival here and there of the Zádruga, the house community, 'one of the oldest institutions,' Sir Henry Maine calls it, 'of the Aryan race, probably with the exception of the family the very oldest.' The tendency of recent years, in spite of the undoubted prosperity of well-managed Zádrugas, has been towards the dissolution of these agglomerate families. I suspect that young women who marry into a Zádruga do not always find it easy to adapt themselves to the rule of the house-mother, or to the company of many sisters-in-law, and it may be that female influence, even in Bosnia, can effect social changes. All property is held in common, except clothes and jewellery, but I noticed that when I wanted to buy an embroidered collar from a girl in a Zádruga, all the community consulted together as to the possibility of selling it.

In one of the Zádrugas that I visited I found the huge family of fifty persons at breakfast. A Bosnian hut, two-thirds of which is conical, grey shingled roof, marks the quickest and most natural transition from growing trees to a human habitation. The interior consists usually of a single room, dark and not over cleanly—for the peasant, though he never fails to enumerate pure air and pure water as the chief charms of his village, is as a rule careful to exclude both from his house and his person. This Zádruga consisted of a group of four or five huts and as many barns perched on an isolated spur of the mountains. The men of the party, five brothers and their sons and elder grandsons, were seated on low stools round a sofra or table about twelve inches high; at a smaller and still lower sofra sat boys of the next age, while at a third sprawled the babies—there seemed at least a dozen of them. Directly the meal was over, the men went off to their work; one brother started on a two days' journey with pigs to sell at Sarajevo, another for a distant pasture in the hills, while the little boys of six and seven were sent off, not without tears, to

watch the goats, and three, a few years older, started equally unwillingly for the district school some two hours away. The women, who had waited on the men and taken their own meal later—breakfast for all had consisted of a paste made of maize flour, which each kneaded and dipped into a central bowl of leeks boiled in water—then set to work methodically at their needles, their looms, and their cheeses. If the Slav peasant may be sometimes accused of laziness, his wife atones for it by her ceaseless industry. She does not spend time in cleaning her house, it is true, but she spins, she weaves, she dyes, she prepares all the household food, she makes all the household garments; she knits or spins as she walks, bent under her load, to the bazaar; the front of her rough chemise is the receptacle for her elaborate embroidery—a sealed pattern exists, as a rule, for each village, and varies in colour and design with every mile of the road; and there is no field labour of which she does not do the lion's share. Small wonder that a Bosnian woman is seldom as good looking as her tall, well-formed, fair-haired husband! There was an order, a cheerfulness, an alacrity about this Zádruga rarely met with in Eastern Europe. The members of a Zádruga, who from their mode of life learn necessarily consideration for the feelings of others, are generally distinguished for their fine manners and courtesy, and it was pleasant to hear from the district gendarmerie that the members of this community, which is known to have existed on the same spot for several hundred years, are everywhere respected for their industry and honourable dealing.

I chanced this year to witness a curious scene which illustrated another side of peasant life. It was in a monastery church near Plevlje, one of the three garrisons in the Sandjak of Novi-Bazar, where Turkish and Austro-Hungarian troops, in equal numbers, sit and watch one another from their respective camps. Four peasants, with their wives, had come to swear before the monk that they had not injured a horse belonging to a neighbour, who had evidently accused them of the ill deed. The monk, a venerable old man with dark flashing eyes, charged the headman with passionate vehemence and many references to saints and prophets, to speak the truth; he repeated his abjurations over and over and always more fiercely, while the peasant, trembling and crying, implored to be allowed to kiss the Book. It was so solemn and agitating a scene that one would not have marvelled greatly had the peasant fallen dead like Ananias; but he had evidently spoken the truth, and the little group left the church with wonderful relief shining in their faces.

It is more difficult of course to learn much of the family life of the Mussulmans. The great Beys, who trace their descent back to the Slav nobles of the middle ages, live either in their town houses or in dilapidated mansions near their half-ruinous kulas or watch towers. The Government has attempted to introduce European ideas among

the ladies of the harems, but it has to deal with a conservatism that is unequalled in any part of the Turkish Empire. The most conspicuous object in a Bosnian landscape is generally a Mahommedan woman, crouching in a simulated agony of nerves with her back to the passer-by; but if I was alone out of doors, working or reading, Turkish women and girls would often come and sit beside me, dropping their veils and talking with the simplicity and innocent curiosity that marks all peasant conversations. From a handsome Turkish boy, who, when we first met, was moving his hay with a graceful nonchalance delightful to see, I learnt that Turkish courtships are after all very like other courtships, except that they must be carried on with great circumspection. I saw a Turkish girl-school, kept by an old hodjah, who evidently ruled his pupils a good deal by the rod he always carried. The girls—they varied in age from little creatures of six or seven in wide trousers to tall young women, with henna-dyed hair and rouged faces—sat on the floor on each side of a form, looking in their bright dresses and veils like a bed of gaudy China asters. They read, or rather recited, passages from the Koran, two at a time, swaying gently as they sat, their voices rising and falling in that same curious chant which echoes through the aisles of St. Sofia as the young mollahs, seated by the pillars, take up in turn the sacred words that float eternally through the mosque.

But beyond the picturesqueness of life and landscape in Bosnia lie problems of government and policy which are not only interesting in themselves, but which have a direct bearing on the future of the Balkan Peninsula. 'The provinces of Bosnia and the Hercegovina will be occupied and administered by Austro-Hungary.' So runs the article of the Berlin Treaty by which the Great Powers transferred a million Slavs and nearly 20,000 square miles of territory from the Turkish to the Austrian Empire. A second paragraph, couched in more ambiguous terms, provides for the government, the garrisons, and the roads of the Sandjak of Novi-Bazar. It is impossible to appreciate the situation with which Austro-Hungary was confronted in 1878, or the way in which she has dealt with it, without a glance back at the history of this ancient vilayet of Bosnia, which had by a stroke of the pen become an Austrian province.

In the far past the Servian settlers in these lands were ruled by their zupans and bans, first under the suzerainty of the Byzantine Empire, and later of Croatia and Hungary. Stephen Dúshan, the greatest of Servian Czars, included Bosnia in his short-lived Empire, and there was a kingdom of Bosnia for ninety years of the fourteenth century, a troubled time of rival claimants for the throne, of religious persecutions, and of growing danger from the Turk. In 1463 when the Turkish armies swept over the land, they met with little resistance. Seventy strongholds fell into their hands in a single week, the King was executed before his castle of Jaice, and the nobles almost

immediately accepted Islam, and accepted it, moreover, with all the fanatic zeal of converts.

The effect of the Turkish conquest on the Bulgarians and the Servians of Servia was for four centuries paralysing, almost obliterating. In Bosnia, on the other hand, the effect was rather to crystallise existing conditions of life. The nobles, by their change of faith, were able to retain their possessions and carry on their traditions and customs unmolested; they lived in their watch towers and castles hawked and hunted, and waged war among themselves, recking little of the Sultar in far Stamboul or of his lieutenants at Travnik and Mostar, or of the Ottoman officials, whose chief employment was the collection of taxes. Mahmoud the Second, the 'Giaour Sultan,' and his Vizier Jelaluden—the one friend of the Christian peasant the dark records of Bosnian history reveal—attempted to curb the power of these lawless Kapitans and Spahis, and their allies the Bosnian Janissaries, the proudest and most powerful of that legion, were massacred by the Ottoman troops in their citadel of Sarajevo. From 1851 onwards, the turbulence of the Beys seems to have subsided, but the condition of the kmet, the Christian peasant, which under this combination of Turkish rule and feudal system had always been terrible indeed, remained unaltered. The State claimed from the kmet one-tenth or one-eighth of the yearly produce of his fields in addition to taxes on houses, land, and exemption from military service, and the method of collection often doubled the amount that was legally due. When the State exactions ceased, the landowner's began. To him the kmet must give not only one-third of his total produce, but an indefinite amount of unpaid labour; moreover, his honour, his property, and his life were virtually at the mercy of his lord, from whom he could never hope to obtain protection or redress in a Mussulman court of law. The cruelty with which the Beys and Zaptiehs enforced their exactions drove the kmet at last to open revolt, and it was this insurrection of Hercegovinan peasants that led ultimately to the Russo-Turkish war.

The solution of Bosnian and Hercegovinan troubles devised by the Powers at Berlin did not appeal to the people of the Provinces, who for a few months had dreamed of a national independence. The Austro-Hungarian troops fought their way into possession at a cost of five thousand men and two hundred officers, and the history of the first four years of the Occupation is little more than a chronicle of engagements with so-called robber bands, the murders committed by them, and their gradual extermination, ending with a general amnesty and the advent of Count Kállay.

Count Kállay has passed away so recently, and the fascination which he exercised on the Press of Europe, not less than on most of his own colleagues, is still so powerful, that an impartial estimate of his work is yet to be made. A man of great administrative talent

of unremitting and infectious industry, his enthusiasm and his belief in his task sometimes led him on too quickly for the state of development of the country, and induced him to embark on a system of advertisement, not for himself, but for the Provinces he governed. The introduction of horse-racing and pigeon-shooting—the latter an amusement peculiarly repugnant and painful to Mussulman susceptibilities—and the sumptuous entertainment of foreign learned and municipal bodies were designed to bring visitors and call attention to the progress of Bosnian civilisation; but the experiments proved as unsatisfactory as they were costly. The veneer, the *poudre aux yeux*, which formed part of Count Kállay's system, served to conceal not only the darker side of Bosnian affairs, but the solid underlying achievements which were due to his initiative during his twenty years of rule.

The situation that faced the Dual Monarchy called emphatically for a strong hand. Here was a territory, two-thirds the size of Scotland, entirely destitute of the ordinary advantages of civilisation; the débris of a corrupt and feeble Government; a fanatic Mussulman aristocracy to whom the nearest parallel would perhaps be the nobles of Japan before the feudal system was abolished; an ignorant peasantry, embittered by centuries of oppression, and now, after their revolt, encouraged to hope for relief and for freedom; religious difficulties of peculiar bitterness; and for neighbours, two free States of the same Servian race, Servia and Montenegro, which were now tasting for the first time the joys of recognised independence. Nothing was wanting to complete the familiar picture of a Balkan State except a mixture of races; for here the population, Mussulman, Roman Catholic, and Orthodox alike, was exclusively Servian. How has Austro-Hungary acquitted herself of her task, during the quarter of a century that has elapsed since the Treaty of Berlin?

Last summer saw the publication of a colossal official report on the government of Bosnia and the Hercegovina, and a few figures taken from its pages will give, as far as figures can tell anything, some answer to the question. The population rose from a million in 1875 to over a million and a half in 1895. There are now 1,510 kilometres of railway and nearly 7,000 kilometres of roads, as against some 900 kilometres of roads at the time of the Occupation. The revenue from taxation has increased greatly; the collection of the tithe in 1905 brought in 8·7 million crowns, as against 5·5 million crowns in 1880, and the land tax, during the same period, rose in much the same proportion. The house tax and income tax in 1905 were three times what they were in 1880; the tax on sheep and goats had nearly doubled itself; and the tax on exports—the most important exports being cattle, timber, and tobacco—is more than twice what it was. The increase in taxation is of course partly due to better methods of collection.

Great progress has been made in the matter of education, which before the Occupation had existed only on a confessional basis, and the Government has apparently solved the problem of religious instruction by allowing the Mussulman hodjah, the Roman Catholic priest, and the Orthodox pope each an opportunity of teaching the scholars who belong to their respective flocks. The upper grades of education are well provided for, and there were in 1905 352 recognised primary schools, with a total of 35,700 scholars. It is interesting and surely not unfair to compare the school statistics of the Provinces with those of Bulgaria and the Bulgarians of Macedonia. Bulgaria, with a population less than three times that of the Provinces, has more than twelve times as many primary schools, and the Bulgarians of Macedonia, who number about 400,000 less than the inhabitants of the Provinces, had in 1904 more than double their number of primary schools. But the Bulgarians, who differ not a little in character from the Serbs of Bosnia, have always known the value of education, and in Macedonia education goes hand-in-hand with political propaganda. Still, the proportion of schools in Bosnia is certainly low, and the small attendance at country schools, which might tap a wide district, goes to show that the educational methods pursued are scarcely in touch at present with the needs of the people.

In other directions, again, much has been done; there are hospitals and Government doctors, agricultural schools and Government stocks farms; there is a fund from which the peasant may borrow on easy terms for definite agricultural purposes; and Austro-Hungarian engineers have done excellent work in certain places by irrigation and the installation of a water supply, as well as by road making.

Many of the charges brought against Austro-Hungary by her critics are not peculiar to her administration here, but refer to the usual adjuncts of European civilisation wherever it penetrates. The increase of drinking habits and immorality is probably inevitable, though it is specially to be regretted when it affects Mohammedans and an honourable peasantry; small native industries must always suffer with the advent of factories and monopolies, whether they be in the hands of the State or of private foreigners; censorship of the Press and post office and restrictions on liberty of speech, however repugnant to British ideas, are thought necessary by most Continental Powers.

More special are the accusations brought by the Servian or Orthodox section of the population. The Orthodox outnumber the Roman Catholics by two to one, and their political aspirations, fanned by Servia and Montenegro, form the most serious internal menace that the Government has to face, and the official attitude to the Serbs is no doubt affected by this consideration. The Orthodox peasantry, who form the bulk of the kmets, are naturally the most discontented portion of the community, for the kmet, under the present

agrarian system, still suffers from some of the disabilities of serfdom, and it is on him that the burden of taxation falls most heavily. This agrarian system has always been at the root of all Bosnian troubles, and it is strange that Austro-Hungary did not at the outset take advantage of the free hand that was given her here to deal effectually with the situation. In her anxiety to respect existing rights and institutions, she hesitated to change the old system of land tenure, and she continued the Turkish plan of taxation. The greater part of the revenue is still derived from the tithe. Theoretically, there is much to be said in favour of the tithe, with its sliding scale that varies with a bad or a good harvest. But its collection presented many difficulties. The collector could not cover a large district, to assess the value of crops at the moment most convenient to each peasant, and the crops were frequently ruined while they waited for his coming; his visits and assessment, again, were often regulated by the bak-sheesh the peasant could afford to pay. To avoid these objections, a system is now being gradually introduced by which the land is assessed, on a carefully drawn-up scheme of valuations, for a period of ten years, the assessors being peasants elected by their fellow-villagers and controlled by an official. There seems no reason why this system should not work well in a country where there is an accurate land survey and the officials are honest and capable.

The peasant sums up his present position rather in this way: 'Well, yes, it is better now, for we are safe everywhere by day or by night, and there is justice for everyone in the land. But in old days we could go to the mountain and cut wood or feed our animals where we liked, and we might fish where we pleased, and all the wild game was ours; now that is all forbidden. And under the Sultan we paid no taxes on our vegetables, but only on our crops; now we must pay on every leek that grows, and all in money; and that is hard, for the tax collector fixes the value beforehand, and then later on we often have to sell our produce at a low price, and so we lose on our harvest. It is good for our young men to serve the Kaiser as soldiers; they learn some evil, but they see the world and *to e fino*—that is fine'—the Serb's highest expression of admiration. It is officially estimated that, at the present rate, within some twenty or thirty years all kmets, who in 1895 formed about one half of the total population, will have bought themselves free; and if this calculation proves true, it ought to discount some of the savage attacks made periodically on the administration, which describe the Bosnians as living in a hopeless state of slavery.

The other grievances of the Serbs are educational and religious; their schools and churches are, they allege, persecuted by the Roman Catholic faction. The Dinaric Alps have always formed a kind of boundary between Eastern and Western Christianity, but the Franciscans have from very early days had settlements in Bosnia, and

carried on an active propaganda there which, even under Turkish rule, was protected by Austro-Hungary, and in recent times the zeal of Roman Catholic prelates has admittedly proved an embarrassment to the Government. But religious friction seems outwardly reduced to a minimum. Mohammedans and Christians will exchange greetings on the road, and it is a perpetual source of surprise to a traveller familiar with conditions of life in Macedonia to see mixed groups of Serbs and Turks on their way to the bazaar. The Turk may speak confidentially of his Servian neighbours as 'schlechte collegen,' and I noticed that my Turkish guides were wont to hail a Christian peasant with an unceremonious 'Hé! you Serb!' whereas imagination fails to picture a kmet addressing a Mohammedan with 'Hé! you Turk!' I remember the accents of spiritual pride with which a ragged little Roman Catholic tender of goats, some eight years old, speaking of her Orthodox companion of the same age, who was also clad in a single garment, informed me, '*She* is a Serb, but *I* am a Christian.'

Equality before the law and absolute security of life and property —these are the great benefits that the Occupation has conferred on the Provinces, and last summer, when the river Lim carried down to Bosnian waters the corpses of Christian peasants, the victims of some border affray between Albanians and Serbs in Turkish territory, and every week brought news of murder and massacre from Macedonia, it was possible to appreciate more fully the miracle that Austro-Hungary, by means of her admirable gendarmerie, has wrought for Bosnia and the Hercegovina.

The Occupation is, it must be conceded, primarily a military one. The great garrisons, the ring of forts along the Eastern frontier, the fine military roads, the new railway to Vishegrad, a triumph of engineering skill, and the large sums of money these works represent—all this is suggestive of permanency—though the mere word annexation is almost enough to create active disturbances—and suggestive too of an eventual advance Salonica-wards;[1] but, assuming that the motives of Austro-Hungary were in the first instance no more disinterested than those of any other Power desiring a peaceful frontier and an extension of territory seawards, it must still be admitted that she has succeeded in bringing what was the most backward part of the Sultan's dominions more or less into line with the rest of Europe. There is, there always must be, an under-current of discontent, of irritation against the foreigner who rules with a strong hand, the governing class that is separated from the governed by race, religion, and sympathy. Is it otherwise in India, or in Egypt, or in any other occupied territory?

[1] The acquisition of a wedge of territory between lawless Albanians on the one side and ambitious independent Slav States on the other, and the addition of some millions more of disaffected Slavs, might prove a doubtful advantage to the Austro-Hungarian Empire.

Servian newspapers have not been slow to point out that whereas Great Britain has already granted a Constitution to the Transvaal, which she won by force of arms five years ago, the inhabitants of Bosnia and the Hercegovina are still, after thirty years of peaceful occupation, denied a direct voice in the government of their country, and are reduced to that Oriental and least satisfactory means of protest, the filing of endless petitions; and, more than this, all discussion of Bosnian affairs in the Delegations is said to meet with strong official discouragement. On the other hand, Bosniaks sit on the municipal councils, and about a quarter of the 4,000 officials who administer the Provinces are said to be of Bosnian origin, though at present these Bosniaks are to be found chiefly in the lower grades of the service.

It may be better, in the abstract, for a people to work out its own salvation, but the most confirmed believer in national independence must admit that the Provinces are not ready for self-government, if indeed self-government could ever be a possibility here, while the inhabitants remain thus divided among themselves. In the meantime, till the war which, sooner or later, must break out in the Balkans has effected changes impossible now to foresee, the present Bosnian Administration, with its high proportion of capable and conscientious officials, seems on the way to deal successfully with many of the problems bequeathed to it by its Turkish and Austro-Hungarian predecessors.

ELLINOR F. B. THOMPSON.

THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY

AND AFTER

No. CCCCVI—December 1910

HOW TO IMPROVE AND EXTEND OUR NATIONAL PENSION SCHEME

We have recognised a national obligation to assist the workers whose wage-earning powers have ceased. Extreme old age is the only case that has been dealt with, but there are others which present as strong a claim to assistance of an honourable character and entirely dissociated from Poor Law relief. In any plan for the adequate development of our present system the figures of the cost are at first sight appalling. The pensions now granted involve a charge of over thirteen millions per annum.[1] If we deal in like manner with the old age which comes between sixty and seventy, either by reducing the age limit or by introducing an invalidity claim, this charge is immediately raised to about thirty-five millions. Then there is the claim of those who, through accident

[1] The last Budget estimates give as the gross charge a total of 13,366,000*l.*—viz. 9,200,000*l.* (the present cost) plus 2,500,000*l.* (the Exchequer burden in respect of the inclusion of paupers) and 1,666,000*l.* (the share of the latter cost to be temporarily borne by the Guardians of the Poor in return for relief given to their rates).

or infirmity, are incapable of work before they attain old age, and that of the widows and of the children who are orphaned by the premature death of a wage-earner. And we cannot neglect that matter of great moment to the workers—reasonable graduation to meet varying conditions of life: the skilled worker who has to spend his old age in a town needs more than the farm labourer, and the only graduation which can be considered is an upward graduation.

Before passing from the question of cost there is a fact of great importance to be noted in regard to the present commitment—it is a grant to those who were born between 1820 and 1840. But the number of births per annum in the United Kingdom has been at least doubled since that period, and the bulk of the increase was prior to 1874; since then the number has been nearly constant, with a little rise in the last decade. The charge must therefore reach double its present amount when the children of the seventies and eighties come to claim their pensions. These birth records also show that the number of active members of the community will at that date have increased comparatively little. We are therefore faced with the fact that, even with the help of contribution equal to that imposed in Germany, it will be impossible by following similar lines to make the same modest provision for the equally important claims which come before seventy, without casting upon the resources of the nation a burden at least three times as heavy as the present cost of poor relief.

Now it is no part of the purpose of this article to suggest that we cannot afford to admit these claims; on the contrary, it is intended to show that we can well afford to do so, and to deal liberally with them all, if the principles of best financial advantage are followed.

A definite scheme fully elaborated and based upon actuarial calculation is propounded. Its design is to attain the greatest benefit that can be offered to the workers when the commitment of the near future, viz. seventeen to eighteen millions, is taken as the limit of budgetary possibility, and contribution less than that of the German or French scheme is introduced.

This scheme has been worked out after an intimate comparison of the pension systems existing in this and other countries and careful inquiries as to the actual working and results of each. It takes account of the labours of numerous Commissions, of the suggestions put forward in many treatises and schemes, and of the information collected in parliamentary papers here and abroad.

Briefly summarised, its provisions are as follows:

(a) To those who are now between twenty and sixty years of age it gives the option of joining the new scheme or retaining their

expectant rights under the old; thus it leaves to the present generation that which has been given. But, as the new fund cannot afford to offer its full privileges to those who join it late in life, the scale is graduated downwards in actuarial proportion as the age of entry advances. A special feature of this graduation is the reduction of the age of claim by one year for each five years of contribution. To all workers who have not passed the prime of life it offers greatly increased assistance. The cost of discharging the free grant to the old is included in the financial estimates of the scheme. For ten years it will remain unaffected; it will then diminish until in sixty or seventy years it becomes a negligible quantity.

(*b*) For all future workers, and for those who are not now over twenty, contribution to the fund is obligatory up to a certain limit, viz. for the employed persons who earn 3*l*. per week or less. For independent and intermittent workers, and for those who earn more than 3*l*. per week, membership is optional.

(*c*) The contribution is at the rate of fourpence in the pound of earnings, starting at the age of fifteen; if retirement is later than sixty-five, contribution ceases at that age. This is the gross contribution. With its apportionment between employer and employed the scheme is not concerned, save to suggest that the sharing (if any) should be graduated to the fuller relief of the workers in the range of sweated labour—*e.g.* one-quarter might be paid by the employer when the wage is under 1*l*. 10*s*. but over 1*l*., one-half when it is under 1*l*. but over 10*s*., and three-quarters when it is under 10*s*.

(*d*) The scheme permanently limits the Exchequer liability to the amount which the old-age pensions will cost ten or fifteen years hence. It can be shown that, however great or small the election to remain under the 1908 Act may be, the increasing proportion of the present commitment which will be freed for the purposes of the new fund is equivalent to a supplement of 75 per cent. to the members' contributions (*cf.* pages 973 and 974), and that it would amount eventually to ten millions per annum.[1]

(*e*) All surplus income is to accumulate at interest for the benefit of those who have paid or earned it, or, more correctly, for the benefit of those who survive to make a claim upon the fund and of the dependents of those who die. (The fundamental principle of the fund is 'capitalisation,' not 'repartition' or

[1] This places a high estimate upon the wage-roll of the obligatory members—viz. 800 millions per annum, or 16 million persons earning on the average 50*l*. a year. It allows for the inclusion of a much greater proportion of the population than the German scheme, and gives a 40 per cent. higher average to the wage. A 75 per cent. subsidy increases the scale of benefits by over 80 per cent. because the demand upon it is reduced when the earnings are over 2*l*. per week.

'assessment'; and the capitalisation is *à capital aliéné*, not *à capital réservé*.)

(*f*) Pensions which vary directly with the contributions made, and therefore with the earnings during active life, are claimable on retirement from work at sixty or any later age. The minimum retiring pension is twenty times the average contribution, or one-third of the average earnings. There is a 10 per cent. increase in the pension for each year that the claim is deferred after sixty. This raises the contribution multiple by two each year. Thus the pension claimable at sixty-five is thirty times the contribution, or half the earnings; and at seventy it is forty times the contribution, or two-thirds of the earnings. The maximum pension is 1*l*. per week: this can be attained by any employed or intermittent worker who maintains an average contribution of 8*d*. per week up to the age of sixty-five.

(*g*) Permanent pensions of adequate amount are claimable by those who become permanently incapable of further work at any time after the age of twenty.

(*h*) For married women there are special survivorship pensions, one-half of the husband's contribution during married life being taken into the calculation in addition to the woman's own contribution.

(*i*) Support is provided for the widow and orphans of a wage-earner until the latter reach the age of sixteen years.

(*j*) Emigrants, and those who reach the wage limit of 3*l*. and wish to set up in business for themselves, are allowed to reclaim the contributions made by them or their employers.

(*k*) Persons under thirty years of age are allowed to make voluntary additions to their contributions up to the limit of 1*l*. per annum, and such additions are taken into full account in calculating the benefits.

Two features of primary importance in this scheme are:

(1) Firstly, the scheme begins by converting a non-contributory into a contributory system by process of voluntary election in favour of a better offer. Contribution upon the proposed scale of 4*d*. in the £, which is lower than that of any known contributory scheme, is sufficient to double the income of the pension fund. But the fundamental principle, that in any true pension scheme the wage-earner must bear at least a share of the cost, is founded upon considerations of much greater weight than the purely financial. If it be neglected, the grant will defeat its own primary object of loosing the toils of pauperism.

To describe the existing enactment as an admission that the claim to pension does not carry with it an obligation upon each to do what he can fairly be called upon to do towards providing for the cost is an unjust criticism. The grant of 1908 is not a simple

5*s*. per week. Its design is to bring as many as possible up to standard income of 13*s*. per week, of which the worker is to provide from 60 per cent. to 90 per cent., if he can. To the provision which the others can make for their declining years it simply adds 5*s*. Its first care was of necessity for those already old: that has been the initial step in every national scheme. Obviously compulsory contribution was out of the question in this part of the task, and in adopting the alternative of voluntary contribution by each according to his means the Act of 1908 has recognised the obligation to contribute as far as it was possible to do so in the initial stage. That this system of voluntary contribution is only justifiable as a temporary expedient, and that its survival would destroy the incentives to self-help, are facts which now demand the most earnest and prompt consideration. At the outset this system was essential, equitable, and right; but its survival would be fatal to the primary object of the Act itself, for it would insidiously sap that national pride which has kept millions of men and women from the Poor Rate. It is only necessary to read the official reports just issued to convince any mind that this pauperising influence is already at work; they show how thousands are learning to remove the income disqualification by relinquishing or reducing their interest in farms, shops, or other property, and how applications are being repeatedly renewed by those who have adjusted their conditions so as to be able to claim fuller benefit from the grant.

Of the ten schemes enacted by European Governments the Danish law of April 1891 is the only other illustration of a non-contributory system. This Danish scheme is indeed an object lesson for us as to the results of a free State dole, which has been allowed to continue until its evil effects are felt, instead of being treated as the French have treated theirs, *i.e.* as a necessary initial step, which has quickly to be followed up and superseded by a proper pension scheme. It involves local inquiries into means, requirements, and deserts which are a perpetual source of grumbling and dissatisfaction; the chief concern of those approaching sixty is to arrange their conditions so as to reap it to the full extent; the cost mounts each year as this pauperising influence extends; the original estimate has been quadrupled, and the cost of poor relief has not gone down. The grant has acquired more and more the attributes of poor relief, in spite of the efforts to introduce marks of distinction.

That contribution must accompany any extension of the present grant is a principle which both political parties accept. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has told us that each of the new Government schemes includes it. But it is not sufficient to raise the additional benefits which are promised to the level of earned

and honourable privileges while the retiring pensions are left subject to all the evil influences of a non-contributory system. The whole must be welded together upon a subsidised but contributory basis; the pensions, like the other benefits, must be free from the taint of pauperism, and this cannot be until they come of right and in addition to any other provision which the workers may have made by their own efforts, and until inquisition into means and past history has been swept away. It is only by a system of contribution that we can attain the graduation which is needed, without recourse to any form of inquisition. It automatically graduates the allowance in proportion to the wage, and that is the only true index to those varying conditions of life which make graduation a matter of such vital importance.

Only those who do not know the wage-earning classes assume that they are unwilling to contribute. Such an assumption is an injustice to the working man, who has always shown that he is not only willing but eager to contribute to funds which promise help in time of need, provided there is good guarantee of honest and wise administration. The millions who contribute to friendly societies, slate clubs, and other organisations have no hope of their fund being augmented by any subsidy; and in some cases the security falls far short of that which the State can give. The staffs of large employers vote unanimously for compulsory levies of more than 4*d*. in the £ in order to obtain claim to adequate retiring pensions, and this even after the grant of 1908. The worker's chief objection—to his honour, be it said—is not to contribution, but to a discriminating dole and to a system which requires inquisition by officials into his means, his needs, his deserts, or his past history.

Arguments of much weight have been advanced against compulsory contribution and in favour of a voluntary system, but the passing of the 1908 Act has robbed them of all their force; and, as Canon Blackley wrote in that historic article in this Review more than thirty years ago,[3] the outcry against compulsion is as the beating of a big drum, which may drown a speaker's voice, but can never affect the truth: 'A tremendous compulsion exists now in this matter, but it is exercised on the wrong persons, to the injury of the provident and to the moral ruin of the wasteful.' We must not forget that every active member of the community is interested in this question as a taxpayer.

The difficulties of collecting contributions are by no means a bar to the introduction of a real pension scheme. The experience of twenty years has shown how, by careful forethought, the complications which have arisen elsewhere can be avoided.

[3] 'National Insurance,' by the Rev. W. L. Blackley, *Nineteenth Century* November 1878.

The scheme which is now propounded would not entail a tithe of the regulations and instructions which the German scheme requires.

(2) Secondly, it must not be supposed that contribution alone can compass the enormous increase in benefits which the proposed scheme offers. This increase is due in much larger degree to the introduction of that economic principle which governs all insurance business, all sound commercial pension funds, and several of the national schemes enacted by other Governments. A proper observance of this principle in any scheme can raise its capacity to help the workers to three or four times what it otherwise would be. Let us enunciate this proposition clearly and give it the consideration it deserves.

Every charge has a due date, and upon that date depends the whole fabric of sound finance and, amongst other things, the structure of a nation's balance sheet. If a revenue charge is not met in the year when it is due, it will fall upon a future year loaded with interest. A nation which allows this system to take deep root becomes a bankrupt nation. It is with the utmost jealousy that we view any proposal to burden future years, and we only admit it in the case of real capital or emergency charge. Many wise men deprecate the forward spreading of any regularly recurring charge, even though it may be of service for ten or twenty years to come. The questions as to which years should bear the cost of capital ships and of street pavements are large questions in our national and local finance, but the extra cost or loss involved in spreading such charges as these is but a trifle in comparison with the loss which may arise from improperly dating a pension charge.

The subsidy voted to a pension fund is a debt due—a supplement earned by the toil which helps to build up the revenues out of which it is paid. This must be so, for otherwise it is a charity, and to regard it as a charity would defeat the primary object of the vote and negative every argument upon which the present Act is founded. It follows, therefore, from the first law which governs all national finance, that it should be treated in account as a revenue charge of the year in which it is earned. This is no sophistry, no abstraction of political economy; it is a clear-cut business proposition, and as such it will stand any test.

When a railway company decides that in order to obtain a settled and well-trained staff it is desirable to subsidise a contributory pension scheme, would anyone believe that that railway company was conducting its finance upon a proper system if it neglected to set aside the necessary sum to supplement the contributions of its staff at the date when those contributions are paid? Is it not obvious that by so doing it would be improperly relieving the first generation of shareholders, and leaving to all

succeeding shareholders a continuous load of compound interest upon unpaid debt several times as great as the subsidy properly due from the revenue of each year? Our railway companies do not make this great financial error.

Parliament has of late been at great pains to impose this principle upon those local authorities who are establishing subsidised pension funds, and a Departmental Committee has been working hard to see whether the railway companies have truly observed it and taken reliable actuarial guidance. Nevertheless pension legislation in its earlier stages has frequently committed the colossal blunder of neglecting this primary law, and not in regard to subsidy alone. What should we say of the railway company which applied the first pension contributions of its staff to other purposes, and left future profits to restore them with compound interest? We find this double financial error in many a statutory pension scheme of the past; *e.g.* we have the first pension contributions of municipal employees spent in mending roads, &c., and the compulsory levies from Poor Law officers applied in reduction of the annual cost of poor relief, while the liabilities, both in respect of contributions and rate supplements, are mounting up. The debt in each case is left to fall in its crude form upon the succeeding generation. These are small cases, and in the worst instance the actual loss is limited to a perpetual rate of twopence in the pound; but in the German national scheme the application of the surplus income of the early years in free grant to the preceding generation of workers has produced the most disastrous results, as will be shown later on.

The efforts to assist the workers in this country are in imminent danger of being clogged for ever by this ruinous error. And again the danger lies, not in what has been done, but in the proposals to build upon and perpetuate a system which in the initial grant was right, because it was the only system available. We cannot afford to allow a shadow of doubt to cloud this all-important truth. We must, therefore, review it and test it from every point of view.

A contribution of about 1*d*. per week from the sixteenth year is sufficient to provide the 5*s*. pension for all who reach seventy, and to provide it clear of any reduction or forfeiture on account of property, earnings, or any other cause whatsoever. But the present grant imposes a charge of 3½*d*. per week upon every active member of the community—upon every occupied person over ten years of age—and this charge will grow to 6*d*. per week or more when normal conditions are reached.

The true basis for computing how much of the present charge is being paid at its due date, and how much is interest upon the accumulated liability of an improvident past, is that of calculating

what we should now be paying if the necessary contribution had been made by or for the present pensioners and workers from the date when they began to earn their pensions. This method of calculation shows that nine millions of the 1911 vote is interest upon debt accumulated in the past, and that in course of time this nine will be increased to seventeen and a half at least if no change be made.

The liability which we have already assumed in regard to charges which were not borne at their due date is, therefore, equivalent to an addition of 360 millions to the national debt, and without any extension of the grant this debt must rise to 700 millions. To redeem this debt in the lifetime of the present pensioners would mean converting the perpetual charge of nine millions into a fifteen-million charge for thirty-five years. The momentous question before us now is, How are we going to deal with this debt? Are we going to remove it as the French, who are in like case with their old-age pensions grant of 1905, are doing, *i.e.* by substituting a real pension law? Are we going to draw it off by gravitation, leading it through the channel of voluntary election into its proper course? Or are we going to let it break its present bonds, impelled by the weight of added load, until it forms a dead sea of debt at lower level, where gravitation is against the flow of voluntary election and the slow suck of a sinking fund is the only means of removing it? Any extension or development of the grant which is not accompanied by the reform dictated by the first and greatest of financial laws is an irrevocable adoption of the last of these alternatives, and the debt, with its necessary accretions, would reach 1,000 millions or more.

Let us survey the ground before taking any step in this direction, for it is not thus that we can best help the workers. Has the nation not done as much as it reasonably can afford to do for those already old? The grant made to them is twice as great as the entire amount which is now distributed to an equal population by the German pension fund. The debt which we have assumed on behalf of the years which did not pay their share is in itself a permanent charge greater than the fully developed output of the German scheme.

Is it not, therefore, time that we should turn our thoughts to the claims of the younger workers? The power to help them is far greater, for the same money accomplishes several times as much good. It is just and right that full contributors should have greater benefits than those who have not contributed or only contributed for part of their time. If it is deemed necessary to treat the last generation of non-contributors differently from the many that have gone before, and to extend to it every privilege that the scheme provides for full contributors, it is not out of the

fund earned by the younger workers that such largess should be taken; neither their contributions nor the supplements due thereto should be touched for the purpose.

It is true that the plan proposed gives prospective benefits, and that their actual fruition will not be as immediate as under the present system. But are not immediate insurances against premature infirmity or death and the security of an adequate pension claimable whenever it is needed very real and present benefits? Is it reasonable to assume that, when the State offers to bear nearly half the cost, leaving the rest to be shared between employers and employed, and when the whole is covered by a national guarantee, the offers will not be appreciated? If so, how can we account for the wide success of the friendly societies, who offer prospective benefits and hold out none of these special inducements?

In this as in all social problems it is by obeying economic laws that humanitarian objects can best be served. The old are always with us and, start when we would, the problem which had first to be faced could not be dealt with on purely business principles. Some grant such as that of 1908 was necessary to pave the way for a true pension scheme. But let us not build upon and perpetuate systems which are only justifiable as emergency expedients; let us rather aim at gradually replacing them by the best scheme which could be designed on a clean slate in a State that has no improvident past.

It is only by introducing these two great principles of contribution and obedience to economic laws that we can treat all reasonable claims with justice and liberality, and it is only by offering just and liberal treatment that these two great principles can be grafted upon the present Act. This interdependence is the key to the present position—it opens the way for a real pension scheme such as that which is now propounded.

If these two principles were as fully appreciated as they should be, the wage-earners and the direct taxpayers would be united and unanimous in calling for amendment upon lines such as those which are herein suggested. To the former they alone give hope of obtaining liberal treatment for all reasonable claims; to the latter they alone give guarantee that the present burden will not be doubled or trebled.

Space will not admit of a full discussion of the details of the proposed scheme, but some of its special features must be mentioned:

(i) It reduces the age which gives claim to pension from seventy to sixty, but at the same time it avoids all the objections which can be urged against those schemes which introduce a fixed pension age, for it offers the strongest of inducements to continue

useful service to those who are still able to give it. Each year of self-support after sixty raises the pension claim by a very substantial amount: those who work on to sixty-five get a 50 per cent. increase, and those who work to seventy double their pension claims. Age compels retirement earlier in manual than in other work; of this there is conclusive evidence, for in those employments where retirement is compulsory the workmen have to go at an earlier age than the other officers, the corresponding ages usually being sixty and sixty-five. With this fact before us it is impossible to justify seventy as a pension age for the poor; the only argument to support it is that the fund can afford no better.

(ii) Although earlier infirmity is fully recognised, age, and not invalidity, is treated as the more important claim. It is only in Germany that this principle is reversed. There over 92 per cent. of the pensions are claimed on the ground of invalidity or accident, and the age claim is destined to vanish entirely from the scheme. This is a joyless prospect to offer to the workers! Are none to hope to win to a few years of honourable rest save those who can no longer enjoy such years? And, apart from this, is it well to make medical certificate the basis of claim? Does it not place an undesirable responsibility upon those who practise that great profession, and does it not lay the fund of the workers open to unfair inroad by those who are more inert than infirm? In the years that have passed since the German system was designed many pension schemes, national or local, have been enacted, but none of them have followed the early model in this matter.

(iii) The scheme removes all possibility of that unfair competition between pensioned and non-pensioned workers which arises in all cases where there is a fixed pension age.

(iv) By a simple expedient, which does not complicate the administration in any way, it admits the less fortunate members to a fuller share of the State aid, and at the same time gradually reduces this aid in cases where the earnings exceed 2*l*. per week. This feature is absent in the German and in the French schemes; in each of these cases the State aid flows more freely to the better paid, because the various reduction or forfeiture clauses, which are unavoidable when fixed scales of contribution and benefit are set up, press almost exclusively upon the poorer members.

(v) The scheme places no limit upon voluntary membership, but, on the other hand, it strictly limits the assistance given by the State in the case of those who earn over 156*l*. per annum. What it offers to them is a pension free of profit charge and of any cost in regard to administration.

(vi) It treats the married woman as an active member of the community, who contributes her work to maintain her husband's service and to tend the rising generation, and it gives her title

to a special survivorship pension about equal to that of a woman who has maintained herself. It gives her help when left with children under the age of sixteen, even though she be not of age to claim a pension.

(vii) By allowing young members to make voluntary additions to their contributions, which will be taken into full account in calculating the benefits, it enables unmarried persons and those who live with their parents or employers materially to increase their insurance against premature infirmity or death, and at the same time to raise the average upon which their retiring pensions will be calculated. Every 1*l*. contributed by or for a member adds nearly threepence per week to the pension claimable at sixty-five; a pound contributed in the first five years adds over a shilling per week to the earliest infirmity pension. This privilege can be granted without loss to the pension fund up to the age of thirty or thereabout, because the early contributions are much more productive of interest, and because those paid by young unmarried persons are more liable to fall in for the benefit of the other members. It opens the door for that admirable suggestion of prizes which add themselves to the funds of those who win them, and provide special incentives to the attainment of any proficiency or quality which is of value to a nation—a special feature of Sir John Pilter's scheme.

(viii) Full contribution is exacted from alien workers and their employers; otherwise a premium would be placed on the employment of alien work; but the benefits granted are limited to those accorded to British workmen in the countries of origin.

(ix) It is suggested that for men serving with the colours it would be better to convert the present pension provision into contribution by the service votes to the general pension fund, as in the German scheme. This system would avoid much complication and unify the pension administration.

(x) The existing pension funds of large employers and their present members are left untouched, but all new members of these staffs come within the national scheme. This is an essential provision in any national enactment, for sharing the responsibility with local employers inevitably dislocates free exchange. Experience has shown that local authorities with pension schemes cannot afford to appoint persons who have worked long for other authorities, and that transfer between local funds of any kind entails an elaborate clearing-house system. The large companies, corporations, and other employers, who value the inducements by which they have been able to secure settled and well-trained staffs, will be in no worse position, for they can retain for their funds the amounts by which the local contributions exceed 4*d*. in the pound, and distribute such further benefits as this income can

cover. In some cases the national scheme would certainly have the effect of reducing the total burden, which stands at 1*s.* in the pound in many cases.

(xi) And what of the great question of the friendly societies and of those corporations who have worked to build up insurance by mutual effort? What is proposed in regard to them? Firstly, to leave their present sphere of work practically untouched, and, secondly, to give them the best and most material assistance in extending it. They deal primarily with temporary and fortuitous needs—sick pay, funeral and lying-in expenses, medical aid, and the like. Of the total distribution by friendly societies, pensions, as such, absorb less than 1 per cent., but sick pay has been allowed to merge into pension to a varying extent. It would be impossible to improve upon the machinery with which these societies are dealing with the temporary needs; the administration of a sick-pay fund requires careful local supervision, such as they, with the assistance of their members, are eminently qualified to apply. No such control could be attained, even with their assistance, if the distribution be chargeable to a national fund. It is proposed to confine the pension scheme to permanent needs, and to limit its definition of invalidity to permanent and total incapacity to earn. The point at which the sick-pay fund would be relieved and the pension fund charged admits of clear definition on the combined basis of age and duration of incapacity.

But the plan of non-interference, or limited interference, is not in itself enough. The provident institutions look for help from the Government scheme in their great and beneficent work, and such help must be forthcoming. By far the greatest aid is that which can be given by an offer to pay a part of the premium. If it were known that the benefit scales were to be increased 10 or 15 per cent. by the State, an immense impulse would be given to this mutual effort. This would be a well-spent part of the national Vote, more effective and less wasteful than any other form of assistance. Subsidy on these lines is an important feature of the new French law. Other not unimportant help could be given without cost: to accord by statute the privilege of having their income collected at the source, along with that of the pension fund, would be but a very small addition to the task of the employer, and it would be a boon to the workers and a further incentive to insure against the temporary needs. To make such insurance with some approved institution compulsory is but another step, but it is one which would require very careful consideration. In addition to this, the pension fund might leave the collection of its voluntary income to the friendly societies, and pay them a small percentage thereon.

Most weighty reasons oppose themselves to any proposal to

administer the pension fund itself through the agency of the provident institutions. It would be as fatal an error as that of attempting to include temporary needs in the pension scheme. The financial conditions which govern the two forms of insurance are entirely distinct; the security of a State guarantee is all-important to the pension fund; the value of Parliamentary aid and initiative varies inversely with the extent to which mutual effort has covered the ground. In France, where mutual effort has already done much to provide for permanent needs, the responsibility is being partially distributed, but it is a complicated, a costly, and an invidious task.

(xii) The obligatory contribution is in exact proportion to the earnings, and the benefits vary in exact proportion to the contributions. In adopting these two principles the scheme follows the rules applied in the pension funds of our great commercial corporations, and differs widely from the other great national schemes. This direct correspondence does more to simplify the collection of the contributions, the settlement of the claims, and other incidents of the scheme than can be appreciated until the administrative detail is fully worked out. It may safely be said that much the greater part of the 600 pages which are found necessary to regulate or expound the pension section of the German scheme might be deleted if these simple rules could be introduced; wage-classes, penalties and forfeitures, investigations of various kinds, adjustments of account, and other administrative complications would be swept away. The system of direct proportion silently meets and removes the difficulties and inequities of the fixed-scale system.

(xiii) It is only by making contributions exactly proportionate to earnings that we can avoid overtaxing the unskilled and humbler workers or unduly limiting the benefits which the skilled workers can acquire. And it is only by making the benefits vary with the contributions that we can solve the problem of how to deal with those workers who have no employers and those who have many. The scheme does not attempt to impose obligatory thrift in these cases—no scheme has or ever could do so; it simply accepts the contributions that are made. A fact not always recognised is the absence of call for pension provision on behalf of most of those engaged in independent enterprise: the small farmer, shop-, inn-, or lodging-house- keeper—*le petit patron*, whatever he be—can usually maintain to the end the business he has built up in his active years. Special provision is made to admit to full participation in the State aid all those classes of intermittent or job workers who do not ordinarily earn more than 2*l.* a week; *e.g.* charwomen, seamstresses, and others.

(xiv) The scheme has recourse to the assistance of the

employers and the Post-office as collecting and disbursing agents. It provides each member with a book which shows from time to time the amounts which have been paid in by his employers, or, in the case of voluntary contributions, by himself at the local post-office or through his friendly society. It shows also the benefits to which he has already become entitled and the pensions which may be claimed at sixty, sixty-five, or seventy, if he continues to contribute at the same average rate. The simple summation of contributions and the members' identification book give all the information necessary for the settlement of claims.

(xv) The income provided—which, even with a very high estimate of the wage-roll concerned, equals 7.2*d.* in the wage-pound—is, according to the actuarial calculations officially accepted as the basis of the new French law, sufficient to cover the cost at sixty-five of retiring pensions 1.234 times as great as those which are offered by the scheme. These calculations work on a basis of 3 per cent. interest, and upon the life tables which are used by the old Caisse Nationale des Retraites in determining the annuities which it can offer. If we work from the latest life tables issued by the Registrar-General for England and Wales, we find that the pensions do not absorb three-quarters of the income. Any increase on 3 per cent. in the rate of interest which the fund could earn would greatly increase this margin; a rate well within the bounds of possibility would make it cover the cost of the retiring pensions twice over.[4]

Whatever basis we take, we find that there is a very large surplus for distribution to those who become incapable of work before the retiring age and to the dependents of those who die, a surplus which is probably not less than a third of the whole fund. No scale for these special benefits, other than that of the survivorship pensions to married women, has as yet been named, because it is proposed to make this the element of elasticity in the financial chain.

It is a special part of the design of this scheme to guarantee the continuity of the scale of contributions, of the Exchequer liability, and of all matters in connection with the retiring pensions; to offer provisionally such special benefits as are safely within the measure of the surplus income; and to obtain final equilibrium between income and outgo by increasing these special benefits as and when the financial barometer—represented in this case by an actuarial syndicate—indicates that it is safe to do so. In a scheme of which the advantages will have to be weighed by the workers in comparison with privileges to which they are at present entitled it is obviously desirable that no uncertainty should attach to the scale of contribution or to that benefit with

[4] Further detail in regard to this calculation will be found on pp. 973, 974.

which alone the existing privilege competes; and when submission to a popular electorate and to a chamber which has to find the subsidy is also part of the business, it is as well that no uncertainty should attach to the amount of that subsidy.

(xvi) The settlement of the actual scales for these special benefits is wrapped up with that of an important extension which should form part of the final scheme, if not of the first enactment:

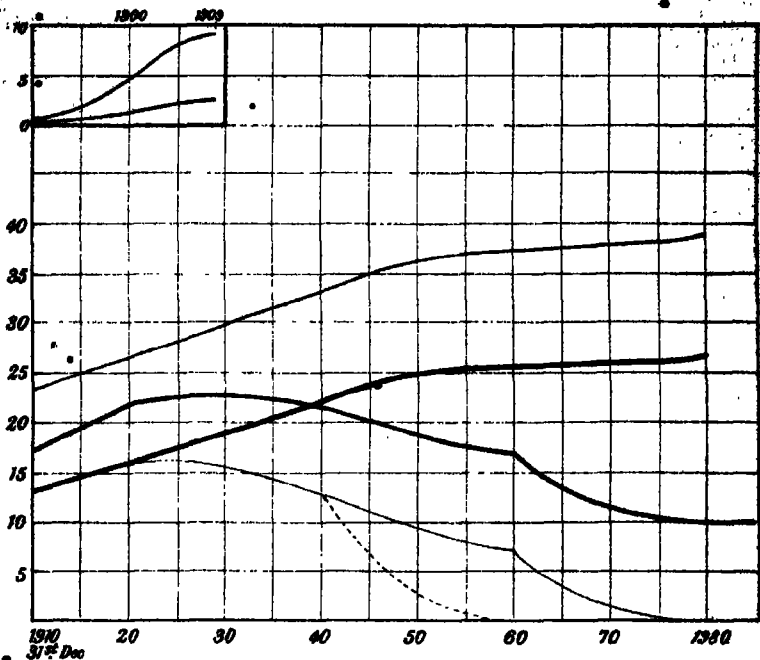
The Employers' Liability and Workmen's Compensation Acts at present involve a tax upon production in the form of insurance premiums, which ranges from one to two pence in the wage-pound. The help which these Acts give could be provided with far better economy by the pension fund. In the first place, the whole of the profit charges and of the administration expenses of the insurance agencies would be saved. The distinction between accidents of employment and other accidents involves large outlay in litigation, though it is of no real concern to the sufferers; the settlement of the claims is another source of unproductive expenditure.

Now if the contribution to the pension fund be raised from four to six pence in the pound, the whole of this addition could be charged upon the employer, in place of these insurance premiums, without materially affecting his burden. This 50 per cent. addition to the contributed income, together with the surplus already established, would secure insurances in all cases of accident at least as valuable as those now provided for one section of these misfortunes. The insurances against premature invalidity or death would thus be raised at once to an ample scale, with one-third pay as a *minimum*.

That the special insurances should be of the same amount at whatever age misfortune may befall is certainly the soundest principle, if the fund can stand the strain. The actual settlement of the scale must be subjected to the most careful actuarial calculation and revision; but if the further contribution be added to the large margin of income already provided, it is practically certain that scope would soon be found for introducing various desirable additions, such as preventive treatment for certain diseases and the inclusion of special incentives to attain proficiency or to acquire the qualities of greatest value to the nation.

The curve chart on the next page will give a clearer idea of how the double charge involved in the conversion to a system of subsidised insurance can be borne without increasing the Exchequer liability beyond the amount to which it is already committed in 1920 or 1925.

The rise given to the curve representing the present commitment is simply that which is demanded by the recorded numbers of the prospective pensioners who have already been born. This basis of estimate, which extends to 1980, shows that any assump-

CHART SHOWING THE PRESENT COMMITMENT AND ITS POSSIBLE VARIATIONS.

The heavy black line shows the minimum cost of the old-age pensions. It starts from the budget estimate for the first quarter of 1911.

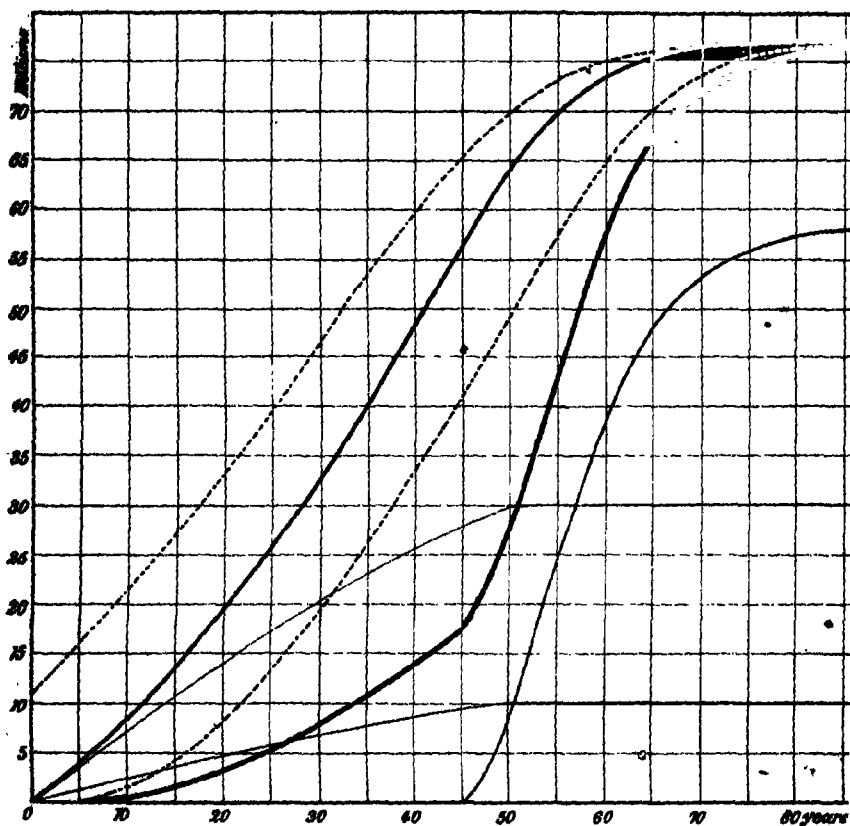
The thin black line represents approximately the further cost to the Exchequer of a contributory scheme on the German plan for those under seventy, in which the contribution is fourpence in the pound, and the benefits one-half of those which the proposed scheme offers.

The thin red line gives the probable variation in the cost of old-age pensions to be expected from the option to join the new fund.

The thick red line represents the total charge on the Exchequer when the subsidy required by the proposed scheme has been added in.

The inset shows the corresponding size of the pension scheme of Germany, where the population is fully 40 per cent. greater. It traces, on the same scale as the larger chart, the actual output and the State subsidy for the eighteen years 1891–1908.

To face page 91

CHART SHOWING THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE PROPOSED PENSION FUND.

The heavy black line represents the growth of the expenditure, and the light black line the part thereof which goes to persons over sixty years of age.

The thick red line represents the progress of the income, and the thin red lines divide it (starting from the base line) into subsidy, contribution, and interest.

As a proportion of the present generation of workers would in fact contribute, the actual growth of the income and expenditure would more nearly correspond to the dotted lines.

tion that the numbers over seventy will progress in at all the same proportion as the rest of the population is most delusive, and that the charge must double itself in about forty years; and this is without taking any account of (*a*) further reduction in the relief arising from the income disqualification, as the efforts to provide over 7*s*. a week for old age are relaxed, (*b*) decrease in the death rate, and (*c*) the fact that the emigration of the seventies which affects the present pension roll was high in proportion to later emigration.

The assumptions upon which the higher curve is drawn are that the benefits after the age of seventy will be limited to the present grant, that earlier allowances half as great as those offered in the proposed scheme will be given immediately, and that contribution at the rate of fourpence in the pound will be imposed. Even with these modest provisions the cost to the Exchequer reaches thirty-five millions in 1945. This system of extension, as compared with that of the proposed scheme, is far more costly and accomplishes less than half the benefit. This is due to two facts: (*a*) that it perpetuates the costly system of the 1908 grant, and (*b*) that it follows the German plan in applying the contributed income in further free grant to those who are already old instead of accumulating it to pension the actual contributors.

The curve showing the probable reduction effected by the proposed scheme is traced on the assumption that the election to join the new fund will only be exercised by one in sixteen of those who are approaching sixty, but will include three out of four of those who are between twenty and twenty-five.

Upon this latter assumption, and with some allowance for the exclusion of the present members of local pension funds, the subsidy to the new fund is taken as starting at three and two-third millions and advancing in fifty years to its normal total of ten millions.

The new pension fund would be able to convert this combined charge into an even annual subsidy of the same value. The steady charge would thus be about eighteen millions per annum.

If this option could be confined to those now over forty, the cost of the 1908 Act would follow the red dotted line, and the combined charge would be brought to about seventeen millions per annum.

The second chart traces the development of a subsidised insurance fund which takes no account of the liabilities of the improvident past. The following matters, which *ex hypothesi* have no bearing on the actuarial results or on the solvency of the fund, are omitted from the reckoning: (*a*) The contributions paid by those who are already at work, but elect to join the new fund, and the cost of pensioning them according to the transitory scales

which are applicable (*vide* dotted lines added to the chart); (*b*) the income and outgo in respect of voluntary members; and (*c*) the voluntary additions paid in by young members.

The interest accumulation is calculated at 3½ per cent. When it can be shown that even during the last twenty years, which embrace the period of lowest yield from high-class securities under modern conditions, the German fund has realised 3.54 per cent., the lowest level being 3.49 per cent., there can be little doubt that 3½ per cent. is a reasonable basis to adopt. Where estimate enters into the calculation the safest figures are adopted,[5] and a number of important facts which tell in favour of the fund are neglected.[6] Probably the amount left over for distribution to persons under sixty years of age will largely exceed the twenty millions shown on the chart after covering the costs of administration.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer promises schemes whereby we may step by step *draw level with Germany*. Surely our ambition should aim higher than that. The great German scheme looms too large in many minds. We can do honour to it as the pioneer enactment, but let us dissect it a little and know it for what it is. It imposes a tax which for 60 per cent. of the members exceeds 4*d*. in the wage-pound, and by reason of the system of fixed contribution according to wage-class this tax presses far more heavily upon the humbler workers, rising in some cases to much higher rates; for the poorest labourers it is 6*d*. to 7*d*., for the seamstress it may be 10*d*. or more. While the poor are taxed beyond their proper power of contribution, a limitation is imposed upon the whole scheme which renders it of inadequate service to the better paid. The skilled artisan earning 39*s*. a week only pays 2½*d*.

[5] *E.g.* (*a*) In dealing with the growth of the expenditure in the first forty-five years, when the membership is far from complete and only a small proportion exceed the age of fifty, and that only in the last ten years, the calculation undoubtedly errs on the safe side; (*b*) four millions per annum is provided for the special supplement which is added to the survivorship pensions of married women; and (*c*) a heavy allowance is made for the fact that the average distribution of the contributions between fifteen and sixty-five is probably less productive of interest than an even distribution would be.

[6] *E.g.* (i) that the pension limit of 1*l*. per week operates to relieve the fund wherever the wages exceed 2*l*. per week.

(ii) That the fund will be relieved when all or part of the pension period has to be spent in an asylum, infirmary, or other public institution.

(iii) That wages, and consequently pensions, are below the average in those cases where the duration of the claim is likely to be longest. Life is much longer among the rural workers and among women than in the highly paid and often dangerous or unhealthy employments.

(iv) Interest arising during the year upon the income of the year has not been taken into calculation.

(v) No account has been taken of the gains in regard to alien workers and members who retire from the fund.

in the pound, and the maximum retiring pension in the highest class is 4s. 5d. per week, which is claimable at seventy. The average retiring pension is only 3s. 1d. per week, and the average invalidity pension 3s. 4d. per week. A widow has no claim to a pension, even though she may have been a contributor before marriage, and there is no maintenance allowance for an orphan. The total distribution after eighteen years of contribution is less than half of our present grant, and when fully developed it will still be but a small affair in comparison to the single benefit of a five-shilling pension to those who are over seventy.

How does it happen that, with a substantial contribution and a fairly substantial subsidy, the German fund can only provide such paltry benefits? The answer is that it does not allow either the contributions or the State supplements to accumulate for the benefit of the workers who have earned them. The bulk of the early income has been applied in free grant to a previous generation, only a small fraction being allowed to accumulate; thus, in spite of the State supplement, a full contributor only obtains a part of the benefit which his own payments were capable of providing. It is the poor who bear this loss; and the huge financial error which has robbed the first generation of contributors will weigh upon the scheme for ever, and deprive each succeeding generation of a great part of the privileges it pays for. The State has been generous to those for whom no provision had been made during earlier years of service, but it has charged its largess upon the contributions of those who follow, and not upon its own funds. Until this largess of much more than a hundred millions sterling is discharged, or until the interest upon it is transferred to the Imperial Exchequer, the workers will suffer a loss of interest on their own contributions greater by far than the subsidy of 2,600,000l. which the State at present adds to their pension fund.

This colossal error, which has been wholly avoided in Austria and almost entirely in France, is at present threatening us. It is true that the debt we have at present assumed of 360 millions has been added to the national debt, and that its interest of nine millions is charged upon the taxpayers in general, and not upon the workers exclusively; but while we fail to remove it, as the French (who are now in like case) are doing, or to discharge it (as we shall otherwise have to do), it will press both directly and indirectly upon the workers—directly because they pay a large part of the taxes, and indirectly because it absorbs two-thirds of the aid which the Exchequer is straining to provide.

Ten European Governments in all have enacted pension schemes, but of these only five are of an obligatory or general character, viz. those of Germany, Denmark, Austria, France, and the United Kingdom. For the last twenty years our French

neighbours have been earnestly struggling with the difficulties of the problem. The reports of their numerous commissions, the collected answers to the lists of inquiries submitted to large numbers of the persons interested, and the other information collected in their parliamentary papers form a literature upon the subject, and their law of April 1910 is a great advance on the earlier models. The Austrian law of December 1906 is a very bold departure in the direction of obligatory thrift; it provides noble pensions and insurances of all kinds for every employed person, excepting those who earn less than 25*l*. a year. It is based upon absolutely sound financial principles, but its only income is wage-contribution, which is therefore very high—about 50 per cent. greater than the average contribution to the three German schemes taken together—but the benefits which it offers are at least five times as great, in spite of the fact that the State gives no subsidy. The Danish law of April 1891—the only other non-contributory grant—has already been described. It serves as an extremely useful object-lesson at the present crisis in the development of our legislation.

Great as are the lessons to be learnt from other efforts at national legislation, it is from the statutory schemes of our own great commercial corporations, or rather from those of them that are based upon sound actuarial principles, that we can learn most as to what sound finance and good design can do. To them is due the honour of introducing that just principle of benefit in proportion to average, not final, earnings which automatically removes so many of the difficulties that beset the fixed-scale system—'fixed' in name only, for it is in fact variable with many factors instead of with one.

He who puts forward the outline of a pension system learns how many different, and often contrary, points of view criticism can take. But for him who ventures forth with an elaborated scheme—*illi robur et aes triplex*. To meet each criticism in advance is impossible, but a word may be added for one or two.

Let the critic who sees danger in the accumulation of a great thrift fund in the hands of the State remember that the alternative is an equal addition to the national debt; that the best calculations go to show that the investments of the British nation are increasing by 350 millions a year, to which the pension scheme would only add an average item of about fifteen millions; that in the hands of a very small Financial Council of men of absolute integrity and great knowledge of affairs, such as this nation is eminently qualified to provide, this partly new and partly diverted investment might be given a sufficiently wide field to benefit industry and the extension of employment, and not to press with

undue official weight upon the financial markets; and that France and Austria have after a struggle laid the 'capitalisation' spectre and embarked upon a comparatively greater accumulation.

Let the critic who suggests that the scheme robs the non-wage-earner of the next and future generations of the pension to which he is now entitled remember that, when we have removed the married woman (and with her any unpaid person who tends the needs of a worker and his children) from this category, it only includes the unemployables and those who will not work; and that, despite the outcry of some of our social reformers against the proposal to leave anyone to the tender mercies of the Poor Law system, it is not, after all, a matter of such great importance under what name the aid is given after seventy to those who have had to seek the charity of the community in one form or other throughout their active years. And let him ask the industrious workers what their fund should be called upon to give to those who do not work.

Let the critic who says that the earnings of some are too low to admit of any contribution observe how gently the charge is made to fall upon the humblest workers—at about a third of the French or German rate; let him turn his attention to the sharing of this tax between employer and employed in such fashion that the sweater will bear a larger share than the employer who pays an adequate wage; and let him admit that it is not by converting some of the pensions into charity doles that this difficulty can best be met.

Let the critic who thinks there should be a guaranteed minimum pension study the struggles of other nations with this problem, and see how, as history teaches, the result has been to saddle their schemes with that disastrous principle of fixed contrition which defeats its own object of guaranteeing a minimum of benefit; let him observe how Austria-Hungary has cut the Gordian knot by avowedly leaving out all those who earn less than 10*s*. a week; and let him turn his attention to discovering a means of guaranteeing a minimum wage.

A. CARSON ROBERTS.

GERMAN VIEWS OF AN ANGLO-GERMAN UNDERSTANDING

ANY person of average intelligence and over, who has been enabled to visit the German Empire at the present time, even cursorily, must be aware of the enormous progress made by the German people in science, art, social legislation, internal intercommunications, commerce and the amenities of life. And even a tourist of no quick apprehension—in fact, for this purpose the stupider the better—must feel that in travelling about Germany he is more at home, made to feel more at home, than in any other country outside the British Dominions and the United States, for the reason that nowhere outside the lands where English is the national speech is our tongue more widely spoken than in Germany; with no other race in the world have we so frequently intermarried as with the Germans. This last condition is due to the considerable emigration in search of employment of German men to England or to the British Colonies, which results so frequently in their returning to their native land with English wives. In a less degree, but with a greater proportional effect, British men and women who go to Germany to take up diplomatic, or consular, or educational posts, or who for reasons connected with music, science or commerce, reside much in Germany, marry Germans. One need never be surprised in the heart of the Black Forest, in the Hartz Mountains, in Silesia, or in Holstein to meet with an English hostess at a German inn, due to the simple explanation that her husband, the innkeeper, has graduated in his excellent profession as a waiter in England and has returned with an English wife.

When one realises all these points about modern Germany (the whole country appears extraordinarily anglicised compared with what it was twenty years ago, but three-fourths of this 'British' influence has come direct from the United States, for the reaction of modern America on modern Germany has been far-reaching in its effects)—when one realises the community of feeling and the common interests which have grown up between the United Kingdom and the German Empire, and when one participates in the splendid results achieved

by the science and art of modern Germany, the British observer, if he has any emotion in his temperament, or if he touches fields of commercial development wherein Germany and England are more or less compelled to walk hand-in-hand, must conceive a great longing for an adjustment of the political relations between the British and German Empires on some such basis as the recent understandings between Britain, France and Russia. He must feel that if such an end could be attained without too great a sacrifice of vital British interests, it is the end above all others which should be immediately and unflaggingly pursued by British statesmen. Because from such an understanding must proceed a cessation of the rivalry in armatures, not only as between Britain and Germany, but even perhaps—and as a result therefrom—between Germany and Russia, France and Germany, Italy and Austria. Henceforth, following such a general and vital understanding, the armies and the fleets of the leading Powers of Europe would be only maintained for the support of social order in Europe and the development of a European civilisation over Asia and Africa, among the backward peoples of the world.

British statesmen speak at large on the distressing growth of armaments, necesitated, more or less, by the ever-growing German army and navy. But they are not perfectly frank with their hearers. In view of the continual agitation for the increase of the British Navy (in some cases on lines which would impose a heavy financial burden on the people of Great Britain and Ireland), and of the provocative increase of the German navy, it seems to me that the time has come when a frank discussion of the questions alienating Britain and her allies from the two great German Empires of Central Europe might take place in the press. Such an irresponsible discussion would, perhaps, pave the way for the work of diplomacy, exactly as was the case in regard to the growth of the *entente* with France and, later on, with Russia.

Acting in this belief, I have made use of my recent visit to the principal towns of Germany in the autumn of the present year to discuss with German officials, politicians, men of science, heads of industries and of great commercial firms, the reasons why Germany is burdening the finances of her own Empire with her inordinate expanse of military and naval development, and concurrently imposing proportionately heavy sacrifices on the peoples of the United Kingdom, France, Austria, Russia and Italy. I will give in these pages what might be considered as the average views of enlightened and intelligent Germans, leaving out of account for the moment (1) the unreasonable aspirations of German jingoes, or (2) the unrealisable hopes of those very few persons in Germany (as compared with England) who want nothing

in the way of political expansion, and who think that the best policy for the German Empire at the present moment would be to confine her attention solely to the internal welfare of Germany, abandoning all ambition to influence, control, or direct the affairs of less advanced communities beyond her frontiers.

And the average expression of opinion begins thus: That Great Britain has, during the last ten years, made all possible use of her diplomacy and finance to deny to Germany and Austria, combined, any great Imperial expansion or colonial development. According to my German friends, the hypocrisy of the British press and British statesmen in this direction exasperates them more even than plain-spoken intentions. It reminds some of them who have read *Punch*—and *Punch* has a great circulation in Germany—of a picture drawn by Reginald Cleaver some ten years ago. A daughter is pleading with her middle-aged mother in the park. 'Mother, why mayn't I go to the ball?' The mother replies, 'My dear, I have been through all that sort of thing, and now see the vanity of it all.' And the daughter, 'But mayn't *I* see the vanity too?'

Of late Germany has been assured by various politicians in Britain, France and Russia that their respective countries find the burden of empire very heavy, the task of educating backward peoples most ungrateful, and in the long run unprofitable. Let Germany take warning and remain happy and comfortable within her own boundaries, giving up as an *ignis fatuus* any idea of considerable Imperial expansion, lest she should be landed here and there, as her three advisers have been in the course of history, in some slough of insurrection or *impasse* of colonial wars. Nevertheless, while tendering this advice to the German people, while mentioning that they have reached the limits of their own expansion, and if they could do so with honour would retire even from much they have got, Britain, France, and Russia go on taking under their control as fast as they can all the undeveloped portions of the globe on which they can lay hands without any serious conflict with a first-class Power, sorting out and swallowing oysters of the largest size while shedding tears over their defective digestions. 'Thus' (say the Germans), 'while you were holding up shocked hands and delivering portentous speeches over the iniquity of Austria in formally annexing two provinces which, with the consent of Europe and Turkey she had occupied and administered for thirty years, you—Britain—were actually forcing on Turkey an agreement in regard to Aden and the Aden hinterland which gave you a prescriptive right to about one-third of Arabia between the island of Perim and the Bahrein Archipelago of the Persian Gulf; while France was taking measures to circumscribe within the narrowest possible limits the Turkish province of Tripoli, and

Britain and Russia were commencing to divide Persia between them.' Undoubtedly the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina was directly prompted by German diplomacy, as a step in the direction of an Austro-German advance of control over the Balkan Peninsula. Even to have suggested such a thing in print at that time in the British press would have been difficult; it would have been regarded as so shocking, such an outrage on international amenities, &c. Yet an Anglo-Russian partition of Persia is not to be counted as an outrage at all, but as 'a course of action imposed on Britain and Russia by supreme political necessity'—Russia, compelled to find an outlet to warm seas for her commerce and maritime enterprise, and Britain unable to disregard the close historical connexion between Southern Persia and India, and the danger of allowing Southern Persia to lapse into anarchy—a very real danger on account of Afghanistan—or to fall a prey to a European Power, a contingency not only to be deprecated in connexion with the politics of the Indian Empire, but likely to be unfair in its results to the sixty-years-old investments of British trade. Although Germany may not as yet officially have recognised the joint Anglo-Russian condominium in Persia, sensible Germans are quite willing to admit that (given all the circumstances of the case) neither Russia nor Britain could have acted otherwise in regard to Persia. Control over Persia is as necessary to the existence and welfare of these great Empires as the control over Egypt is to that of Great Britain, or that over Morocco to French North Africa. But what Germany complains of with bitterness is that similar adventures are denied to *her* by the Powers of the Triple Entente. Every financial and political obstacle has been put in her way by Britain and France as regards the construction of the Bagdad railway. Only the inability of Russia to fight at the last moment (say the Germans) prevented Britain and France, allied with Russia, urging on the Slav peoples of the Balkans to attack Austro-Hungary as a punishment for her having annexed two provinces which she had brought back to civilised life and happiness, quite as much as England has done in regard to Egypt, or France in regard to Tunis.

The people of the German Empire think they have been most unfairly treated of late years by the diplomacy of Britain and her friends. They realise that, conjoined with the now scarcely distinct Austrians, they can muster a total German-speaking population of seventy millions, foremost among the peoples of the world in their education, commerce, development of modern science and of social legislation. Trade *does* follow the flag, they realise, as we began to do thirty years ago. The foreign trade of Germany has undoubtedly owed much of its enormous increase to the fact that there was a German fleet ready and willing to defend her

merchantmen, more especially in the ports of second and third rate Powers. 'Why,' they ask, 'should no heed to the expansive interests of Germany be given when other Great Powers get together in secret conferences and divide between them the weaker or the undeveloped portions of the globe? Why in and as regards America should everything be settled now practically by a joint understanding between Britain and the United States? Why was Denmark some time ago forbidden to sell one or more West India Islands to the Germans as a depôt for their fleets in the New World? France, Holland and Denmark, as well as the British and American Empires, have harbours, coaling stations and colonies in the New World which—especially in the tropical portions—serve as valuable rendezvous for their commerce; why should it be tacitly laid down that if Germany by purchase attempted likewise to get a coaling station or a harbour of refuge, it would be equivalent to a *casus belli* with the Anglo-Saxon world? In Asia, England and France may for a time quarrel over the fate of Siam, but once they come to a private agreement both of them can without blinking take over huge provinces of the former Siamese Empire, whereas if Germany even attempted to acquire a coaling station in this direction for her Far Eastern commerce, she would provoke a joint ultimatum. Germans remember with indignation the way in which their Emperor was rated for his Chinese policy, while at the same time Britain and France were laying hands on all the territories they could clutch along the coasts of the Flowery Kingdom, and Russia was taking steps to annex the whole of Manchuria, a portion of which has since been wrested from her by her now friend and ally, Japan. For sixty years and more the Hanse towns of Germany had built up a remarkable commerce (the house of Godefroy has become historical) in the Pacific archipelagoes; yet German attempts to secure trifling footholds in any part of the Pacific Islands not already annexed by Spain, England and France, were regarded as directly hostile to British interests by the British Government and press.'

German wrath, perhaps, reached the point of ebullition when Britain and France arranged between themselves, without reference to any third Power, what was practically the last partition of Africa; the recognition of exclusive British interests in Egypt and the handing over of Morocco to France, followed soon afterwards by a joint Anglo-Franco-Italian understanding in regard to Abyssinia and Somaliland, and an intimation to Germany of 'hands off' in reference to Liberia.[1] The attitude then not only adopted by the German Emperor, but to some extent forced on him by public

[1] I am here quoting German views without asserting that they are well founded.—H. H. J.

opinion in Germany, was that the world was not henceforth to be divided up into the Spheres of influence, Protectorates, or Colonies of the United States and the British Empire, France, Russia and Italy without some regard being paid to the German factor, the hundred and eight millions of vigorous, highly-educated white peoples of the allied Empires of Germany and Austro-Hungary.

'If,' said to me my German interlocutors, 'if when making these arrangements Germany and Austria had been given clearly to understand that the supremacy of German and Austro-Hungarian interests in the Balkan Peninsula and throughout the greater part of Asia Minor and Mesopotamia was fully recognised by the Powers of the Triple Understanding, there would probably have been no Morocco incident, no sticks put between the spokes of British and French wheels in Egypt or Ethiopia, in the Far East, or at the Court of Teheran.'

Now we come to the crux of the problem. Germany, Austrian Germany, Hungary, and even the Slav States of the Austrian Empire are resolved—like us, like France and Russia—to play a great part in the future history of the Old World. They propose as their theatre of political influence, commercial expansion, and agricultural experiments, the undeveloped lands of the Balkan Peninsula, of Asia Minor, and of Mesopotamia, down even to the mouth of the Euphrates. They might be willing, in agreement with the rest of the world, to create an Eastern Belgium in Syria-Palestine—perhaps a Jewish State—which, merely by the fact of its being charged with the safe-keeping of the holy places of Christianity, would quite possibly become undenominationally Christian. A Turkish sultanate might continue to exist in Asia Minor, just as there will probably be for centuries a king or queen of the Netherlands, of Austria, Hungary, Bohemia, Bulgaria, and Roumania; but German influence at Constantinople would become supreme, whether or not it was under the black-white-and-red flag or under the Crescent and Star ensign of Byzantium.

'Why should this worry you?' say the Germans. 'Why should you think of imposing gigantic burdens on your peoples in all parts of the globe to maintain a navy and perchance build up an army strong enough to prevent the extension of predominant German influence from the mouth of the Rhine to the mouth of the Danube, to the Bosporus and the Euphrates? Equally, why should this eventuality mean for France a frightful loss of life and a hopeless struggle? It is Russia who will object the most. Well, leave Russia to us in this respect, that we may come to terms with her; either by negotiation (as we hope) or by a trial of strength. We regard Russia as more unreasonable in the matter

of German ambitions than even Britain and France. Russia-in-Europe is almost the size of the whole rest of Europe, and includes millions of acres of an alluvial soil of inexhaustible richness, which could, with decent political and sanitary conditions of life, with education and other civilised developments, maintain a Slav population of three hundred millions. Siberia is another Canada—an extraordinary parallel to Canada in its flora and fauna, its mineral deposits, its climate, and its future developments. Like Canada, it will come in time to be one of the principal sources of world-foods, of forest products. Russian Asia has almost limitless possibilities, enough to satisfy the greediest ambition of a people far more numerous, far better educated, far more politically advanced, than that of modern Russia. Germany, moreover, would see without surprise or protest a Russian control over Chinese Mongolia and Turkestan; in those directions, as in Persia, the matter of Russian expansion would be one commensurate with Russian strength and the collateral interests of Britain and Japan, or the future evolution of China. Is Russia, in addition, to claim to be the suzerain of Bulgaria, the future occupant of Constantinople and mistress of Asia Minor? This we should regard as preposterously unreasonable—a *casus belli*, in fact. We are quite prepared to admit the delicate and peculiar geographical restrictions of Russia. If she would come to terms with us about Constantinople and about our influence predominating generally over much of the Turkish Empire, we on our part would give her the fullest guarantees regarding the independence of Denmark and, consequently, the free ingress and egress of the Baltic Sea; and, on the other hand, would perhaps admit the right of Russia to an *enclave* on the Asiatic side of the Bosporus, to a sphere of influence over Trebizond and Northern Armenia, besides recognising the special need of Russia to obtain access to the Persian Gulf through Northern and Western Persia.

'So much for Russia. In regard to England, we would recall a phrase dropped by ex-President Roosevelt at an important public speech in London—a phrase which for some reason was not reported by the London press. Roosevelt said: "The best guarantee for Great Britain on the Nile is the presence of Germany on the Euphrates." Putting aside the usual hypocrisies of the Teutonic peoples, you know that that is so. You know that we ought to make common cause in our dealings with the backward races of the world. Neither you nor we are as foolish and as uninstructed as we were in the beginnings of our Colonial expansion. We no longer establish our political control over Egypt, India, Negro Africa, Persia, or Siamese Malaysia to dispossess dynasties or with the idea of taking away the land from the people, or even the natural wealth of the waste lands from the administration of the State in which they

are found. Impelled more by some inexplicable instinct, which has been in the white man from all time onwards, we white nations are seeking to control and develop the misgoverned, uncivilised, or savage parts of the world. In so doing we improve ourselves also in knowledge and in education, we enlarge our means of scientific research and the expansion of our commerce without any really unfair treatment of the races we are attempting to influence or to govern. You have shown in your Colonial Empire, and are showing increasingly, that where a backward people ceases to remain in a condition of disorder or ignorance you can enlarge its political horizon and, indeed, educate it towards eventual autonomy and self-government. If that had not been your purpose in Egypt your position there would not have won the world-wide respect that it has done. The antithesis of this policy is that for ever rendered infamous by the late King of the Belgians in regard to the Congo. This has been the most valuable object-lesson of "what to avoid" in Colonial policy, and a proceeding to which, we are happy to think, there is no parallel to be found in German Africa.

'Let Britain and Germany once come to an agreement in regard to the question of the Nearer East and the world can scarcely again be disturbed by any great war in any part of the globe, if such a war is contrary to the commercial interests of the two Empires. And both alike will become increasingly allied to the United States of America, to which they are severally the main contributors in emigrant population from the eighteenth century onwards. But, of course, this Anglo-German understanding would include (whether it were publicly expressed or not) a recognition on the part of Britain that henceforth the kingdom of the Netherlands must, by means of a very strict alliance, come within the German sphere. We have already brought pressure to bear on the Dutch Government to ensure this. We intend to stand no nonsense or to admit no tergiversation in this respect. So long as Holland consents to be more nearly allied with the German Empire than with any other Power, so long its dynasty, its internal independence, and the governance of its oversea possessions (in the which more and more German capital is being sunk annually) will remain completely undisturbed. But you may take it from us that an alliance for offensive and defensive purposes now exists between Holland and Germany, and that the foreign policy of the two nations will henceforth be as closely allied as is that of Germany and Austria.

'Belgium is a different matter altogether. We are sufficiently educated in geography to realise that any close union or alliance, and still more any invasion of Belgium, on our part would be for you a legitimate *casus belli*, as it should also be for France. Of course, if you drive us to extremes and block us in all other

directions, we may put the whole question to the test when the right opportunity comes by occupying Belgium (and Holland), by throwing down the gage of battle to France; and, as the outcome of victory, incorporate within the German sphere not only Holland and Belgium but also Picardy. That would be our way of commencing the duel with Great Britain. We should not be so idiotic as to venture a *corps d'armée* on transports across the North Sea before we had smashed the British Navy; and the smashing of the British Navy within the next thirty years seems to us such an impossibility as not to enter within the limits of any reasonable military programme. But we should make use of our navy to defend the approaches to Holland, Belgium, and Denmark, and we ask you what sort of efforts you would have to make in the way of army organisation to be able, even in alliance with France and Russia, to turn us out of the Low Countries if you compelled us to occupy them. Of course, we should suffer terribly in this struggle. We suffered terribly in our 1870-71 war with France, but the results have been of incalculable benefit to the German peoples.

'Yet we admit that such a war would be an almost complete arrest of civilisation in the Old World. Not only should we and you do our utmost to prevent such an eventuality coming about, but we should strive on both sides to be reasonable in negotiating the terms of an agreement which might render any such struggle impossible, might even put war between us and any other European Power of magnitude out of the question; while thus all the great white Powers of Europe and America could unite in their purpose, jointly and severally, of bringing the whole world under civilised control, and only turn their armed forces henceforth against reaction at home or abroad.'

With regard to France and any objections which might be raised in that country to the consequences of an Anglo-German understanding, I have heard some Germans suggest that Metz and the small district of French-speaking Lorraine should be restored to France, and that guarantees of the most unequivocal character should be given in regard to the neutrality, independence, and complete separation from the German sphere of the Kingdom of Belgium and the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg. Others again, with a view to placating Russian interest in the similar independence of Denmark (and consequently the control of access to the Baltic), have suggested that the original terms of the 1864 Treaty should be generously carried out and the Danish-speaking district of Hadersleben in Northern Slesvig be restored to Denmark. But these are the utmost concessions that are ever hinted at even by the most liberal-minded. Any suggestion of the

retrocession of Elsass and German Lorraine, and the good-natured German face sets into flint or iron.

I have striven in all the foregoing passages to give, *not* my own opinions, but the views of representative Germans in regard to the bases of an understanding between Germany and the leading Powers of Europe. If it serves no other purpose, it will do that of setting forth quite clearly the ambitions and the intentions present in the minds of educated and thoughtful people in the German Empire. As I have said before, there are others who are rancorous and even ignorant or ill-informed in their views about Great Britain and British policy, and who would demand from the world at large the creation of a Greater Germany, so unjust to the rights and ambitions of the Latin, Slav, and Anglo-Saxon peoples as to raise against Germany such a European coalition as finally crushed a hundred years ago the overweening ambition of France. But for us to go to the opposite extreme and pretend that all is well, that Germany and Austria are quite content with the annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina, that there is no convention existing or about to exist between the Netherlands and Germany, and that Germany and Austria are building fleets and training armies merely to find an outlet for their taxpayers' money and the energies of their people, is dangerously ridiculous. Surely—as I ventured to remark in a recent address to a German audience—there must be a point beyond which the pressure of German ambition is foolish, but short of which the constraint of Germany by the Triple Entente is economically unwise. If only this point could be quickly determined by a formal or informal conference of diplomatists, and a complete understanding arrived at which removed any conceivable cause of quarrel between Britain and Germany, France and Germany, or Russia and Germany, the burdens of many millions of white people would be sensibly lightened and the civilisation of many other millions of backward or savage peoples be appreciably brought nearer to an achievement.

Those politicians on both sides who are advocating a hundred million loan for the increase of the British Navy should, before pressing the acceptance of this proposition on the taxpaying public, be in a position to assure us that every effort has been made to come to a political understanding with Germany, carrying with it some limitation of armaments; and that such efforts, through no fault, no unreasonableness, on the part of the British negotiators, have completely failed. We should be told at the same time what Germany asked and what we felt unable to grant, and the intelligent public in the three kingdoms should decide whether our negotiators were in the right or whether they were to blame.

H. H. JOHNSTON.

THE NAVAL 'CRISIS'

POLITICIANS and journalists have been busily occupied of late in 'counting *Dreadnoughts*'—especially those belonging to the British and German navies—and in framing programmes of shipbuilding, each of which is declared to be the minimum required for the maintenance of British naval supremacy. The situation closely resembles that which existed in the early months of last year, when official statements, made in the course of debates on the Navy Estimates, caused a 'scare' throughout the Empire; while non-official predictions of rapid developments in the German fleet went far beyond official statements. At the height of this agitation the writer attempted to show [1] that the rate of progress assigned to German warship-building had been grossly exaggerated, and that there would be no difficulty in assuring the continued maintenance of British naval supremacy provided proper steps were taken by the Government, because existing national resources for building and arming warships were adequate to meet the largest demands that might be made upon them. Nearly two years have now elapsed, and it is possible to compare predictions with facts. Instead of having nine *Dreadnoughts* finished and available for service next month, as the prophets said she would have, Germany has five ships of that type in commission as against ten British ships. According to the official programme at the end of 1911 there will be nine finished German vessels of the type available for service, and at that date sixteen similar vessels will have been completed for the Royal Navy.

Serious failure in recent predictions should have made amateur programme-framers more careful when attempting to deal with the future, but they are as bold as ever. Credit has recently been given to Germany for gaining considerably upon Great Britain during the five years which have passed since the *Dreadnought* was laid down; our margin of superiority is said to be rapidly 'shrinking'; counting *Dreadnoughts* alone, it is now asserted that in 1914 our margin may consist of only four ships, unless heroic efforts are made without delay, and a special expenditure incurred of from fifty to one hundred millions, to be raised by loan. These

[1] See *Nineteenth Century and After* for April 1909.

extreme statements are partly based upon a speech made by the Prime Minister last July when the shipbuilding Vote was under discussion in the House of Commons. Mr. Asquith then gave the numbers of British and German *Dreadnoughts* which would probably be available for service at various dates, and said that in the financial year 1913-14 Germany might possess twenty-one ships as against twenty-five British ships. This statement, however, was carefully guarded; it took no account of two *Dreadnought* cruisers now building at the cost of Australia and New Zealand, nor of additional vessels which might be laid down next year and be completed early in 1914. Moreover, his figures for German *Dreadnoughts* which might be finished in 1913 do not agree with those given in the official programme of the German Admiralty, which provides only for finishing seventeen *Dreadnoughts* before the end of that year. To these points further reference will be made; but the real position of affairs will be better understood if a statement is at once submitted showing the relative position of the British and German fleets when the *Dreadnought* era began (1905) and the corresponding position at the present time. This course appears desirable, because the belief is entertained in influential quarters that our relative strength has seriously declined during the last five years, and because it is possible to subject those apprehensions to conclusive tests, in which personal opinions can play only a subordinate part.

The following passages in the speech made at Glasgow on October 19 by Mr. Balfour will show that the apprehensions of relative decline are, in his opinion, well founded, and require serious consideration:

> But five years separate the two dates, and yet I venture to say that in no other five, ten, or twenty years in our history has there been so great a change in our naval position, and one so ominous, as that which has taken place during the last sixty months.
>
> . . . .
>
> I venture to say that no man, I do not think any member of the Government, would say, if the question was put to him directly, that any comparison could be drawn between our relative strength among the naval Powers in 1905 and our relative strength among the naval Powers in 1910. I do not think any man could say that the two things were comparable. We are in a different world. It is not merely that there has been a small change in degree. There has been a change in type, and we can no longer, and ought no longer, to think of ourselves as in a position of securing the maritime supremacy which we enjoyed only five years ago.

Mr. Balfour also referred to 'this narrow range of superiority of four ships in 1913,' obviously having in mind the figures given by Mr. Asquith for Great Britain and Germany, and added:

> It seems to me it is impossible for us to say that a margin so narrow as that is one which cannot be wiped out by circumstances which none of us can foresee, for which no Government, no administrator, no Board of

Admiralty may be responsible: but it is one which, if wiped out, may have consequences for us and for the Empire the effects of which will be felt not only by one generation, but by generation after generation of citizens of this Empire. I think this myself to be a most lamentable and dangerous condition of affairs. I cannot believe that either the Government or that part of the public which has given serious attention to it can view the present situation without serious misgiving and alarm.

In order that readers may be enabled to form an independent judgment in regard to the importance really attaching to the foregoing statements, and to many similar or even stronger statements recently made by public men, three Tables have been prepared. In the first is given a nominal list of British and German ships of the *Dreadnought* class already laid down or to be commenced in this financial year. The technical term 'laid down' indicates the date at which the erection of the structure of a ship on the building slip is begun. It may differ considerably from the date at which the order is given to build a ship:

TABLE I

List of 'Dreadnoughts' completed, building, and to be commenced in 1910-11.[3]

Great Britain.

	Laid down	Programme
Dreadnought	Oct 1905	1905-6
Indomitable	March 1906	
Inflexible	Feb. 1906	
Invincible	April 1906	
Bellerophon	Dec. 1906	1906-7
Temeraire	Jan. 1907	
Superb	Feb. 1907	
St. Vincent	Dec. 1907	1907-8
Collingwood	Feb. 1908	
Vanguard	April 1908	
Indefatigable	Feb. 1909	1908-9
Neptune	Jan. 1909	
Colossus	July 1909	1909-10
Hercules	Aug. 1909	
Orion	Nov. 1909	
Lion	Nov. 1909	
Princess Royal	May 1910	
Conqueror	April 1910	
Monarch	April 1910	
Thunderer	April 1910	

20 ships laid down.

2 ships June 1910.
[Building at the cost of Australia and New Zealand].
5 ships (to be laid down) 1910-11.

27 Grand Total.

NOTE.—Of these the first ten ships are in commission, and the next two are approaching completion.

Germany.

	Laid down	Programme
Nassau	July 1907	1906-7
Westfalen	July 1907	
Rheinland	Aug. 1907	1907-8
Posen	Aug. 1907	
Von der Tann	March 1908	
Ostfriesland	Oct. 1908	1908-9
Helgoland	Nov. 1908	
Thuringen	Jan. 1909	
Moltke	April 1909	
Cruiser H.	July 1909	1909-10
Oldenburg	March 1909	
Ersatz Heimdal	Nov. 1909	
Ersatz Hildebrand	Oct. 1909	

13 ships laid down.

4 ships (to be laid down) 1910-11

17 Grand Total.

NOTE.—Of these the first five ships are in commission.

[3] An excellent Table giving further particulars of 'the world's *Dreadnoughts*' will be found at pp. 218-19 of the *Navy League Annual* for 1910.

The facts set forth in Table I. obviously do not support the contention that during the last five years our standing relatively to Germany has declined so far as the construction of battleships and large armoured cruisers of the *Dreadnought* class is concerned. Even if one omits the two large cruisers building, at the cost of Australia and New Zealand, for service in the Pacific, there remain twenty-five British ships as compared with seventeen German ships. It is proper, also, to bear in mind the reason given for constructing the four large German armoured cruisers included in the Table—namely, that they were primarily intended for the protection of commerce and shipping on distant foreign stations. Lord Charles Beresford and others have urged the desirability, when estimating our naval strength relatively to Germany, of taking into account also the fleets of Austria and Italy. At present two vessels of the *Dreadnought* class are being built in Austria, but it is reported that the first will not be launched until next June and the second not until October. Two others are said to be contemplated, one of which may be begun next year. In Italy two *Dreadnoughts* are building, one of which has been launched: two more have been recently ordered. The financial provision for new construction in that country is, however, very small in relation to outstanding liabilities on vessels now building. As a consequence, early dates of completion for service of these *Dreadnoughts* are not likely to be realised. Moreover, authority is needed for the assumption that in case of war between Great Britain and Germany, the Italian fleet would be ranged against the Royal Navy. Such an event appears highly improbable; but even if it occurred our position as an isolated Power would not be unfavourable, and in such circumstances Great Britain would hardly stand alone.

Tables II. and III. show the relative positions of Great Britain and Germany in regard to 'capital ships' for the 31st of March 1906 and the 31st of March 1910. These dates are taken because they practically cover the period mentioned by Mr. Balfour, and they correspond to dates up to which the annual 'Dilke Returns' presented to Parliament are usually corrected. These returns have been used in compiling the Tables. All the vessels enumerated were less than twenty years old at the dates selected, that being the period of service on the Active List adopted for battleships and large cruisers in the German Navy Law of 1908.

Of late there has been a tendency to treat 'pre-*Dreadnought*' ships as practically negligible quantities or as likely to become so very soon. The 'coming of the *Dreadnought*' to many persons, whose interest in naval matters has extended over a comparatively short period, was an unprecedented event; it is assumed to have involved the immediate degradation, if not the early

disappearance from the Active List, of all preceding types. As a matter of fact, from time immemorial—and especially since the great changes began which have been consequent upon the introduction of steam propulsion, iron and steel as shipbuilding materials, and defensive armour—the construction of each new type of warship has involved the relative degradation of earlier types, but has not made them useless. In previous articles contributed to this REVIEW the writer has insisted upon and illustrated the

TABLE II

Capital Ships. March 31st, 1906.

	Germany.			*Great Britain.*	
	Completed.	Displacement. Tons.		*Completed.*	Displacement. Tons.
5	Braunschweig type .	65,000	5	King Edward type .	81,800
5	Wittelsbach type .	58,000	8	Formidable type .	120,000
5	Kaiser type . .	52,400	6	Duncan type . .	84,000
4	Brandenburg type .	39,600	9	Majestic type . .	134,100
			8	Royal Sovereign type	113,200
			6	Canopus type . .	77,700
			2	Swiftsure type . .	23,800
19		215,000	44		634,600
	Building.			*Building.*	
5	Deutschland type .	65,200	3	King Edward type .	49,000
			2	Lord Nelson type .	33,000
			1	Dreadnought type .	17,900
			3	Invincible type . .	51,800
			9		151,700
24	Grand Total.	280,200	53	Grand Total.	786,300

NOTE.—Two Dreadnoughts (Nassau class) were provided for in the German Navy Estimates of 1906–7, but neither was laid down until July, 1907.

This Table shows that in April 1906 the British fleet was in excess of the German fleet by 29 capital ships and 506,000 tons (displacement tonnage).

Table III. shows that in April 1910 the corresponding excess of the British fleet was 27 capital ships and 508,000 tons, while it was intended to lay down in 1910-11 one more British ship than the number to be begun by Germany, and two large armoured cruisers, paid for by Australia and New Zealand.

value of pre-*Dreadnought* ships.[3] The detailed argument need not be repeated. Stated briefly, the position stands as follows: Great Britain at present possesses a considerable superiority in numbers of vessels of the *Dreadnought* type, as compared not only with Germany but with any probable combination of naval Powers. Her position in this respect is, therefore, secure, although, as time passes, the pre-*Dreadnoughts* will pass out of service gradually, and new ships must be built in sufficient

[3] *Nineteenth Century and After* for April 1909, December 1908.

numbers to maintain our supremacy. Taking present conditions, one may assume that, in case of a conflict with a foreign Power or a group of allied navies, the first stage would probably involve the employment of *Dreadnoughts* on both sides. On the extreme assumption that the earlier actions of the war resulted in the practical disappearance of the *Dreadnoughts* on both sides as unfit

TABLE III

Capital Ships. March 31st, 1910.

Germany.		Displacement. Tons.	*Great Britain.*		Displacement Tons.
Completed.			*Completed.*		
2	Dreadnought type (battleships)	36,400	5	Dreadnought type (battleships)	93,000
			3	Dreadnought type (armoured cruisers)	51,800
			8		144,800
Pre-Dreadnoughts.			*Pre-Dreadnoughts.*		
5	Deutschland type .	65,200	2	Lord Nelson type .	33,000
5	Braunschweig type .	65,000	8	King Edward type .	130,800
5	Wittelsbach type .	58,000	8	Formidable type .	120,000
5	Kaiser type . .	52,800	5	Duncan type . .	70,000
			9	Majestic type . .	134,100
			6	Canopus type . .	77,700
			2	Swiftsure type . .	23,800
20		241,000	40		589,400
Building.			*Building.*		
8	Dreadnought type (battleships)	151,000	9	Dreadnought type (battleships)	190,000
3	Dreadnought type (armoured cruisers)	59,000	3	Dreadnought type (armoured cruisers)	71,000
11		210,000	12		261,000
Total Building and Completed.			*Total Building and Completed.*		
13	Dreadnoughts . .	246,400	20	Dreadnoughts . .	405,800
20	Pre-Dreadnoughts .	241,000	40	Pre-Dreadnoughts .	589,400
33	Grand Total.	487,400	60	ships	995,200
Ordered in 1910–11.			*Ordered in 1910–11.*		
4	Dreadnoughts .	(unknown)	5	Dreadnoughts .	(unknown)

NOTE.—From the German list are excluded: 2 Brandenburgs, 19,800 tons, which were launched in 1891–92.

NOTE.—From the British list are excluded: 8 Royal Sovereigns, 113,200 tons, Renown, 12,350 tons, which were launched in 1891–2 and 1895 respectively.

for further service, and supposing the available effective forces of pre-*Dreadnought* ships to be treated simply as reserves at first, it would follow that the ultimate result of the struggle would depend chiefly upon the relative strengths of the opposing forces in pre-*Dreadnoughts*, whatever the individual value of such vessels as fighting machines may be in comparison with *Dreadnoughts*. Estimates of their comparative value may and do differ largely.

Lord Charles Beresford, for instance, proposes as a rough approximation that two pre-*Dreadnoughts* shall be considered equal to one *Dreadnought*. Other persons, including the writer, consider this to be a serious under-estimate of the value of many vessels belonging to earlier types. If, instead of making any comparisons between *Dreadnoughts* and pre-*Dreadnoughts*, British and foreign vessels of the latter class are compared among themselves, these differences of opinion can be avoided, and a better idea formed of the real relative force of opposing fleets.

This principle has been adopted in Tables II. and III. From the former it will be seen that at the end of March 1906 German capital ships (all of pre-*Dreadnought* types) built and building were twenty-four in number, with an aggregate displacement of about 280,000 tons; the corresponding British ships were forty-nine in number (including *Lord Nelsons*), with a displacement tonnage of 716,000 tons. In addition, there were building four British *Dreadnoughts* of nearly 70,000 tons; three of these were in an early stage of construction. Taking the grand totals (including *Dreadnoughts*), the British force exceeded the German force by twenty-nine ships (including four *Dreadnoughts*) and 506,000 tons. These figures furnish a means of roughly measuring the preponderance of British capital ships over German at that date, and they justify the satisfaction expressed by Mr. Balfour with the conditions which then existed. We had an assured position of supremacy.

A similar comparison of capital ships for the 31st of March 1910 has been made in Table III. Taking grand totals for ships built, building, and to be laid down in 1910-11, the British superiority above Germany was represented at that date by thirty ships and 508,000 tons. In these totals of ships and tonnage were included an excess of twenty pre-*Dreadnoughts*, with an aggregate excess in displacement tonnage of 348,000 tons, whereas four years earlier the corresponding figures had been twenty-five pre-*Dreadnoughts* and 436,000 tons. In *Dreadnoughts* built and building the British excess over the German (excluding the Australian and New Zealand cruisers) was seven ships and 159,400 tons in 1910, as against four ships and 69,700 tons in 1906. These figures indicate that our lead on the side of *Dreadnoughts* had increased, and that our excess on the side of pre-*Dreadnoughts* had diminished as compared with 1906. On the whole, the difference between British and German grand totals had changed but little in numbers of ships or in aggregate tonnage. It is true that during the period under consideration the German Navy had advanced greatly in both numbers and aggregate tonnage of its capital ships; numbers were increased by 37.5 per cent. and tonnage by nearly 74 per cent. Corresponding *percentages of increase* for the Royal Navy

during this period were 13.5 in numbers and 26.5 in tonnage. The percentage method, however, tends to mislead when making comparisons of this nature, and cannot be accepted except as an indication of the rate of progress made by an individual fleet. The substantial facts that require to be borne in mind are that the German fleet of capital ships was increased by nine ships and 207,000 tons displacement, while the British was increased by seven ships and 209,000 tons. The average displacement of the German ships in 1906 was about 11,600 tons, and four years later it had increased to 14,700 tons: the corresponding averages for British capital ships were about 14,800 tons in 1906 and nearly 16.600 tons in 1910. It may also be said, and truly said, that in 1906 Great Britain possessed more than twice as many capital ships as were possessed by Germany, and that the average displacement tonnage per ship was 27.5 per cent. greater than that of the German capital ships; whereas in 1910 our capital ships were not quite 82 per cent. greater in number than the German, and the superiority in average displacement per ship was not quite 13 per cent. in our favour. No one disputes the fact which these figures illustrate; the German Navy has made immense strides; and it can now claim, or will soon possess, the second place in the war-fleets of the world, if the United States continue the moderate programmes of shipbuilding which have been customary in recent years. The vital question is, however, not so much what has been the advance made by Germany, but whether our margin of superiority remains ample when measured by the comparison of numbers and individual powers of capital ships in the German and British Navies. The decision on this point must rest with the Government. Tables II. and III. demonstrate conclusively the fact that, as compared with Germany, there has been practically no shrinkage in our excess in numbers or in aggregate displacement tonnage during the last four or five years.

Any comparison between the two Navies must be incomplete which ignores other important factors of naval force and restricts attention to capital ships. For example, Great Britain possesses a splendid fleet of armoured cruisers constructed during the last ten years, many of which are superior in powers of offence and defence to vessels classed as capital ships in the German list; whereas most of the German armoured cruisers built during the period named are relatively small and weak. The principal facts in regard to these important vessels will be found on page 906 of this Review for December 1908. Since that article was written another powerful armoured cruiser (the *Blucher*) has been added to the German fleet. Including this vessel Germany possesses nine armoured cruisers launched from 1897 to 1908, with an aggregate displacement of about 93,000 tons. The British list of

armoured cruisers launched from 1899 to 1907 (excluding three *Invincibles* classed as *Dreadnoughts*) includes thirty-five vessels of more than 424,000 tons displacement. Comment on these figures is needless.

The foregoing statements have been limited to the British and German fleets, because so much has been said of late respecting the growth and power of the latter. In some quarters it has been tacitly assumed that if the relative progress maintained in recent years is continued, Germany, single-handed, might before long challenge our naval supremacy. Germans cherish no illusions either as to their present position or future prospects, and they recognise the fixed resolve of British citizens throughout the Empire to maintain that supremacy whatever may be the cost involved, and against all possible or probable combinations. The writer does not propose to make any assumptions as to such combinations, but will take for purposes of illustration a comparison made in the *Navy League Annual* of 1910 between the fleets of the Triple Alliance and that of Great Britain. The Navy League is at present committed to the policy of laying down 'two keels to one' which may be laid down by the Navy next in power to Great Britain—that is to say, by Germany. Its publications, as a rule, do not contain optimistic estimates of our relative naval strength; but the following are the figures published in its *Annual*, on the authority of the Editor, Mr. Alan Burgoyne, M.P., as representing the present situation:

—	Capital Ships		Armoured Cruisers	
	No.	Displacement	No.	Displacement
		Tons		Tons
British Empire	59	899,630	35	416,600
Germany, Austria, Italy	42	495,227	19	174,286

These figures may be allowed to speak for themselves; but once more it must be questioned whether in any conceivable circumstances the fleet of Italy is likely to be ranged against that of Great Britain.

The assertion that we are threatened with a crisis in our naval affairs will be found on examination to be based chiefly on the assumption that only *Dreadnoughts* will count in future. It has been recently asserted, in support of an appeal for a huge loan of 100 millions sterling, that most of our pre-*Dreadnought* ships will become obsolete within three years, and that 'all of them, with the exception of the *Agamemnon* and *Lord Nelson*, will be obsolete within from four to five years.' In course of time all the pre-*Dreadnoughts* in all navies will necessarily pass out of active service, but

it is contrary to common sense, long experience, and the established practice of other navies—including the German—to assign such short lives (on active service) to warships of any class as are involved in the foregoing statements. As already stated, the Germans have adopted, since 1908, a 'life' of twenty years for battleships and large cruisers, and propose to regulate accordingly the dates of construction for 'substitute' ships. Even when the latter have been completed it is doubtful if their predecessors will at once disappear: because the Germans recognise the value of a large reserve of ships and keep all their old ships remaining on the effective list in good repair. In view of what is being done in foreign navies it would be mere midsummer madness to act in the manner proposed and to discard our pre-*Dreadnoughts* at the early dates declared to be inevitable. In 1915 the *Lord Nelsons* will have been launched only nine years; the *King Edwards* and the *Swiftsures* ten to twelve years; the *Formidables* and *Duncans* thirteen to seventeen years; the *Canopus* class sixteen to eighteen years; and the *Majestics* nineteen to twenty years. The decision as to the dates when ships are actually struck off the Active List, of course, rests with the Admiralty, and in making that decision regard will certainly be paid to the practice of other countries as well as to our available relative force in newer types of capital ships. In all cases one essential condition ought to be fulfilled: so long as any ship is retained on the effective list she must be kept fit for immediate and efficient service so far as regards seaworthiness, propelling apparatus and armament. A reserve of ships is needful, and it can be maintained, while fulfilling this essential condition, at moderate cost; a reserve of 'lame ducks' is worse than useless.[4]

Without entering afresh into the endless arguments for and against 'monster' warships, it is proper to refer in this connexion to the enormous value undoubtedly attaching to the possession of a superiority in the numbers of ships available for service at a period when under-water attacks have been greatly developed. Submarines are being improved, submarine mines will be largely employed in future, and locomotive torpedoes are being produced of higher speed, greater range and accuracy, and with larger charges of explosives. It is admitted generally that even the largest warships in existence or projected will probably be put out of action (even if they remain afloat) by a successful attack of this nature, and it is a matter of experience that for some time afterwards a vessel struck in this fashion will not be available for service even if repairs can be effected. Hence it follows that superiority in numbers, even when the margin does not consist of ships of the latest types, may have the determining influence on

[4] See *Nineteenth Century and After* for May 1905.

a naval campaign. This consideration, therefore, furnishes another and cogent argument against the proposal to discard pre-*Dreadnoughts* at an early date and to depend exclusively on newer types. The relative fighting force of navies is not governed simply by the comparison of the *Dreadnoughts* they contain; pre-*Dreadnoughts* are not made negligible quantities by the appearance of new types; and above all considerations of mere *matériel*, represented by comparisons of numbers of ships and guns, thicknesses of armour, speed and other features in warship construction, still stands the influence of the skill, training, courage and resource of officers and men, as it has always done throughout naval history.

Another valuable test of actual progress in warship-building made by Great Britain and Germany during the last five years can be applied by comparing the sums voted by the two countries for new construction and armaments during that period. No one asserts that warships cost less to build, arm and equip in Germany than they do in this country; and it may be presumed that expenditure on the building and armament of new ships is no less economically administered here than it is in Germany. Taking the five financial years beginning on the 1st of April, 1906, and ending on the 31st of March, 1911, the total sum voted by the House of Commons for new construction and armaments is very nearly fifty-five millions sterling, and that voted by the Reichstag about 45,200,000*l.* If the last ten financial years be taken, the corresponding figures are about 112 millions sterling for Great Britain, and a little over sixty-three millions for Germany. In the first of these ten years the effect of the German Navy Law of 1900 began to be felt, and the amount voted for new construction and armaments was not quite 4,700,000*l.*; for the current year the corresponding amount is nearly 11,400,000*l.*, or nearly two and a-half times as much as ten years ago—a notable illustration of the burden borne by Germany in creating her new Navy. British votes for the same services have varied during these ten years from a minimum of 8,660,000*l.* (1908-9) to a maximum of 14,957,000*l.* (1910-11). The annual vote for new construction and armaments during that period has averaged about 11,200,000*l.* for the Royal Navy, and about 6,315,000*l.* for the German Navy. For the last five years the corresponding average annual votes have been: British, nearly eleven millions; German, about nine millions sterling. Germany has made enormous efforts, and has had recourse to loans, but, judged by actual expenditure, we have maintained the lead which was held five years ago. It has been reported recently, as if it were a 'new fact,' that German naval expenditure for the coming financial year (1911-12) will be increased by about a million sterling as compared with that for the current year. Various comments have been made on that increase

and on the motives which are supposed to have influenced its appearance in German Navy Estimates. It ought, therefore, to be recognised that the financial statement which accompanied the Navy Bill of 1908 indicated, not merely the occurrence of that increase in 1911-12, but stated that about one-half of it would be devoted to new construction and armaments. There has, as a matter of fact, been free publication of the financial arrangements required and intended for the purpose of creating a new and powerful German Navy, and it is both misleading and mischievous to create, or attempt to create, an impression that secrecy or surprise has been attempted. The naval authorities and Governments of other maritime countries were fully informed, and it was their duty to take the steps which may be considered necessary in consequence of the execution of the German programme.

That programme has been steadily worked at, and has been revised from time to time, chiefly in consequence of action taken by Great Britain subsequently to the passing of the German Navy Act of 1900. Apart from these revisions, which have been embodied in other Acts and approved by the Reichstag, the execution of the German programme appears to have proceeded in general accordance with the intentions of the Acts and not to have been sensibly affected by action taken from year to year in regard to British shipbuilding programmes. That opinion has always been held and expressed by the writer, but it has been challenged in influential quarters. For example, the *Spectator* (5th of November) recently said: 'Now we know that when we hesitate in our building policy [Germany] seizes the occasion to be more urgent in hers'; and again (12th of November): 'Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's policy simply led to a tremendous increase of German activity in shipbuilding. Germany seized the opportunity offered by his policy of stopping our shipbuilding, to prove that we were in earnest, to rush her own programme.' It will be agreed that when such opinions have been expressed in an influential and well-informed journal it is desirable to test their accuracy; and for that reason only—not in order to justify the policy of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman or any other statesman—it is proposed to examine the facts of the case as disclosed in Parliamentary Papers.

The facts as to the numbers and dates of laying down for British and German *Dreadnoughts* appear in Table I.; those as to the respective votes for new construction and armaments during the last ten years have been summarised, but we may now briefly indicate their variations. The British votes rose from about 10,400,000*l.* in 1901-2 to a maximum of 13,508,000*l.* in 1904-5, when two Chilian ships building in England were purchased about the time of the Russo-Japanese war; the votes then fell to

11,291,000*l.* in 1905-6, and to 10,859,000*l.* in the following year. The last-mentioned Navy Estimates were prepared by Lord Cawdor, and were accepted in substance by the new Government except as regards the number of new ships to be laid down in 1906-7. Lord Cawdor had proposed four, Lord Tweedmouth laid down three; but the actual expenditure in 1906-7 on new construction and armaments closely approached ten and a-half millions, and consequently approximated to the sum intended to be spent by Lord Cawdor's Board. The *Dreadnought* and three *Invincibles* had been previously included in the programme of 1905-6, and orders for them had been placed before Mr. Balfour resigned office. As a consequence of that action the German Navy Bill of 1900 was amended; the discussions thereon in the Reichstag took place towards the end of the year 1905; and the first German *Dreadnoughts* (*Nassau* class) were ordered in 1906, as well as an armoured cruiser (*Blucher*), which was comparable with the British *Minotaur* class rather than with the *Invincibles*. No German *Dreadnought* was laid down until July 1907, but during that year four such vessels were begun. Our reply to this first step in *Dreadnought* construction was the laying down of three new ships in 1906-7. In 1907-8 Great Britain and Germany each laid down three *Dreadnoughts*, the total number then built and building being ten British as against five German; the *Dreadnought* herself was in commission, while all the German ships still remained on the stocks. In these circumstances it was not unreasonable that the British programme for new *Dreadnoughts* to be laid down in 1908-9 should have been restricted to two vessels, or that the vote for new construction and armaments should fall, in consequence, to about 8,700,000*l.* for that financial year. Meanwhile German naval authorities had been stirred to fresh action by an unwise presentation (in July 1907) of a Parliamentary Paper, in which (on the authority of the British Admiralty) nine out of a total of twenty German battleships on the effective list were officially described as 'obsolescent.' Undoubtedly this was the primary cause of the new Navy Act of 1908, which provided for laying down in each of several successive years four German *Dreadnoughts* instead of three as had been authorised by previous Acts. The story now repeated was told in this Review for April last (page 209), but it seems to be forgotten. No reasonable doubt can exist that the decision to quicken their rate of building was taken by the German Admiralty before the close of 1907, and that it was absolutely independent of the reduction made in the British Vote for New Construction in the Estimates for 1908-9. The contrary assumption above quoted has, so far as can be seen, no foundation in fact. It is also worth notice that in 1909-10, when

eight *Dreadnoughts* were ordered by Great Britain, Germany laid down four in strict accordance with the provisions of the Navy Act, thus furnishing fresh proof that her work of creating a new fleet was little, if at all, influenced by the contemporaneous shipbuilding programme of Great Britain. The writer sees no reason for doubting the good faith of public declarations in that sense made by some of the highest officials in the German Admiralty, and he attaches great importance to the confirmation of that view given by an English writer of acknowledged authority on naval subjects within the last fortnight.[5] Having been granted special facilities for inspecting new German warships during a recent visit to the shipyards of that country, Mr. John Leyland expressed the following opinion as the result of his extensive investigations :

> The German Navy has been expanded in strict accordance with the declarations of the German Government: and this expansion does not appear to be based on any programme of construction which we have adopted or may adopt.

Mr. Balfour declared at Glasgow that he still holds to his 'original opinion that there was a lamentable pause in our shipbuilding during two fatal years' (presumbly 1907-8 and 1908-9); but the figures given above prove that during that period British votes for new construction and armaments closely approached eighteen millions sterling as against a German total of less than thirteen and three-quarter millions sterling. Further, Mr. Balfour declared himself 'quite unable to explain the slackness in shipbuilding which still appears to characterise his Majesty's Government.' When it is recollected that the British Vote for new construction and armaments this year approaches fifteen millions sterling, as against the German Vote of 11,400,000*l.*, one wonders how 'some men count slackness.' When the corresponding Vote for next year appears, that wonder will be increased.

The writer holds no brief for the Government or the Admiralty, and has not hesitated in making criticisms of their action on many occasions when he has considered that action to be prejudicial to national interests. But, having carefully reviewed the existing situation, he is convinced that it is not 'ominous' or 'critical' as has been alleged; and he ventures to believe that readers who follow the facts and figures summarised above will agree that his conclusions are well founded. Our margin of superiority in naval power as compared with Germany has not shrunk during the last five years in the manner asserted; it will not be measured by four ships in 1913; Germany has not surpassed or even equalled us in the output of warships; we have a very long lead; we are spending more money and building more ships. This

[5] See *The Times* of November 15.

satisfaction as regards the present situation, however, leaves the question of future action open for consideration, and that consideration or criticism may well wait until the intentions of the Government are made known in the Navy Estimates for next year. When this financial year ends we shall have on hand no fewer than fifteen incomplete *Dreadnoughts* in various stages of progress, from the five ships of this year's programme, which will be in the earliest stage of building, up to vessels which are very far advanced. On these and a number of cruisers, destroyers and submarines there will be a huge outstanding liability, and the primary duty is obviously to complete for service as many of these vessels as possible with the least possible delay. Even then there remains such a margin of productive power to be drawn upon that, if there is any real necessity for a considerable 'further programme' next year, that necessity can be met. At Nottingham on the 18th of November Mr. Balfour again described the present situation as 'full of peril,' and undoubtedly he is convinced that this is the case; but it is difficult to imagine the grounds on which that belief has been founded.

Much has been said during the last two years respecting the relative warship-building capability of this country and Germany. The writer need not repeat opinions he has previously expressed; they stand recorded in the pages of this Review and elsewhere. Independent investigations made and published by other persons confirm his belief in the continued and marked pre-eminence of Great Britain in her possible output of warships. A well-informed writer in the *Glasgow Herald* recently put the relative productive power of Great Britain and Germany as three to two. That estimate certainly does not err in favour of this country. As regards the time required for the construction of warships in the two countries there are also marked differences of opinion. Probably it is not far from the truth to assume that a few leading German shipbuilders can produce single ships as rapidly as leading British shipbuilders; but that when a considerable number of large armoured ships are built simultaneously this country would have a sensible advantage in their average rate of completion for service. As a matter of fact, under the provisions of the German Navy Acts, shipbuilding contractors have not been required to use their utmost endeavours or to hasten the completion of ships. According to the schemes embodied in these laws, the instalments for large armoured ships are distributed over three financial years. As a rule the orders for new ships are allocated to contractors early in each financial year, but in many cases the ships are not actually 'laid down'—that is to say, the erection of their structures on the building-slips is not commenced—until many months after orders are given. In regard to this procedure many British writers and

speakers have fallen into error, and have assumed construction to begin at or near the date at which orders have been placed with contractors. In this fashion the estimates made for possible or probable dates of completion of German ships have been too sanguine. For the first five German *Dreadnoughts* the critical dates and actual periods of construction are now known, and the following summary of them may be of interest:

—	Date of Order	Laid Down	Date Commissioned	Building Period (From Date of Order)
Nassau	May 1906	July 1907	Oct. 1909	40 months
Westfalen	Oct. 1906	July 1907	Nov. 1909	37 "
Rheinland	April 1907	Sept. 1908	April 1910	37 "
Posen	April 1907	Dec. 1908	May 1910	38 "
Von der Tann	Oct. 1907	March 1908	Sept. 1910	35 "

Circumstances of a special and non-recurrent character are known to have caused the long delay in laying down the first two vessels; but in other cases, wherein there were no such special reasons, although vessels have been ordered early in a financial year (which begins in April), they have not been laid down until the following autumn or winter. It will be seen therefore that statements which have been made repeatedly to the effect that German ships included in the programme of a particular financial year are always laid down months before British ships of the same year's programme are not well founded. Four new German ships of the present year's programme have not yet been laid down: they were ordered about April last, yet their actual construction in the shipyards will begin only a short time before that of the five British ships of this year's programme, two of which are now being started in the Royal Dockyards, while the orders for three others are about to be given. Possibly the labour difficulties which have affected German shipbuilding this year and have been terminated recently may have influenced temporary inaction in these cases; but in other instances the intervals between dates of order and laying down have been considerable, although there have been no disturbing influences to account for delay.

It may be remarked in passing that the foregoing facts as to past German practice render extremely improbable an explanation recently given of the reasons for delay in laying down the *Dreadnoughts* of the current year's programme. A leading British journal not long ago put forward the suggestion that this delay was caused by a desire on the part of the German Admiralty to re-design these ships and to arm them with guns of larger calibres than 12-inch. The German Admiralty were supposed to have been taken by surprise when it was publicly announced last

August that the latest British battleships would carry 13.5-inch guns. No one familiar with German official procedure will credit the statement that the Intelligence Department would have served the German Admiralty so poorly. Lord Charles Beresford has publicly stated that, to his knowledge, the facts were known in Germany in good time to have enabled designs to be prepared for ships to carry guns of equal or larger calibre than have been selected for British ships if that course had been thought desirable. His statement has received independent support from competent authorities; and Mr. John Leyland, to whose recent visit of inspection reference was made above, evidently believes that, although these four ships have not yet been laid down, their armour and armaments are already in process of manufacture. Those are the items which will practically determine completion; and as the German official date for completion has been given as the 'end of 1913,' there will obviously be no difficulty in keeping to that date, while adhering to the average rate of progress which has hitherto been maintained.

It will be seen from this brief statement of facts that the dates at which orders are given for warships do not enable close approximation to be made to probable dates of completion; and that greater interest attaches to dates at which work is begun on the manufacture of armour, armaments and propelling machinery, as well as to dates when ships are actually laid down and the work of erecting their structures is begun. No doubt it is the practice in Germany to give orders for guns, armour and propelling apparatus and to proceed with the manufacture of these items some time before ships are laid down, so that there shall be no check to the progress of constructing ships when once begun. This practice has been long established in this country, and it is essential to economy and rapidity in warship-building. Another point worthy of attention is that the date at which a warship is launched means little or nothing as a measure of the stage to which work has been advanced or the further time that will be required for her completion. Other considerations than the final date of completion determine the date for launching, and these considerations vary greatly. A better measure of 'building periods' is obtained by reckoning from the date when a ship is laid down—an operation that is not and cannot be kept secret—and the date at which she is completed and ready for commission. Another date worth notation in the history of a new warship is that at which her contract trials are made, in order to demonstrate the efficiency of armament, propelling apparatus and auxiliary machinery, to test her speed and manœuvring capability, and to make sure that all important items in the equipment are efficient. When these trials have been made successfully a warship could be used on active

service in case of emergency; but in ordinary circumstances several months are occupied subsequently to contract trials—in opening out and inspecting machinery, making adjustments or alterations in details, and carrying out works necessary for final completion—before a new warship is taken over from her builders and commissioned for service with a fleet.

Keeping these facts in mind, attention may next be directed to recent German performances in warship-building. For the first five *Dreadnoughts* built in Germany the building periods—reckoned from date of laying down to commencement of trials—have been from twenty-six to thirty-three months: averaging a little less than thirty months. The period between commencement of trials and commissioning has varied from four to seven months: the average has been about five and a-half months. On an average, therefore, about thirty-five months—and as a minimum thirty months—have elapsed between the date of laying down and the date when German *Dreadnoughts* have been commissioned; and that period has been practically in accordance with intentions expressed in the Navy Acts. According to present Admiralty practice, British contractors and the Royal Dockyards are required to complete ships for commissioning in twenty-seven months from the date of giving the order to build, or about twenty-four months from the date of laying down, and this requirement is fulfilled unless strikes or labour difficulties intervene, as they do unfortunately at the present time. That kind of interference, however, is not peculiar to Great Britain, and the events of this year bear witness to the fact that Germany is as liable to labour troubles as is this country. Summing up the facts, therefore, recent practice gives to Great Britain an average advantage of about eight months and a minimum advantage of three months as compared with periods accepted in Germany, and reckoned from laying down to completion for commissioning.

In his speech of July last in the House of Commons Mr. Asquith gave twenty-six to thirty-three months as the 'time of construction' for the first five German *Dreadnoughts*, but in naming these periods he was reckoning from laying down only to the date of trials, and made no allowance for the period occupied in completion after the trials were finished. The latter period would, of course, be no shorter for German ships than for British ships, and as a rule it has been longer. At that time Mr. Asquith admitted ignorance as to the state of advancement of the four German *Dreadnoughts* ordered at the beginning of this financial year, which we now know have not yet been laid down. Being in doubt, he took the safe course and assumed that they might be available for service 'at the end of 1912, but certainly in the spring of 1913.' We are now assured on official German authority that

they will not be 'finished'—that is to say, completed for commission—until the end of 1913; but that stage, as explained above, requires on an average about five and a-half months after a ship is ready for trials. Herein probably lies the explanation of the differences previously mentioned between Mr. Asquith's estimates for numbers of German *Dreadnoughts* finished at various dates and the numbers given in official German statements. Another possible misapprehension that may arise from Mr. Asquith's remarks relates to the assumption made by him that the period of construction 'for German *Dreadnoughts* has been abridged from forty months to twenty-six months.' Apparently this assumption was based on a comparison of the German figures for the *Nassau*, reckoning from date at which the order was given to the date of commissioning, with those for the *Von der Tann*, reckoning from the date of laying down up to the commencement of trials. This is obviously not a mode of comparison that can be accepted as a measure of increase in the rapidity of German warship construction. Immediately after Mr. Asquith's speech was delivered last July the *Daily Mail* published a Memorandum, which had been prepared by the German Admiralty, in which it was again stated that the official contract period for delivery of two ships which had been provisionally ordered in the autumn of 1908 ahead of the programme of 1909, to which they belonged, was 'thirty-six months, reckoned from the 1st of April, 1909.' These were the ships respecting which so much was heard in Parliament and the Press during the 'scare' period of 1909.[6] It was then alleged that Germany was secretly accelerating her rate of construction, but it is now obvious that there was no intention to work for earlier dates of completion. It is much to be regretted that even when official statements have been made by high authorities of the German Admiralty on matters of this nature there should be—as there is in some quarters—persistence in assertions that these official statements are untrustworthy or misleading. It is not possible to give any evidence in support of that disbelief: the facts available up to date support the accuracy of the German declarations. We have not to deal with what Germany might do if her warship-building resources were fully utilised, but what she is actually doing in carrying out a programme of which the details have been given to the world. Mr. John Leyland, in the recent articles to which allusion has been made, speaking as an eye-witness who has made independent inquiry and observation of the actual condition of affairs, declares most positively that there 'had been no acceleration, and that the development of the German Navy was normal and in punctual execution of the provisions of the Navy Law.' That statement has itself been criticised, but on the basis

[6] See *Nineteenth Century and After* for April 1909.

of independent information the writer believes it to be absolutely correct. Mr. Leyland adds a significant remark: 'German naval resources are of great magnitude, and the yards are capable of building warships very rapidly.' It has been stated above that the writer is of the same opinion. Would it not be an unwise and undesirable policy to persist in ignoring or discrediting German declarations that no acceleration has been or is contemplated, when such declarations have been made through diplomatic channels and on the highest authority? The dignified and proper course for this country to follow is obviously that which the Prime Minister indicated last July: taking note of German declarations, and making ample provision for the maintenance of our naval supremacy in full view of present conditions and future possibilities, nothing should be done to provoke or accentuate further competition in naval armaments, and an increase in burdens which are already heavy and must of necessity become heavier during the next two or three years in carrying out programmes already laid down, or which are already unavoidable if we are to maintain our proper and essential relative strength.

The preceding comparisons have been limited to capital ships and armoured cruisers, although it is fully recognised that other and important classes of ships are required to complete the efficiency and strength of British and foreign fleets. The course that has been followed seemed essential to the removal of misapprehension and the establishment of facts relating to the predominant classes of warships; but the questions of cruisers for service with fleets and for the protection of commerce and communications, of scouts and destroyers, of submarines, and of vessels required as auxiliaries to fighting ships in modern fleets, each and all require careful consideration by the responsible authorities. Their practical solution will also demand large expenditure. Into these questions it is impossible to enter in this article; space is not available. Certain facts may be stated; and in order to prevent any suspicion of personal bias on the part of the writer, they will be taken from tabular statements prepared by Mr. Alan Burgoyne, M.P., and embodied in the *Navy League Annual* for 1910. At present the British Empire is said to possess 42 completed protected cruisers less than fifteen years old and exceeding 2000 tons in displacement, with 212,330 tons aggregate displacement tonnage. The Triple Alliance is credited with 34 ships of 114,400 tons: of which 33 ships, aggregating nearly 112,000 tons, belong to Germany and Austria. In April 1913 the corresponding estimates are: Great Britain, 41 ships of 169,500 tons; Germany, 30 ships of 102,200 tons; Austria, 3 ships of 8200 tons; and Italy, 3 of 10,800 tons: total for Triple Alliance, 36 ships and 121,200 tons. The cessation of cruiser construction for some years and

the 'scrap-heap' policy of 1904-5 undoubtedly and unduly reduced British strength in unarmoured cruisers; and, although a resumption of cruiser construction has recently occurred, further vigorous and considerable efforts will be required in order to return to the satisfactory conditions which were reached as the result of the Naval Defence Act of 1889, and the subsequent Spencer programme of 1894. It must not be overlooked, however, that our great preponderance in armoured cruisers permits the employment of many of these vessels for the protection of commerce and communications—an employment for which they were originally intended, as the writer, who was their designer, can testify.

As regards completed destroyers less than eleven years of age, the following estimates appear in the *Navy League Annual*: April 1910, Great Britain 67 vessels, Germany 73, Austria 8, Italy 16. For April 1912 the corresponding estimates are: Great Britain 114, Germany 98, Austria 12, Italy 16; and a year later, Great Britain 140, Germany 102, Austria 12, Italy 14. These figures may be made more intelligible if it is added that an assumption of eleven years as the 'age-limit' for destroyers on the Effective List is an arbitrary one; it cuts off the British list a very large number of vessels. Destroyers were initiated by this country about 1892, and the Dilke return for the 31st of March, 1910, shows the following total numbers of destroyers for the following countries: Great Britain, 150 built, 37 building; Germany, 85 built, 12 building; Italy, 21 built, 2 building. The First Lord of the Admiralty, when introducing the Navy Estimates last March in the House of Commons, dealt with criticisms which had been made on the numbers and types of British destroyers as compared with those of Germany, and added the following statement: By the end of 1911 the British fleet will possess 102 destroyers suitable for service in the North Sea 'under all conditions'; and behind these there will be 64 vessels of the 30-knot type and 30 of the 27-knot type, making a total of 196 destroyers considered by the Admiralty to be still available for service, as against the 114 vessels given in the *Navy League Annual*.

For submarines less than eleven years old that publication gives the following estimates: April 1910, Great Britain 63, Germany 4, Austria 4, Italy 7; April 1913, Great Britain 96, Germany 24, Austria 12, Italy 19. Here our lead is enormous. The annual vote for submarine construction in both Great Britain and Germany stands at present at three-quarters of a million sterling.

It appears, therefore, that in the immediate future larger Navy Estimates than have hitherto been approved must be

accepted if British naval supremacy is to be maintained. In the judgment of the writer that result can be assured without recourse to special Naval Loans, to new Naval Defence Acts, or any wide departure from established methods of procedure which have served us well for a long period and often under difficult conditions. Experience gained under the Naval Defence Act of 1889 certainly does not support the wisdom or advantage attaching to a disclosure of intended programmes of construction extending over several years. It is absurd to assert that in this fashion Parliament can tie the hands of Government and compel the execution of certain programmes, and this for two reasons. First, Parliament has the power to alter or amend legislation on the subject, and would undoubtedly exercise it in case a majority in the House of Commons thought changes necessary. The German Navy Law of 1900 has already been amended twice; and flexibility in a shipbuilding programme is undoubtely advantageous. Secondly, it is inconceivable that any British Government could contemplate the reduction of the Royal Navy relatively to foreign navies, or propose programmes of shipbuilding which involved the risk of losing our supremacy over any possible or probable combination of maritime powers.

Having regard to the facts stated above in relation to present conditions and prospects in the immediate future, the writer does not consider necessary or desirable either the 'two-keels-to-one' policy or the suggestion of a heroic effort which would immediately add a huge and overpowering force to the Royal Navy. What is needed is an ample margin of strength, but not an unnecessary or exaggerated excess; the provision of which within a short period would involve enormous expenditure, and land us with a great number of ships of particular types which (according to the arguments of the very advocates of this policy) would become obsolete in ten years or some less period. Humanity, and especially German humanity, is not to be 'staggered' or its progress in competition arrested by any such means. It is far wiser to proceed by successive steps, to utilise improvements and inventions, to benefit by experience; and the financial stress, great as it must be, can then be better endured.

In regard to the financial side of this subject much might be said, but space is not available. Possibly the writer will return to it hereafter. All that can now be said is that, in his judgment, there is a radical distinction between permanent Naval Works on land—the improvement of existing naval bases, the creation of new dockyards, the deepening of harbours, and other items which need not be mentioned—and the construction and maintenance of a fleet the units of which have a comparatively short life on active service, and then must be replaced. In

the former case it appears not merely justifiable but proper to distribute the expenditure over a term of years, to obtain a loan, and to include in the annual Navy Estimates only the charges for interest and amortisation. The Naval Works Acts initiated by Lord Spencer are a striking example of this system, and have made available at a comparatively early date and for a long future period important works of which the completion would otherwise have been delayed. At present we are bearing all expenditure on naval works upon the annual Estimates, including Rosyth, while the Germans are not including the great outlay on the North Sea Canal in their Estimates. The point seems well worth reconsideration.

W. H. WHITE.

THE QUESTION OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS

The Conference, from which so many men of good will hoped so much, has ended in nothing—which, perhaps, if we weigh the matter well, is not very astonishing. To suppose that eight leading players in the Party game—four Ins and four Outs—would put the interests of the country before the chances of an election gamble—is it not to expect too much of human nature? The Parliamentary correspondent of the *Times*, in announcing the fiasco, observes that a certain important suggestion, supposed to have been made during the course of the discussion, was 'not one which really suits either political party when it comes to the translation of theory into practice.' Precisely. And must we not believe that such was the case with many another suggestion for a rational settlement of the matter in debate? It might have suited the country, but it did not suit 'either political party.' No doubt the first question with each quaternity regarding any proposal was, 'What have *we* to gain or to lose by it?' 'And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.' It is an old indictment, and a true. I wonder whether there is anything on earth more demoralising than this system of faction fighting which passes among us for self-government. However that may be, the leading South African journal, the *Cape Times*, is well warranted in writing:

> The country is apparently to be hurried into a General Election, where the issues of the Conference will be the issues of the poll, without knowing precisely what proposals were made, by whom they were opposed or supported, and who were responsible for the final catastrophe. . . . Whether the collapse was due to unreasoning prejudice on the one side, or shameful capitulation on the other, or to both together, the sentiment of the oversea Imperialist will be one of profound regret and disappointment that so great and promising an opportunity has been thrown away.

Yes, a great and promising opportunity has been thrown away. And the question of the House of Lords is still with us. It is, indeed, the question of the hour in British politics. And I

shall proceed to consider it a little. Among the many contributions made to its solution, I incline to give a high place to Mr. Temperley's comparatively small and altogether modest volume.[1] The subject, as he justly observes, is vast and complex. He has endeavoured to throw some light upon it by the use of the comparative method. His aim is to present to his readers 'a general survey or synthesis, so far as such a process is possible, of the Upper Chambers of the English-speaking world and of the Continent,' with the view of discovering what lessons we may derive from them for our use: and he has spared no pains to make his exposition complete and trustworthy. He tells us, in his Preface, of the many professors and practical politicians whom he has personally consulted in his search for information: and he concludes his volume by 'a Working Bibliography,' which is, at all events, fairly full. Moreover, he has consulted for the convenience of his readers, by preparing Tables which enable one to see, at a glance, the Method of appointment, the Restrictions on financial powers, and the Relations generally to the Lower Chambers, of Colonial and Continental Upper Chambers—an achievement for which we may well feel grateful in these days, when 'half our knowledge we must snatch, not take.' Further, in seven Appendices he has given details and documents for which place could not well be found in his text, further supplementing it by twenty-nine valuable pages of Notes and Illustrations. I should add that while not concealing his personal opinions, he makes no effort to enforce them by argument. His spirit seems excellently indicated in the verses of Browning with which he aptly ends his Preface:

> This is the bookful: thus far take the truth,
> The untempered gold, the fact untampered with,
> The mere ring-metal, ere the ring be made:

leaving the reader, as he expresses it, to forge the ring in his own fashion.

That is the spirit in which Mr. Temperley has written his book. It is also the spirit in which I propose to write about it. Of course I could not possibly reproduce the great mass of facts which he accumulates—I must refer my readers for them to his own pages. All I can do is to exhibit his conclusions, and then to discuss the subject in my own way. And I will begin by quoting a sentence of his with which I quite agree. 'In attempting a brief survey of the more important Upper Chambers of the world, in trying to discover the exact amount of analogy that is useful,

[1] *Senates and Upper Chambers*, by Harold W. V. Temperley, Fellow and Assistant Tutor of Peterhouse, Cambridge. London, 1910.

and of contrast that is stimulating, the utmost caution is needed, for no two countries have the same constitutional development, and no land has a more unique one than England.' The vast majority of Upper Chambers in the world have been *manufactured*. The English House of Lords has *grown*. It has become what it is 'occulto velut arbor aevo,' which can be said of no other Upper Chamber except the Hungarian: and, as Mr. Temperley very properly remarks, the processes of this secret growth defy the analysis of the intellect. Again, the system which obtains in England—the system whereby the Executive Government is dependent upon a party majority in the Lower House—by no means universally prevails in constitutionally-governed countries. We find it in all Colonial Parliaments and in some Continental ones: but it is not recognised in the legislatures of many German States, or in those composing the American Union.

We must be very careful, then, in attempting to apply to the Question of the House of Lords the lessons which may seem deducible from the experiences and present position of other Chambers. What, according to Mr. Temperley, is the chief of those lessons? It appears to be that an elected Senate is much stronger than a nominated one. That this is so in the British Colonies is beyond question.

Generally [writes Mr. Temperley] power seems to be enjoyed by the Upper Chamber in proportion as its compositon is democratised. For example, the Upper Chambers of Victoria, Queensland, and West Australia have all consented to reforms which liberalised and democratised their composition; but in return for these reforms they have generally exacted a price. In each case, the Lower Chamber was compelled to concede the actual or virtual right of amending money Bills to the reformed and improved Upper Chamber. The same tendency appears elsewhere, for it is generally admitted that nominee Upper Chambers are far inferior in power to elective ones, and the reason is to be found in the profound colonial conviction that a man or a body is only to be trusted when it is freely and directly chosen by the people as a whole.

And if we turn to the Continent of Europe, we find the same experience.

The most general reflection that strikes us is that the Continent confirms the old colonial lesson as to the superior strength of the elective to the nominee Senate. The extremely drastic method of creating peers for 'swamping' opposition in the nominee Senates has been found to be more necessary and more frequent than in England or her Colonies. But, on the other hand, in the Upper Chambers of the Continent, there is a marked refusal to resort to extreme measures or 'penal' dissolutions. Cause and effect are bound up with one another in each case. The logical outcome of the Cabinet and Parliamentary system is that a nominee Senate eventually gets into a position in which it must either conquer or die, and the *coup de*

vote is usually administered by the monarch, who is unwilling to endanger his own position by supporting an unpopular Upper House, whose crystallised opinions cannot be altered within a reasonable time. On the other hand, in elective Upper Chambers, there is an equally striking absence of resort to extreme measures, such as the 'penal dissolution' of the Upper Chamber. In this case the interests of the head of the State, whether President or King, are best served by delay and avoidance of extreme steps. If the Upper Chamber is elective, the lapse of two or three years at most brings its members on their trial before the hustings, and the delay will have served to cool the heat of the popular House and its supporters, or so to increase it that the new election will fill the Upper Chamber with candidates pledged to carry the disputed measure. If the head of the State refuses a 'penal' dissolution of the Upper Chamber in the first instance, he incurs but a momentary unpopularity, while he retains the assurance that time must eventually settle the question in dispute, and that his firmness may actually preserve and strengthen the Upper House.[2]

Now what is the application of these facts which Mr. Temperley makes to the Question of the House of Lords? He feels—and rightly—that 'the defence of the genuine rights of minorities is a special function of an Upper Chamber.' And feeling thus he writes as follows:

We are now at last able to see to the heart of the problem. The real argument for a two-Chamber system is not based on history or on theory, but on fact. It is not the existence of an Upper Chamber that is in itself of importance; it is the existence of an Upper Chamber that is strong enough to protect the right of minorities, which is the true and vital necessity in all unitary States at the present time. An Upper Chamber cannot, of course, have an absolute veto, because then it would be stronger than the popular House; but it must have a suspensory veto, for otherwise there is no real justification for its existence. Nothing is more dangerous than a Senate of dummies or of shadows, and no price is too great to pay for retaining a Senate which is an Upper Chamber in reality. If, therefore, experience proves that the hereditary or the nominated principle is not the best way of securing a strong Upper Chamber, then these principles must either be modified or must be applied with great discretion. If the chances are that an Upper Chamber, elected on a bourgeois franchise, will be weak, then we must strengthen it by infusing into it more democratic elements.[3]

What, then, is the plan which Mr. Temperley would suggest for solving the question of the House of Lords? Various schemes which have been put forward are discussed by him, and are subjected to criticisms, for which I must refer the reader to his book. But he feels—very rightly—that 'any critic of other schemes can justify himself only by bringing forward his own,' and that 'an account of the experience of other countries can hardly be valuable unless it shows some definite and practical directions in which that experience can be embodied in our own

[2] P. 126. [3] P. 146.

Constitution.' And so he brings forward his own scheme, which is as follows.

COMPOSITION OF THE LORDS (*not including Princes of the Blood Royal, who sit as of right—at present they number three*).

Total 260	
Hereditary Lords (to be elected by the total number of existing Peers)	100
Nominated Life-Peers (three to be nominated each year by the King on advice of his Ministers until complete)	30
Elected members (to be chosen on the same franchise as the Commons, either by *scrutin de liste* from six-member constituencies, or from enlarged single-member constituencies, to sit for nine years, but one-third to retire by rotation every three years)	130
	260

The dominating principle of this plan [Mr. Temperley explains] is to bring the Upper House into direct touch with democracy, and yet at the same time to preserve to it some of its traditional and historic renown. The aim is, therefore, to associate hereditary Peers with democratic representatives in about an equal proportion, not to produce a new House entirely representative of the bourgeoisie or the democracy. Liberty is our ideal for the Upper House, but liberty is only real when it has a close acquaintance with democracy. The hereditary Peers and the nominated element will sufficiently represent the classes and the rights of property and of minorities; the elective members will represent the democracy and the rights of the majority.[4]

Such is, in substance, Mr. Temperley's contribution to this great question, which I shall now go on to consider in my own way—that is to say, in the light of first principles. According to the old dictum, 'History is philosophy teaching by experience.' Facts in the public order, whether of our own age, or of past ages, have lessons for us: but those lessons are not to be read by casual or conventional observers, and are usually hidden from eyes dimmed by the dust of party strife. History, to put the matter briefly, is of little practical value if studied apart from political philosophy. And is political philosophy much cultivated in this country? The Germans think not: and so do the Americans. The fact that not a single professorial chair is assigned to it in any of our Universities, would seem to indicate that they are right. And here I may venture to remark that to my mind the greatest merit of the late Lord Acton—greater even than his singularly wide and marvellously accurate learning—was his clear recognition of, his emphatic insistence upon, the great truth that politics should be regarded as a branch of ethics: that

[4] P. 196.

he moral law should rule over commonwealths as over the ndividual men who compose them. The editors of his 'Essays on Liberty' have well observed 'The eternal supremacy of ighteousness was the message of Acton to mankind': 'his whole life was dedicated to one high end, the aim of preaching he need of *principles* based on the widest induction and the most enetrating thought.[5] Such principles he endeavoured, with all he persuasiveness of his 'mitis sapientia,' to impress on those who came within the range of his influence. And I am glad o acknowledge my own personal indebtedness to him, during many years of delightful and fruitful intercourse, for pointing out o me this more excellent way, and for helping me to follow it.

Now, the problem which underlies this Question of the House f Lords is the fundamental one—What is the end of Government? And here we may well remember the dictum of ristotle: the nature of a thing is its final end (ἡ δὲ φύσις έλος ἐστίν). What, then, is the nature of the State? For the rue answer to this inquiry also, we may have recourse to 'The naster of them that know.' Man, he observes in the First Book f his 'Politics,' is one of many gregarious animals who are led y the law of their being to live in community. But man alone, e points out, is 'an ethical animal having perception of good and vil, justice and injustice and the like.' And these, he continues, are the principles of that association which constitutes a household or a State.' Man alone of sentient beings consists in reason. It is this gift of reason which specially marks him off from the ther animals.[6] It is this gift of reason which differentiates a ommonwealth of men from a commonwealth of bees—or any ther gregarious creatures, ants, let us say. Those highly gifted eings undoubtedly possess many of man's psychical powers. They have a kind of self-consciousness, a kind of volition, a ertain feeling of causation and of the adaptation of means to nds, they are endowed with desires, emotions, prevision, they an form mental images or phantasmata, and can associate them y an exercise of memory and a power of expectant imagination. But they do not attain to intellection: they exhibit no capacity

[5] P. xxxvii. The italics are mine.

[6] Instinct from reason how shall we divide? Prior asked. Am I told—Yes: I am in Professor Loeb's book on *Comparative Psychology of the Brain*—hat 'the answer to such a question varies with definitions, and that the object f modern biology is no longer word discussion but the control of life phenomena.' The control of life phenomena' is a good phrase and a promising: but what does mean? Here I desiderate vehemently a little definition. In truth, definitions re, as Cicero pointed out long ago, a necessary preliminary to any rational iscussion. And I do not think that any more fruitful contribution could be nade to contemporary dialectics than a revival of Plato's method of searching r them.

for that apprehension of general concepts, abstract ideas, universals, which is the essential characteristic of Reason, man's distinctive faculty. They live under the law of instinct. Man lives under a sort of hybrid law, at once instinctive and rational. They have, as their one spring of action, sensuous impulse: Man has impulse *and* reason. The difference, as the Schoolmen put it, is between *appetitus* and *appetitus rationalis*. Man alone can be accounted a rational animal. Whether our race has always *exercised* the faculty of reason, is a question too large to be discussed here. Kant, as we may infer from various passages in his writings, inclined to think that it had not. Anticipating in this, as in many other instances, the conclusions of certain modern physicists, he held it most probable that man was not always *animal rationale*, but was once merely *animal rationabile*, possessing the germ whence reason developed: and that he became rational only through his own exertions, extending, I suppose, over vast periods of prehistoric time. However that may be, certain it is that man alone exercises the faculty of reason of which verbal language is the outcome—'Homo animal orationale quia rationale' is the true reading of the dictum. The speech of men is the direct outcome of that apprehension of universal relations to which reason is essential. It is, as Sophocles noted long ago, when celebrating the wondrousness of our race, the most distinctive and stupendous of human inventions and the whole fabric of civilisation rests upon it. Yes, the *whole* fabric: for it is our instrument to express those concepts of justice and injustice whereby we live as civilised men: the dictates of that moral law which prescribes what is right and what is wrong as fitting or unbefitting a rational creature; that law, in Butler's phrase, under which we are born, and which is a natural and permanent revelation of Reason. This law of man's moral nature is the foundation of the State. 'Justitia fundamentum regni.'

And here we may well go back to Aristotle. I have quoted his teaching that man is a political animal and the State a natural institution. We will now let him take us a step farther. The external ground for the existence of the State is the nature of man. The necessities of existence force us into polities. But the end of civil societies is not mere existence. It is existence in accordance with man's highest and distinctive attribute—Reason. Aristotle sums it up in eleven pregnant words: *γιγνομένη μὲν οὖν τοῦ ζῆν ἕνεκεν, οὖσα δὲ τοῦ εὖ ζῆν.* The State came into being in order that men might live: but exists that they may live nobly: that is, as ethical beings, developing their personality under the law of right, attaining to a life in accordance with the dignity of human nature. Of its various functions in pro-

moting that end, the occasion does not demand that I should speak in detail. One of them only claims attention here. The State is an association of moral beings, for moral ends, existing for itself and for the individuals who constitute it, just as each of those individuals exists for it and for himself. But those individuals are *persons*, not things, whose rational co-operation is required for their own development. Here, as everywhere else, we are thrown back upon this elemental fact of personality, which is the primordial source of the rights realised in civil polity. What, then, is 'the machinery of the State,' to use Kant's phrase, which best answers to the claims and needs of the ethical beings who constitute it?

That is a question to which, obviously, no cut and dried reply can be given. There is no immutably best form of government—the belief that there is, may be well regarded as the master error of Jacobinism. The principles, indeed, which underlie good government are immutable, and may be summed up in the phrase: 'To secure the rights of the subject': to apply to all that justice on which the State is founded. The machinery—to keep to Kant's word—by which this may be effected, varies vastly, according to the elements of which a people is composed, the period of its development, its local habitation, its historical traditions. The Jacobins, having observed that English Parliamentary government afforded some security for liberty, drew the conclusion that to vote in the election of a representative assembly was a natural right of all human beings, and the sufficient guarantee of freedom—a doctrine still applied in the world with surprising results, for which the reader has but to look around. I read the other day in a journal which is supposed to represent the opinions of Radical Nonconformity, 'The real representation of a majority of the people has ever been the one thing needful in the public order.' It did not occur to the writer, presumably, that such a representation in this country, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, would have exterminated the Dissenters, and would have restored the Stuarts. Surely in this province, if in any, we must apply the maxim 'Dolus latet in generalibus.' Universal conclusions from isolated facts have no place in political philosophy. I may mention here a somewhat amusing instance of such conclusions which I came upon, not long ago, in a letter of Lord Byron's: 'It is difficult to say what form of government is the best—all are so bad. As for democracy, it is the worst of all; for what, in fact, is democracy but an aristocracy of blackguards?' Lord Byron had doubtless before his mind the 'democracy' of the first French Republic. I do not deny that his words express a just judgment of it—or that they are too accurately descriptive of Jacobin democracy generally. But,

assuredly, there have been, there are, democracies, to which they are wholly inapplicable.

To come, however, to the matter immediately before us. We live in an age when representative government is generally recognised as the ideal type of the most perfect polity—and as the type best adapted for at all events most European countries in their present condition. An opinion very commonly prevails that this representative government is a distinctively modern institution. But that is a vulgar error. In one form or another it prevailed through medieval Europe—the form in each country being determined by the country's antecedents and the country's needs. To which we may add that it was largely due to the example and influence of the Christian Church, whose religious houses were so many little republics, scattered up and down the world, whose Councils and Synods were real deliberative assemblies, whose free institutions were the germ and norm of the civil franchises which sprang up. The essential characteristic of that medieval regimen was that it represented groups, classes, communities: as in England the Lords Spiritual and the Lords Temporal, the Counties, the Cinque Ports, the Boroughs, and the Universities. It was based upon local interests and divisions. It was, Bishop Stubbs observes, an organised collection of the several orders, states or conditions of men, recognised as possessing political power[7]: in other words, of all the political factors of a people. And throughout the rest of Europe an analogous state of things prevailed. It is simple matter of historical fact that at the beginning of the seventeenth century free political constitutions were in working order throughout the Continent, from Castile and Aragon to the shores of the Vistula and the Niemen.

By the end of that century those free political institutions had become the shadow of a great name. The new Cæsarism which was the political idea of the Renaissance made them of none effect in most Continental countries. In the Iberian peninsula, in France, in the greater part of Germany, monarchical absolutism was firmly established. A large part of Italy was enslaved by foreign conquerors, and three of her most famous republics, Florence, Pisa, and Sienna had sunk under the not less hateful domination of the Medici. In England, the tact of Elizabeth had led her to soften down the usurpations of the Tudors upon English liberty: but she abandoned none of them. Throughout the seventeenth century the growth of monarchical despotism was steady all over the Continent of Europe. The most striking example of it is, of course, supplied by France. In 1661 Louis the Fourteenth began to govern that country. The whole aim of

[7] *The Constitutional History of England*, vol. ii. p. 143.

his administration was to complete and consolidate the policy of his immediate predecessors in destroying every check upon the direct action of the royal power. And he succeeded. It was no idle boast when he said 'L'Etat c'est moi.' In most Continental countries the monarchs contemporary with him might have truly said the same. The fifty-nine years during which his great-grandson sat upon the French throne, witnessed not merely the continuation of that monarch's system, but its further development. In 1770 Louis the Fifteenth told the Parliament of Paris 'le droit de faire les lois par lesquelles nos sujets doivent être conduits et gouvernés nous appartient, à nous seuls, sans dépendance et sans partage'; and no one ventured to gainsay him. The political progress of most European countries during the eighteenth century was on lines parallel to that of France. Everywhere the advance of absolutism in the machinery and outward expression of government was unchecked. With very few exceptions, of which England is the most—I might say the only—considerable, every European country had become a house of bondage. We owe it to the vindication by our forefathers in 1688 of our ancient liberties against a perjured tyrant, that this nation escaped that fate. And, speaking generally, the history of England during that century is the history of the strengthening, consolidation, and development of those ancient liberties.

This, then, is the great difference between our country and most others in Europe, that our representative institutions have come down to us without break of historic continuity. It was to those institutions that the nations turned for example and pattern, when, in the last century, the constitutional movement manifested itself throughout the Western world. Imitations, more or less grotesque, of the English political system sprang up on all sides. Lord Acton has said that what our forefathers called 'Revolution principles' were the 'great gift of England to the world'; 'the principles by which the events of 1688 could be philosophically justified when purged of all their vulgar and interested associations . . . and based on reasoned and universal ideals.'[8] Unfortunately, principles are not so easily transplanted as are outward forms. Unfortunately, too, besides those principles by which the events of 1688 could be 'philosophically justified,' there was another set of principles working in the world: the so-called 'principles of 1789'; mostly sophisms derived by Jacobinism from Rousseau, and, to a very large extent, incapable of philosophical justification, or of being based on reasoned and universal ideals. The very foundation of Jacobinism is the doctrine that all adult men—and perhaps women—in a country should be politically equivalent, and that supreme power should

[8] *Essays on Liberty*: Introduction, p. xxx.

be exercised by the majority of them, that is by delegates chosen by, or in the name of, the majority—the distinction is real—and paid to do their bidding; that the will—or what gets itself accepted as such—of the greater number should prevail, even if in error, over the will of the most intelligent of minorities. This is the doctrine which the first French Republic tried to translate into fact. The third French Republic has taken up the task. It is—to quote the language of Mill, in his invaluable work on *Representative Government*—the doctrine of 'the falsely called democracies, which now prevail, and from which the current idea of democracy is exclusively derived.' It is, he tells us, 'exclusive government by a class which usurps the name of democracy.'[9] And what a class! As he very justly observes in his review of Bentham's political writings, 'the numerical majority of any community must consist of persons in the same social position, namely, manual labourers. These persons will be influenced by the same desires, passions, and prejudices. If supreme power is lodged in this class, with no corrective force to counteract its exercise, the whole fabric of society will be impressed and moulded in this one mean type of human nature.'[10] Surely, as we look around us, we must confess that the event has fully justified his warning words.

But 'things are what they are, and their consequences will be what they will be.' Instead of borrowing from England 'Revolution principles'—the principles of 1688—Continental Europe has sown broadcast in England 'Revolutionary principles'—the principles of 1789; and the result has been a plentiful crop of sophisms which largely dominate the public mind: such as those embodied in the shibboleths 'One man, one vote,' 'Every man to count for one, and no man for more than one,' 'Equal electoral districts,' and the like. To quote Lord Acton again, 'The parallel lines on which all freedom has been won [are] the doctrine of national tradition and the doctrine of the higher law.'[11] But this 'falsely-called democracy' ignores national tradition, and recognises no law but the law of numbers—that is of brute force. A balanced constitution was accounted the great achievement of England—a constitution of which the ideal was that every class, every interest, should have its due share of authority, its effective means of asserting itself. But how is it possible to preserve the equipoise if supreme power is lodged in the hands of one class only? On a memorable occasion the assembled Athenians—the Republic was then well advanced on the road to its ruin—pronounced it monstrous that they should be prevented

[9] *Representative Government*, p. 155.

[10] This review will be found in vol. i. of his *Dissertations and Discussions*.

[11] *Essays on Liberty*, p. 4.

from doing what they chose. This is exactly the spirit of the principles of 1789, and is embodied in the Jacobin maxim 'Ce que le peuple veut est juste.'

The problem with which we are face to face now is precisely that which confronted the statesmen of ancient Greece—to give the popular element a full share without a monopoly of power: but it is a far more difficult problem for us than it was for them, because their society was based upon the existence of a servile class. The numerical majority, who were their slaves, are our masters. Mill, upon the whole, I think, the wisest of recent practical politicians—widely as I differ from his speculative philosophy—turned for its solution to the graduation and organisation of universal suffrage and to the restraining powers of a reconstituted and strengthened Upper Chamber.[12] That Mill was right in the view expressed by him so forcibly—not to say vehemently—as to universal *and equal* suffrage can hardly be doubted, as it seems to me, by any man of average intelligence, who will clear his mind of cant; which, indeed, is not an easy task, for most of our public men: is not cant, of one kind or another, their stock in trade? To make numbers the sole power in the community is absolutely contrary to that idea of justice which is the true foundation of the State, and which practically means to give to each his right. For men are not born and do not continue equal in rights, as the Declaration of 1789 fables. They are not equal to one another physically, morally, or intellectually, or from any point of view of material fact. They are born and continue unequal in rights, as in mights; and, therefore, they are not entitled to equal shares of political power. Universal suffrage? Certainly. But, to quote Mill once more, 'Though every one ought to have a voice, that everyone should have an equal voice is a totally different proposition.[13] The fundamental principles of ethics demand that the suffrage should be graduated. They demand that inequalities of fact should be recognised; that all those local and social interests of the body politic which play so necessary and so important a part in the co-ordination and subordination of civil life—a much more necessary and important part than mere numbers—should have due weight assigned to them. Equal voting is *wrong*, because it is opposed to the nature of things, which is ethical; because, suffer me to repeat, it is unjust. It is unjust to the classes, for it infringes their right as persons to count in the community for what they are really worth; it is, in Aristotle's phrase, 'tyrannously repressive of the better

[12] See chapter xiii. of his *Representative Government*. It is right to note that Mill 'set little value on any check which a Second Chamber can apply to a democracy otherwise unchecked,' p. 231.

[13] *Representative Government*, p. 165.

sort.' It is unjust to the masses, for it infringes their right to the guidance of men of light and leading, and subjects them to a base[14] oligarchy of professional politicians. It is unjust to the State, which it converts from the passionless expression of right into the engine of the tyranny of numbers. To which we may add the words of Burke: 'I see as little of policy or utility, as there is of right, in laying down a principle that a majority of men, told by the head, are to be considered as the people, and that, as such, their will is to be the law.'[15]

Man consists in reason, and we may not believe that the European peoples will permanently recede from rational ideals in the public order. But the question—a most vital question, as it seems to me—of rationally graduating and organising universal suffrage is not at present within the range of practical politics. The question of a reconstruction of our Upper Chamber is—and moreover it is urgent. We saw just now the scheme which Mr. Temperley has proposed for that end. There is much in it with which I personally agree. In the first place, I am of his opinion—it is also the opinion expressed by Mill—that any Second Chamber which could possibly exist in this country would have to be built upon the foundation of the House of Lords.[16] I am perfectly well aware of the strong case which may be stated against such an institution as that House. There is the objection of *principle* set forth with his usual clearness by Kant in his *Rechtslehre*,[17] that a hereditary nobility—a rank that takes precedence of desert—is an anomaly; that it is a groundless prerogative, for if the ancestor had merit he could not transmit it to his posterity. There is, again, the objection of *fact* that the two Estates of the Realm, once included in the Upper House, the Lords Spiritual and the Lords Temporal, are no longer real estates. If so regarded, they are, in Kant's phrase, 'things of the imagination, without any reality.' It is quite certain that, in the present day, no such institution as the existing House of Lords could be set up anywhere out of Bedlam.

It is, however, equally certain that the peerage is deeply rooted in the history of the country, and that its violent subversion would offend against a sentiment[18] which a wise legislator

[14] And unquestionably bound to become baser if the payment of members is introduced.

[15] *Works*, vol. vi. p. 216.

[16] *Representative Government*, p. 239.

[17] See *Werke*, vol. vii. p. 147. (Hartenstein's edition.)

[18] The sentiment admirably expressed by Tennyson's beautiful and familiar lines:

> 'Love thou thy land, with love far-brought
> From out the storied Past, and used
> Within the Present, but transfused
> Thro' future time by power of thought.'

will always respect and endeavour to conserve. Mill was assuredly well warranted in writing: 'It is out of the question to think practically of abolishing that assembly.'[19] But, as assuredly, it is not out of the question to transform it in accordance with the needs of the age in which we live. Indeed, as I have observed, that is the question of the hour: and the general principle on which such a transformation might be made has been stated by Mill in words which cannot, I think, be improved: 'If one House represents popular feeling'—which is what the House of Commons, at all events, is supposed to do—'the other should represent personal merit, tested and guaranteed by actual public service and fortified by practical experience.[20] The Lower House—whatever improvements might be introduced into it by the graduation and organisation of universal suffrage—will represent principally *numbers*: an element in the national life which is far from being of the most importance. It is the special function of the Upper House to represent other elements which will never be adequately represented in an assembly due to the accident of popular choice; to bring to the service of the Commonwealth men—to employ once more the words of Mill—'with better qualifications for legislation than a fluent tongue and the faculty of getting elected by a constituency.' The only direct application of the elective principle which, as it seems to me, is at all possible or desirable in the constitution of a reformed House of Lords is with regard to the existing peerage, which might well be represented by fifty of its number. But the principle of selection might be indirectly applied to the hereditary peers by a provision that the holding of certain great positions should entitle them to sit and vote. And the Crown should have the power of bestowing a life barony upon a hundred Commoners of special distinction, who should be named in the Act for the Reform of the House of Lords, vacancies being subsequently filled up, as they occur, by the Sovereign, acting, of course, upon the advice of his Ministers. In every case the claims of the recipient of a Life Peerage should be fully set out in the London *Gazette* containing the announcement of his creation.

It will be seen that a point upon which my suggestions on the reform of the House of Lords differ from those of Mr. Temperley is that of the association of what he calls 'democratic representatives' with the hereditary and life peers. The argument, it will be remembered, by which he supports such association is the greater power of those Upper Chambers, whether on the Continent or in the Colonies, to which members are furnished by popular election. The argument appears to me of little weight when we consider the vast difference of the political and social conditions prevailing in

[19] *Representative Government*, p. 239. [20] *Ibid.*, p. 237.

England. Moreover, the very reason for the existence of the House of Lords should be that it should not be swayed by popular passions, that it should be 'above the vulgar range of low desire.' Unquestionably, the House of Commons must continue to be what it has been for long years, the predominant power in the Constitution. Unquestionably, as the predominant power, it must retain effective control of the national purse. But to be the predominant power is one thing; to be the unchecked power is quite another. The functions of an Upper Chamber in this country must be chiefly corrective and suspensory; but, if composed of men of light and leading, all holding their positions for life, by an independent tenure, it might well be a pioneer to lead the nation on the path of true progress. 'In its hands the power of holding the people back would be vested in those most competent, who would then be most inclined to lead them forward in any right course.'[21] It would express the judgment as contrasted with the emotion of the nation. It would assert the sanctity of right against the brutality of might. It would do much to safeguard that ethical sentiment of the country which Hegel has well called 'the mainspring of Democracy.'[22]

W. S. LILLY.

[21] *Representative Government*, p. 237.

[22] As it is of course impossible for me to do more here than indicate, in the barest outline, the plan which seems to me best for a reform of the House of Lords, I may be permitted to say that I have given a more detailed account of it in chapter vi. of my book *First Principles in Politics*. I will add here only one suggestion which I take from p. 253 of that work: 'Of course the ultimate power must reside somewhere. In case of the Lower House insisting upon a Bill sent up to the Lords in two successive Parliaments and rejected by them, a Conference of the two Houses might be held in Westminster Hall, in which, without debate, a vote might be taken *by ballot* on issues previously settled, the decision of the two branches of the Legislature, thus united, being conclusive.' I suggest the ballot so that members of the Lower House may not be enforced by wirepullers to vote against their conscience.

KING EDWARD'S PEACE TOUR IN INDIA

The tour which his late Majesty, King-Emperor Edward the Seventh, made as Prince of Wales in India in 1875-76 is to a great extent forgotten in England, or is only remembered as an incident in his life. But it deserves to be more fully recalled at a time when the late King's acts and character are being reviewed and their influence on his reign and his dominions is under consideration. Though he did not travel in an official capacity, it was necessary that his position as the Heir Apparent to the Throne should be recognised. India had not long recovered from the Mutiny of 1857-58; the Wahabi conspiracy, the assassinations of Lord Mayo and Chief Justice Norman, the trial and deposition of Mulhar Rao Gaekwar, were events of comparatively recent date which had shown the possibility of trouble ever present. To the country and its inhabitants, altogether new to him, the Prince came as the personal embodiment of their future King; he came as the son of the Queen who had proclaimed conciliation and peace; his every word and act, his personal dignity, kindness, and humanity, his considerateness and sense of duty, combined to render him the most effective peacemaker ever seen in India. He won the hearts of the Chiefs and the masses alike; in his honour some Hindu ladies of Calcutta, who had never before broken the seclusion of the purda or their caste rules, touched the hand of an Englishman; he consolidated the attachment of India to the British Crown. Such a service to England and to India is worthy of lasting commemoration. In the following pages an attempt is made, for the first time, to give an account of the Prince's visit to India in such a manner as to emphasise the qualities of a Peacemaker, for which he was, as King-Emperor, to be more widely celebrated.

In a debate on the 27th of July 1857 Mr. Disraeli, then in Opposition, urged the policy of 'drawing closer the relations between the population of India and the Sovereign Queen Victoria.'[1] Lord Palmerston adopted the policy in the measure which he introduced in February 1858 for transferring the Govern-

[1] *Life of the Prince Consort*, by Sir Theodore Martin, iv. 145.

ment of India from the East India Company to the Crown, and this was the principle of the Statute passed by Lord Stanley in that year for the better government of India.' No document more conspicuous for the spirit of Conciliation, Love, and Peace which it breathed than the Queen's Proclamation of November 1858 was ever issued, and it is known that her Majesty Queen Victoria exercised the most careful supervision over its composition. The Prince Consort had always taken the deepest interest in India, and his opinion was courted by Lord Palmerston on many points of detail.

When the subject of the institution of an Order of Knighthood for India was under consideration in 1860 it is noteworthy that the Prince Consort suggested to Sir Charles Wood, then Secretary of State for India, that 'the presiding idea would be contained in the Angels' salutation, "Glory to God, peace on earth, and good-will towards men"—not a bad motto for the Queen's Government in India.' [2]

When the Prince of Wales was about to visit Canada in 1860 (before he was nineteen), and Prince Alfred was going to the Cape of Good Hope, the Prince Consort wrote (the 27th of April) to Baron Stockmar: 'What a cheering picture is here of the progress and expansion of the British race, and of the useful co-operation of the Royal Family in the civilisation which England has developed and advanced' [3]; and in a speech at a Trinity House dinner a few weeks afterwards the Prince, referring to incidents on those tours, said:

> What vast considerations, as regards our country, are brought to our minds in this simple fact! What present greatness! What past history! What future hopes! And how important and beneficent is the part given to the Royal Family of England to act in the development of those distant and rising countries, who recognise in the British Crown, and their allegiance to it, their supreme bond of union with the Mother Country and with each other.[4]

The Prince of Wales's visit to Canada and the United States of America was an unqualified success. The Duke of Newcastle, as Secretary of State for the Colonies, accompanied his Royal Highness, and wrote to Queen Victoria that 'the attachment to the Crown of England has been greatly cemented' and that the Prince had 'certainly left a very favourable impression behind him' [5] in Canada. President Buchanan wrote of the Prince to the Queen from Washington: 'Dignified, frank and affable, he has conciliated, wherever he has been, the kindness and respect of a sensitive and discriminating people.' [6] On the 24th of May 1910

[2] *Life of the Prince Consort*, by Sir Theodore Martin, v. 103.
[3] *Ibid.* v. 88. [4] *Ibid.* v. 88. [5] *Ibid.* v. 237. [6] *Ibid.* v. 243.

The Times published a long communication, dated the 12th of May 1910, from Toronto, of which the following is an extract:

Fifty years ago he (King Edward the Seventh as Prince of Wales) came to Canada in the flush of youth, with smiling face and free hand, and with such consummate simplicity and graciousness of speech and bearing that the hearts he won were his while they lived and his until he died. During these last sad days every incident of that eventful journey has been recalled by the newspapers of Canada, and those still living who met the Prince so long ago have spoken, as they have been speaking all their years, of the affection he inspired and the charm he diffused everywhere. There never has been a whisper that he was once thoughtless of those about him, that he was once impatient, unsympathetic or uninterested, and whether for Prince or peasant that was worth while.

Similarly, the incidents of the Prince of Wales's tour in India in 1875-76 may be recalled, as they doubtless have been by many who saw him there in those days and are still living.

It has been stated by Sir W. H. Russell that it was Lord Canning who, while in India (1856-62), first suggested to the Prince Consort the idea of a tour in that country as part of the education of the Heir to the Throne, but I have been unable to find the authority for the statement. It may well be supposed that, if the Prince Consort's life had been spared, the father would have encouraged the son to visit India, and would have instructed him so to comport himself there as to endear the British Crown to his future Indian subjects, and to diffuse the blessings of peace, the pax Britannica, to his future Eastern dominions. The visit, we know, was long contemplated, and the Prince Consort's views, as above enunciated, must have been treasured in the memory of the highest in the land.

The project, however, could not, for various reasons, be carried out for some years. The Prince of Wales's dangerous illness in 1871 caused its further postponement until his recovery was complete and his usual health had been regained. Later, in 1874, the project began to assume a more definite shape. But much serious consideration was still required.

The position of the Prince of Wales, not only in its relation to the State at home and to the Indian Government, but in its bearings on the politics of Hindustan, was totally different from that of any previous visitor. Never, with the exception of the Prince Regent, had an Heir Apparent been so much before the public eye, and never had any Prince of the Blood in direct succession to the Throne been entrusted in the lifetime of the reigning Sovereign with so large a part of the functions of sovereignty. The Prince was, owing to circumstances of which no one questioned the force, in such a position that it seemed scarcely possible that his absence from the country for half a year and more would not be attended with serious inconveniences. Those who followed the course of his life, as it was evolved from the exercise of one public act after another, best understood how incessant had been his labours in endeavouring to meet the demands of the country for royal sanc-

tion and personal encouragement of the works of which they are considered the fitting complement. The Prince of Wales, however, felt that it was his 'mission' to go to India, and he resolved to fulfil it. But for the strong insistence of the Prince, the dream of his life might not have been realised.[1]

The rumours which had for some time prevailed that a visit of the Heir Apparent to India was about to take place were confirmed by an official announcement made by the Marquis of Salisbury, as Secretary of State for India, and by notices in the Press, which generally approved the proposed visit.

Accordingly the project was officially brought before the House of Commons by the Prime Minister in the summer of 1875. I think it is interesting and important to quote from the debates which ensued, as they explain the official basis on which the visit was approved by Parliament. The subject had to be brought before the House of Commons in consequence of a vote being required for the payment of the expenses of the tour.

On the 8th of July 1875 Mr. Disraeli made his statement in the House of Commons as to the contemplated visit of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales to India. He thought travel was the best education for Princes. In India the Prince would have to visit a variety of nations, of different races, of different religions, of different customs, and of different manners. He referred at length to the Oriental custom of exchange of presents between visitors and their hosts, and said that the Viceroy had intimated that mere presents of ceremonial, which had of late years been discouraged, need not, in his Excellency's opinion, be adopted in the present case. He had no doubt that his Royal Highness must be placed in a position to exercise those spontaneous feelings characteristic of his nature of generosity and splendour which his own character, and the character of the country likewise, required to be gratified. Mr. Disraeli thought that no specific vote should be given upon the subject of presents, as it would spoil all the grace and dignity of gifts if they were deprived of the spontaneous feeling and impulse of the donor. The Naval Estimate for the cost of the tour by sea was 52,000*l.* His Royal Highness would in India be the guest of the Viceroy, who thought that the visit would be of great benefit both to England and to India. Another sum of 30,000*l.* it was proposed to debit to the Indian revenue. Mr. Disraeli said distinctly that the Prince

does not go there as the representative of her Majesty, but as the Heir Apparent of her Crown. . . . Without taking a step which would be full of political inconvenience by interfering in any way with the legal and constitutional character of the Viceroy, his Royal Highness will be placed

[1] *The Prince of Wales's Tour*, by Sir W. H. Russell, p. xi.

throughout his travels in a position which will impress the mind of India with his real dignity and influence.

He proposed that 60,000*l*. should be granted by Parliament for the personal expenses of the Prince, as sufficient for all he could reasonably desire, and to maintain his position with becoming splendour.

The Marquis of Hartington, as leader of the Opposition, welcomed the announcement and generally supported the proposals. He thought it far better that his Royal Highness should visit India in a semi-official character rather than in an official character. Mr. Fawcett greatly regretted that the Indian revenues would be required to pay the 30,000*l*. proposed, and hoped that England would bear the whole expense, that everything might be done in the most gracious and handsome manner, 'because we are anxious that the visit should be as fruitful of blessings to the Indian people as possible.' Some members objected to the proposal altogether, as likely to be unacceptable to the working classes in England—though this view was much questioned. Sir George Campbell, formerly Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal and lately a member of the Council of India, would not have considered it an actually unjust proposition to throw the whole expense on India, and thought the apportionment proposed by the Government to be fair and reasonable. A member asked what results were to be derived from the visit.

On the 15th of July, when the votes for the Prince's visit to India came before the House of Commons in Committee, Mr. Fawcett moved that it was inexpedient that any part of the expenses of the Prince's personal entertainment on his visit to India should be charged on the revenues of India. He recounted the instances in which charges for entertainment had been improperly thrown on those revenues, and thought that some amends should be made: the injustice with which England often treated India with regard to her financial interests had often been denounced by the highest authorities. He ventured to assert with no little confidence that great indirect advantage would result from the visit if the House of Commons and the English nation should avail themselves of an opportunity of proving to the people of India that what had happened in the past would not recur in the future, and that henceforth they would be anxious in their dealings with India not only to avoid injustice, but, if possible, to display a spirit of generous magnanimity. Mr. Disraeli pointed out that the Prince might go to India either as the proclaimed representative of the Sovereign, making a Royal progress, which would cost an enormous sum; or (the Government proposal) as the guest of the Viceroy, when he would become acquainted with the great pen-

insula, 'visit some of the principal chieftains of the land, enjoy their hospitality, share in their exciting pastimes, and have an opportunity of displaying that liberality which I and you all know is natural to his amiable and generous disposition.' He denied that there was any abstract reason why India should not in any way contribute to the expenses of a Royal visit. Canada had cheerfully contributed to the cost of his visit there in 1860. The Council of India had agreed to India being charged with the expenditure incurred on the soil of India. The East India Finance Committee of 1874 had reported that India, as a component part of the Empire, must be prepared to share in the cost of a system the expense of which may be enhanced for Imperial purposes. He said :—

We believed ourselves, and it was also the opinion of the Viceroy, that the visit of his Royal Highness might be productive of much advantage; everyone must feel that the visit of the Prince of Wales to the proudest Dominion of the Queen of Great Britain must be productive of results and influences of a beneficial character.

He opposed Mr. Fawcett's motion upon abstract principles and upon particular policy; he thought the Prince's visit to India would be an event highly advantageous to India, to himself, and to the United Kingdom: he therefore called upon the House to adopt the Government's proposal.

Mr. Gladstone supported Mr. Disraeli. On the question whether the people of India had an interest in the visit, and whether it would tend to promote the interest of India, he said that

unless our presence in India is beneficial to the people of India we have no business to be there at all. If our presence in India is beneficial to the people, then an arrangement like this, which we think to be advantageous to both countries, is one in which the people of India have a real, legitimate, and general interest; and if they have such an interest in the visit of the Prince of Wales there can be no ground, when we examine the matter in the light of reason, for saying that they ought not to be called upon to bear any part of the expenses.

Mr. Fawcett's motion was rejected by 379 votes to 67: majority, 312. A debate then ensued on the motion that a sum not exceeding 60,000*l*. be granted in aid of the expenses of the proposed visit. Some members thought that the visit would not be calculated to promote the honour and dignity of England, and there was much discussion as to the opinion which the working classes would entertain of the proposed visit. Some pressed for more than a general statement with respect to the good which it was likely to produce, and urged that the time was not appropriate for it to be paid at all. Lord Randolph Churchill expressed disappointment that a larger vote had not been proposed.

Mr. John Bright thought that the visit was a matter of considerable importance both to England and to India, that the visit was a wise one and would tend in the main to useful purposes both for England and India, and that the proposed mode of the journey was the one which really met the commonsense and propriety of the occasion. He thought that a Prince who was Heir to the Throne and an Empire like England's ought, if he visited India, to go in such state as should commend itself to the ideas, the sympathies, and wishes of the population he was about to see. He [Mr. Bright] did not believe that the journeying of Princes through subject States was likely to have a great effect on the people: the people of India are really a subject race, and he did not expect that the Prince's visit among them would make them forget that great fact, which must be constantly to many of them the subject of dissatisfaction and of sorrow.

But there are influences which he may employ, there are circumstances which may arise, which may have a beneficial effect upon the public mind in that country. I have not had so much opportunity of knowing the Prince by personal intercourse as many members of this House have had; but all persons will admit this—that he is of a kindly nature, that he is generous on all occasions, and that he is courteous in a remarkable degree. Now, one of the things which to my mind is always most distressing with reference to our rule in India is that Englishmen there are not kind, and are not courteous, in the main, to the population of the country. I recollect, in the year 1858, when a Bill introduced by the present Lord Derby for the change in the Government of India was before the House, I took the opportunity of addressing it upon that Bill and upon that change of Government. I addressed myself particularly to this point, and I argued that it was the solemn duty of the Governor-General of India to insist that every man, from himself down to the lowest officer—down to the soldier of the rank and file, and the lowest civil officer—that amongst them all there should be kindness and justice in their dealings with the native population. I believe that the absence of that conduct is one of the greatest dangers to which English rule in India is subject. Now, as the Prince travels through that country he will see, of course, all the great men of the Indian races. But he will come necessarily in contact with many who are not great men, and his behaviour will be observed, and much, I doubt not, in this particular will be admired. The Indians say that the Englishman in India is rude, coarse, and dominant, but that when the Indian comes to England he says that the English are the kindest and most courteous people he ever met. They will find when the Prince travels through India that his kindness, his generosity, and his courtesy will be always distinguishable and always marked, and I shall be glad if it is said hereafter—as it may be said if the Prince keeps before his eyes the great object of his journey—that since the Prince of Wales was in India there has been a following of his example, and that there has been a marked improvement in the conduct of all Englishmen who are trustees or servants of their country in the government of the vast population of India. I rose for the purpose of saying that although I had some doubts, and although it is impossible to say and believe that the journey of the Prince of Wales will turn the current of feeling on great political questions in the minds of the natives of India,

yet I think that in all probability, by his conduct—his personal conduct—his kindness, his courtesy, his generosity, and his sympathy with that great people over whom it may at no distant period be his tremendous responsibility to rule, he may leave behind him memories that may be of exceeding value and equal in influence to the greatest measures of State policy which any Government could propound.

Sir George Campbell thought that after his long service in India he was entitled to assert that Mr. Bright had done some injustice to his countrymen in India when he said their behaviour there was habitually unkind and uncourteous.

The Right Honourable gentleman had in that respect spoken in too unqualified a way; for, as a rule, those who were employed in India as the representatives of this country, whether they were high or low, were courteous and kind to the natives in the highest degree.

Mr. Newdegate believed that the Prince's visit would prove to be a mission of peace, and that the objections taken to the mere expense of the journey misrepresented, he was confident, the feelings and opinions of the great majority of the operative classes of England.

Mr. Biggar thought they had no right to expect that the visit would have any effect on the loyalty of the people to English rule. '. . . What they ought to do was to govern India well, and to act fairly and honestly in their dealings with native potentates.'

The grant of 60,000*l.* was carried by 350 votes to 16 : majority, 334. Another separate grant for the additional expenditure on naval charges for the visit was carried by 255 to 12 votes: majority, 243.

I have thought it desirable to reproduce the points of these debates with some fulness, as they show how the Government and some of the speakers realised the political importance of the contemplated visit, while others opposed the project on somewhat captious grounds, and a few raised financial questions on behalf of India which might have been omitted, as they tended to overshadow the political aspect of the matter. Before closing this account it ought perhaps in fairness to be stated that Mr. Bright's views were roundly challenged. A *Quarterly* reviewer wrote in an article on 'The Princes of India and the Proclamation of the Empire':

The attitude and the action of Mr. Bright towards his country's administration of the greatest dependent empire that history has seen is a most unfortunate feature in his public life. His instincts may be all right, but, his facts being generally wrong, these instincts when expressed in his speeches become pernicious alike to the good government of the people of India, and to the good name, not to say merits, of the successive generations of soldiers, officials, missionaries, and merchants who have made British India what it is. . . . *It is not enough* to declare that his relation

> to India has always been unpatriotic; there are few authorities who will not join with us in saying that it has been hostile to the best interests of the people, while it has added greatly to the financial and political difficulties of the local government.[8]

Whatever may be the truth as to the accuracy or incorrectness of Mr. John Bright's views on India, the fact remains that the Prince, whether following the behests he had received, or imitating the best examples he had seen or heard of, was a perfect model of demeanour, of courtesy, and kindly treatment towards all classes of the people in India. But Mr. Bright's speech sufficed to reopen the question of the relations between the English and natives of India, and led to much discussion.

The selection of the suite to accompany the Prince to India was a matter of no ordinary difficulty. It was obviously essential that the Staff should be distinguished in rank and merit to enhance the dignity of one who held so high a position as the Heir Apparent of the British Sovereign. There were reasons for having an ample Staff, and reasons for limiting its number. The Prince himself is understood to have chosen Sir Bartle Frere, G.C.S.I., formerly member of the Supreme Council in India and Governor of Bombay (1867-72) as his chief adviser. No one was better known in India as a capable administrator and as a friend of the people. He was specially welcomed back to Bombay. The Duke of Sutherland, K.G., the Earl of Aylesford, Colonel Owen Williams, commanding the Royal Horse Guards, and Major-General Lord Alfred Paget, Clerk-Marshal to the Queen, were included as the Prince's personal friends. Lord Suffield, Lord-in-Waiting and head of the Prince's Household, and Lieut.-Colonel (afterwards Sir) Arthur Ellis, Equerry-in-Waiting, had charge of important duties. Major-General (afterwards Sir) Dighton Probyn, V.C., Equerry-in-Waiting, superintended the arrangements in various branches. Mr. Francis (afterwards Lord) Knollys was Private Secretary to the Prince, Mr. Albert (afterwards Earl) Grey serving Sir Bartle Frere in the same capacity. Mr. (afterwards Sir) W. H. Russell was attached as Honorary Private Secretary to the Prince. The Rev. Canon Duckworth, Chaplain to Queen Victoria, was also Chaplain with the Prince, and Doctor (afterwards Sir) Joseph Fayrer, Honorary Physician to her Majesty, accompanied the party as medical adviser. Captain the Earl Carrington, of the Royal Horse Guards, Lieutenant Lord Charles Beresford, M.P., R.N., who had had previous Indian experience on tour with the Duke of Edinburgh, and Captain Augustus FitzGeorge, of the Rifle Brigade, who also had served in India, were the A.D.C.s, and Mr. Sydney P. Hall was attached as artist to the suite. Captain the Hon. H. Carr Glyn,

[8] *Quarterly Review*, vol. cxlv. p. 439, 1878.

C.B., R.N., A.D.C. to the Queen, commanded the *Serapis*, and Commander Durrant the Royal yacht *Osborne*, which accompanied in case of any accident occurring to the former vessel.

For reasons of climate it was settled that the Prince's stay in India and the return voyage through the Red Sea should not begin before the early part of November and should end in the first half of March. It was also decided that the Prince should be empowered by a Warrant from Queen Victoria to hold a Special Chapter of the Order of the Star of India at Calcutta. There was some anxiety felt as to the difficulties which might arise between the position of the Viceroy of India as the Queen's representative and that of the Prince as Heir Apparent to the Throne; but, in fact, all difficulties were avoided by forethought and tact, without derogation to the position of either. The Viceroy's status, as representing the Sovereign, was duly maintained, while the Prince's rank as the Heir Apparent was never for a moment disregarded. Everyone in India could easily understand the distinction between official and Royal precedence.

The Prince's determination to visit India, which had been generally approved in England, was received in India with enthusiasm. In some quarters, both in England and in India, there was an impression that the proposal of the Government was marked by a parsimony unworthy of a great nation and an unprecedented historical occasion. On the other hand, it was pointed out that, so long as the memory of achievements endures, there was no fear that economy in matters of State ceremonial would degrade England in the eyes of India. It was urged that every attempt on the part of Englishmen to acquaint themselves with the real facts of India should meet with warm approval; that the Prince set a laudable example, and, if it induced English statesmen and English politicians to see India with their own eyes, it would not be lost. It may safely be assumed that, in the course of his travels, the Prince accumulated considerable knowledge of India, from the officials and from others with whom he was brought into contact, as well as by personal study and observation. A lifetime can be spent by Englishmen in India without knowing it and its inhabitants thoroughly in every detail.

The Prince of Wales's departure from England for India was, as Sir W. H. Russell recounts, heralded by an eloquent sermon in Westminster Abbey and by leading articles full of good wishes in the daily newspapers. Dean Stanley struck a wise note when he prayed that the visit might leave behind it, on one side,

> the remembrance, if so be, of graceful acts, kind words, English nobleness, Christian principles; and, on the other, awaken in all concerned the sense of graver duties, wider sympathies, loftier purposes. Thus, and thus only, shall the journey on which the Church and nation now pro-

nounce its parting benediction be worthy of a Christian Empire and worthy of an English Prince.

Among the exhortations which the Prince received was the following given to him in *The Times*:

In a country where Royalty can so powerfully set the fashion the Prince of Wales can do much to direct attention to the affairs of our Indian Empire. His visit to the East will do still more to give him an adequate idea of his own immense responsibilities. Having seen the great cities, the marks of old civilisation, the thronging masses of people, he will find that India has hitherto been a mere name to him, and it will become a reality. Nothing could so powerfully quicken the sense of responsibility as the sight of a vast country, inhabited by 200 millions of souls, lying absolutely at the mercy of the power which is symbolised by the British Crown. Nothing could beget earnestness more than the reminder, which the Prince will receive every hour, of the immeasurable importance of the edicts framed for a dumb, helpless mass by a few men of his own nation. The pleasures of a highly civilised society are good and necessary in their way, but Royalty has its duties as well as its pastimes, and nowhere can the imagination be so fired by a sense of those duties as in India.

Other anticipations found expression in the Calcutta *Englishman* as follows:

The interest with which the journey of the Prince is attended is in the main a wholesome and good one. It rests in part on the excellent foundation that the object of interest is a person doing his duty. The Prince is doing what he ought to do as Heir to the Crown. The readiness to do the right thing awakened confidence in the character of the future Sovereign. He can, in the first place, see a population with which he is in a measure bound up, and yet which has none of our religious or political ideas. . . . What amount of interest the native population will take in the Prince it is impossible to say. No one here can guess what are the inner thoughts of men so remote from us in all the habits and traditions of life. They may enjoy the pomps and ceremonies with which the Prince will be received. . . . With the leading natives, and especially with the native Princes, the case will be different. They will feel the delight of seeing, and being seen by, one who is to be not only a great King, but for all purposes with which they are concerned the greatest King in the world. To have known him and to have spoken to him will be an event in their lives. They will feel as if they had at last got to the real right person, and had been wafted into a higher atmosphere than that of Viceroys and Governors. . . . Royal visits act on the feelings of men, and influence their conduct, so far as conduct is affected by feelings. The ordinary course of life is made easier, the standing relations of men are made smoother, by the formation of personal acquaintances and the interchange of personal courtesies. The visit of the Prince may do little, but it will do something, to promote friendship between England and its subject Indian States. If we do not expect too much, we are not likely to be disappointed.

Before the Prince left London he received an address at Marlborough House from the Lord Mayor and Corporation, to which he replied as follows:

You state with truth that, with the desire I have ever entertained of becoming familiar with the habits and feelings of my countrymen, it is

only consistent that I should endeavour to become better acquainted with the several classes of the population over which our Sovereign reigns in India. If the result of my visit shall conduce to unite the various races of Hindustan in a feeling of loyalty to the Queen, attachment to our country, and of good-will towards each other, one great object will at least be gained. . . . It will be one of my most pleasing reflections that I carry the good wishes of my country with me, as it will also be a moment of sincere gratification when I return to it.

The subject of the presents may perhaps be here dealt with once for all. It led to not a little correspondence in the English Press and to some impossible suggestions. The writers in England often had scanty knowledge of the immemorial practice obtaining in the East, according to which a visitor to a superior regards himself as bound to make a present at the interview, and expects one in return. Originally there may have been an idea of propitiation of the superior involved in the practice; latterly it had crystallised into a custom. In India an official procedure had come to be adopted. The presents to the Viceroy were sent to the *toshakhana* (store-room of curiosities and valuables) and sold periodically by auction, the proceeds being utilised to pay for the return presents made by the Viceroy. The whole matter had become one of unsentimental routine. If presents to the Prince were to be allowed at all, in accordance with Oriental ideas, it was necessary that some new arrangement should be made. For if all the wealthiest Native Chiefs in India were to be allowed to offer whatever presents to the Prince they pleased, and the Prince was expected to give to each Chief an equivalent in value, it was inevitable that the Chiefs would have competed with one another for the honour of giving the most costly and magnificent presents, and the total expenditure on the return presents might have amounted to millions. It was therefore decided that restrictions should be placed on the Chiefs' presents, that their value should be settled by the Political Officers, and that articles of curious and local manufacture would be the most acceptable to the Prince. Doubtless there were amiable evasions, and presents were assessed at below their value, and perhaps some of the potentates who paid more than one visit gave double sets of presents. It was distinctly understood that the Prince's presents to the Chiefs were not to be expected to be equivalent in value to those received by him. His gifts were of a solid and substantial nature, handsome and valuable, without being extravagant. It is believed that they were valued as mementoes of the occasion, as gifts of the Prince, without any regard to their original cost. The arrangement was criticised afterwards as being wrong in principle and unfair to the Prince, but, if the Oriental custom was to be admitted at all, it is difficult to see what other course than

limitation could have been adopted. He left London and England on the 11th of October.

In England it is known in a vague way that the Hindus have, from time immemorial, held Kings and the kingly power in the greatest veneration. The views of the Hindus are founded on the writings of Manu the Lawgiver. The following quotations will show exactly on what their views were founded. In the portion of his work on *Government and Public Law* Manu wrote :

I will fully declare the duty of Kings, and show how a ruler of men should conduct himself, in what manner he was framed, and how his ultimate reward may be attained by him. . . . If the world had no King, it would quake on all sides through fear; the ruler of this universe, therefore, created a King, for the maintenance of this system, both religious and civil, forming him of eternal particles, drawn from the substance of Indra, Pavana, Yama, Surya, of Agni and Varuna, of Chandra and Kuvera; and since a King was composed of particles drawn from those chief guardian deities, he consequently surpasses all mortals in glory. Like the sun, he burns eyes and hearts; nor can any human creature on earth even gaze on him. He is fire and air; he, both sun and moon; he, the god of criminal justice; he, the genius of wealth; he, the regent of waters; he, the lord of the firmament. A King, even though a child, must not be treated lightly, from an idea that he is a mere mortal; no, he is a powerful divinity, who appears in a human shape. . . . The fire of a King in wrath burns a whole family, with all their cattle and goods. Fully considering the business before him, his own force and the place and the time, he assumes in succession all sorts of forms, for the sake of advancing justice. He, sure, must be the perfect essence of majesty, by whose favour Abundance rises on her lotus, in whose valour dwells conquest; in whose anger, death. He who shows hatred of the King, through delusion of mind, will certainly perish; for speedily will the King apply his heart to that man's perdition. Let the King prepare a just compensation for the good, and a just punishment for the bad; the rule of strict justice let him never transgress. . . . When the King, therefore, has fully considered place and time, and his own strength, and the divine ordinance, let him justly inflict punishment on all those who act unjustly. . . .

Holy sages consider, as a fit dispenser of criminal justice, that King who invariably speaks truth, who duly considers all cases, who understands the sacred books, who knows the distinctions of virtue, pleasure, and riches; such a King, if he justly inflict legal punishments, greatly increases those three means of happiness; but punishment itself shall destroy a King who is crafty, voluptuous, and wrathful. . . . By a King, wholly pure, faithful to his promise, observant of his scriptures, with good assistants and sound understanding, may punishment be justly inflicted. Let him in his own domains act with justice, chastise foreign foes with rigour, behave without duplicity to his affectionate friends, and with lenity to Brahmans. Of a King thus disposed, even though he subsist by gleaning, or, be his treasure ever so small, the fame is far spread in the world, like a drop of oil in water. . . . A King was created as the protector of all those classes and orders who, from the first to the last, discharge their several duties; and all that must be done by him, for the protection of his people, with the assistance of good ministers, I will declare to you, as the law directs, in due order. Let the King, having risen at early dawn, respectfully attend the Brahmans learned in the three Vedas, and in the science of ethics;

and by their decision let him abide. . . . The King must appoint seven or eight ministers, who must be sworn by touching a sacred image and the like; men, whose ancestors were servants of Kings; who are versed in the holy books; who are personally brave; who are skilled in the use of weapons; and whose lineage is noble. . . . Let him perpetually consult with those ministers on peace and war, on his forces, on his revenues, on the protection of his people, and on the means of bestowing aptly the wealth which he has acquired; having ascertained the several opinions of his counsellors, first apart and then collectively, let him do what is most beneficial for him in public affairs. . . . Let him likewise appoint an ambassador versed in all the Sastras, who understands hints, external signs and actions, whose hand and heart are pure, whose abilities are great, and whose birth was illustrious. . . . Let the King make sacrifices, accompanied with gifts of many different kinds; and, for the full discharge of his duty, let him give the Brahmans both legal enjoyments and moderate wealth; his annual revenue he may receive from his whole dominion through his collectors; but let him in this world observe the divine ordinances; let him act as a father to his people. Here and there he must appoint many sorts of intelligent supervisors, who may inspect all the acts of the officers engaged in his business. . . . A King, while he protects his people, being defied by an enemy of equal, greater, or less force, must by no means turn his face from battle, but must remember the duty of his military class. . . . Never to recede from combat, to protect the people, and to honour the priests, is the highest duty of Kings and ensures their felicity. Those rulers of the earth who, desirous of defeating each other, exert their utmost strength in battle, without ever averting their faces, ascend after death directly to heaven. . . . By a King whose forces are always ready for action the whole world may be kept in awe; let him then, by a force always ready, make all creatures living his own. Let him act on all occasions without guile, and never with insincerity; but, keeping himself ever on his guard, let him discover the fraud intended by his foe. . . . That King who, through weakness of intellect, rashly oppresses his people, will, together with his family, be deprived both of kingdom and life; as, by the loss of bodily sustenance, the lives of animated beings are destroyed, thus, by the distress of kingdoms, are destroyed even the lives of Kings. For the sake of protecting his dominions, let the King perpetually observe the following rules; for by protecting his own dominions he will increase his own happiness. . . . Thus must he protect his people, discharging, with great exertion and without languor, all those duties whch the law requires him to perform.

In another Chapter, 'On Judicature, and on Law,' much is said of the duties of a King. Thus,

A King who, by enforcing these laws, restrains men from committing theft, acquires in this world fame, and in the next beatitude. Let not the King, who ardently desires a seat with Indra and wishes for glory, which nothing can change or diminish, endure for a moment the man who has committed atrocious violence, as by robbery, arson, or homicide. . . . Neither on account of friendship, for the sake of great lucre, shall the King dismiss the perpetrators of violent acts, who spread terrors among all creatures. . . . With vigilant care should the King exert himself in compelling merchants and mechanics to perform their respective duties; for, when such men swerve from their duty, they throw this world into confusion. Day by day must the King, though engaged in forensic business, consider the great objects of public measures, and inquire into the state of

his carriages, elephants, horses, and cars, his constant revenues and necessary expenses, his mines of precious metals or gems, and his treasury; thus bringing to a conclusion all these weighty affairs, and removing from his realm and from himself every taint of sin, a King reaches the supreme path of beatitude.

In the Chapter 'On Law' it may be read as follows:

The King, and his council, his metropolis, his realm, his treasure, and his army, together with his ally, are the seven members of his kingdom; whence it is called Saptanga; . . . all the ages, called Satya, Treta, Dwapara, and Kali, depend on the conduct of the King, who is declared in turn to represent each of those ages. Sleeping, he is the Kali age; waking, the Dwapara; exerting himself in action, the Treta; living virtuously, the Satya. Of Indra, of Surya, of Pavana, of Yama, of Varuna, of Chandra, of Agni, and of Prithivi, let the King emulate the power and attributes. As Indra sheds plentiful showers during the four rainy months, thus let him, acting like the regent of clouds, rain just gratifications over his kingdom; as Surya, &c. . . . When the people are no less delighted on seeing the King than on seeing the full moon, he appears in the character of Chandra. . . . As Prithivi supports all creatures equally, thus a King, sustaining all subjects, resembles in his office the goddess of earth. . . . Thus conducting himself, and ever firm in discharging his Royal duties, let the King employ all his ministers in acts beneficial to his people.

The significance of the Indian idea of Kingship was not unknown in England in 1875, in which year the *Times* wrote as follows:

Let us not forget that the Prince of Wales must in India, first of all, be the first Prince among many Princes. That is the primary significance of the visit. The visit of the Duke of Edinburgh was different in much, but in this especially. Our great soldiers and administrators have often won homage, and oftener glory; some of our missionaries have extorted admiration from unwilling lips. The Prince of Wales will carry no 'ideas,' will represent no personal glory in war, but will certainly in India represent a principle of Kingship; and the Durbars will respond to that, as they probably never responded before to anything sent by England to India. It is the manner of the East, old as tradition, and immutable as faith.

On the Prince's arrival at Bombay, the party of Indian officers who were to complete his Royal Highness's staff during his tour through India attended on board the *Serapis* to take over charge of their duties. Major-General (afterwards Sir) Samuel Browne, V.C., was concerned with the arrangements for transport; Major Ben Williams supervised the care of the horses; Major (afterwards Sir) E. R. C. Bradford was responsible for the Prince's personal safety and for the control of the police; Major R. W. Sartorius, V.C., was in charge of the tents and the management of the camps; Major P. D. Henderson, of the Madras Cavalry, was attached as Political Officer and Interpreter, and was entrusted with all arrangements for native visitors and the observance of Oriental etiquette.

His Excellency Lord Northbrook, Viceroy and Governor-General, attended by his official and personal suite, went on board the *Serapis*, and was received with all the honours to which his rank and position entitled him. Shortly afterwards, Sir Philip Wodehouse, Governor of Bombay, accompanied by Sir Charles Staveley, the Commander-in-Chief, Bombay, the members of Council and the Staff, similarly paid their respects to the Prince on board his ship, and left it again in order to be ready on shore for the Prince's landing.

The Prince and the Viceroy, on disembarking at the dockyard, were received by the Governor of Bombay, all the high officials, more than seventy Indian Princes, Chiefs, and Sirdars, magnificently bejewelled and brilliantly costumed. It was described as 'a gorgeous picture, ablaze with that display of tinsel and bright colour which only the East can supply.' Among the Chiefs there were present, with their political officers in attendance, the young Gaekwar of Baroda, and the Rani Jumnabai, the Maharaja of Mysore, the Maharana of Meywar (Oodeypur), the Raja of Kolhapur, the Rao of Kutch, the Nawab of Junaghur, the Jam of Nowanagar, the Thakur Sahib of Bhaunagar, Mir Ali Morad of Khairpur in Sind, Sir Salar Jung, the Prime Minister of Hyderabad, and others. They were all favourably impressed with the Prince's frank smile, look of candour and courtliness, as he returned their salutes. An address of welcome from the Municipal Corporation of Bombay was read by the Chairman, Mr. Dosabhai Framji Karaka, in which the Corporation claimed for Bombay the distinction of being a Royal city, as the island first became an appanage to the Crown of England through forming part of the dowry of Charles the Second's Portuguese bride; and during the two centuries that had since elapsed Bombay had had every reason to be grateful for this fortunate change in her destiny. From a barren rock, whose only wealth consisted in cocoanuts and dried fish, whose scanty population of 10,000 souls paid a total revenue to the State of not more than 6000*l*. a year, with but little trade, an island, whose climate was so deadly to Europeans that two monsoons were said to be the life of a man, had blossomed into a fair and wholesome city, with a revenue and commerce of millions of pounds.

All this material prosperity she owes to the strong and wise Government, which has secured her the enjoyment of peace and order, of equality before the law, of religious liberty and of freedom of trade, and has thus given confidence to men of all races and creeds—Europeans, Indo-Portuguese, Hindus, Mahomedans, Parsis and Jews—to pursue their various callings under the shadow of the British flag. We gladly, therefore [it was added in the address], seize the occasion of your Royal Highness's presence among us to record our sense of the blessings of British rule, and to assure your Royal Highness of our devotion to that Throne, which has

become the enduring symbol of concord, liberty, prosperity, and progress, to all the multitudes of nations that own the benign sway of Queen Victoria. We beg that your Royal Highness will convey to her Most Gracious Majesty the expression of our loyal sentiments, and of our gratification that her Majesty has sent the Heir to the Crown among us to become personally acquainted with the people of India.

The Prince in his reply said:

Your natural advantages would have ensured a large amount of commerce under any strong Government, but in your various and industrious population I gladly recognise the traces of a rule which gives shelter to all who obey the laws, which recognises no invidious distinctions of race, which affords to all perfect liberty in matters of religious opinion and belief, and freedom in the pursuit of trade and of all lawful callings. I note with satisfaction the assurance I derive from your address, that under British rule men of varied creeds and nations live in harmony among themselves, and develop to the utmost those energies which they inherit from widely separate families of mankind, while all join in loyal attachment to the British Crown, and take their share, as in my native country, in the management of their own local affairs. I shall gladly communicate to her Majesty what you so loyally and kindly say regarding the pleasure which the people of India derive from her Majesty's gracious permission to me to visit this part of her Majesty's Empire. . . . I fervently trust that the same good Providence, which has prospered the rule of the British nation in India heretofore, may yet further bless our efforts for the peace and good government of all parts of her Majesty's dominion.

It was suggested at the time that the Native Chiefs would consider these words of friendship as more important than any number of official declarations.

After these formalities the Viceroy introduced to the Prince all the Native Chiefs and Notables above-mentioned, for each of whom his Royal Highness had a kindly word. A procession to Government House at Parell was formed. Hindu and Parsi girls in Oriental dresses strewed flowers on his path as the Prince moved to his carriage. The Prince was greeted with the utmost enthusiasm and intense excitement.

Bombay was under Hindu rule in historic times, until conquered by the Mahomedans in 1348, and ceded by them to the Portuguese in 1534. The transfer to the British Crown was carried out under the terms of the marriage treaty between Charles the Second and Catherine of Braganza, the Infanta of Portugal, in 1661; but possession of it was not taken until 1665. In 1668 it was transferred from the Crown to the East India Company, who placed it under the factory of Surat. The Governor's headquarters were transferred from Surat to Bombay in 1687. During the eighteenth century the city developed, but not until the defeat of the Marathas in 1817-18, when the Deccan was conquered and the Bombay Presidency was formed, did Bombay, from being a trading centre, become the capital of a large province. Perhaps hardly any city

in the world presents a greater variety of national types than Bombay.

The 9th of November, being the Prince's birthday, was specially honoured with royal salutes fired from the fleet in the harbour and from the land batteries. A grand reception of the Native Chiefs and Notables was held by the Prince at Government House, each of them, twenty-three in number, presenting a *nuzzur*, which was touched and remitted. In the evening the Prince traversed in succession the leading thoroughfares of the fort and native town from Mazagon to Parell. The illuminations in honour of his birthday were grand, remarkable for their fancy and originality. Some of the designs welcomed 'our future King,' all were eloquent in their silent welcome. The reception was as cordial as possible: the streets were crowded, presenting a wild scene of good-humoured excitement. Even those who had been doubtful of any political advantage to be derived from the Prince's visit began to have better hopes, owing to the favourable impression created on the Chiefs and the crowd by his personal bearing and manner. It was at the State banquet on this evening that the Prince, in a speech, said that it had long been his earnest wish, the dream of his life, to visit India, and that he would remember with satisfaction the hospitable reception he had experienced in Bombay, which he regarded as a guarantee of the future of his progress through the great Empire of India. Many of the Native Chiefs attended the reception which followed the banquet.

At the Lord Mayor's banquet at the Guildhall on the same day Mr. Disraeli, referring to the Prince's arrival in India, said that his setting his foot for the first time in the Empire which he was destined to rule was inspired by no ordinary motives, and that the visit was rife with important consequences.

The next day the Prince received as many as twenty-one of the minor Chiefs of Kattiawar, the Sirdars of the Deccan and Konkan, and the South Maratha Sirdars, and held a levee at the Secretariat, which was attended by over 700 persons, including Europeans, Hindus, and Parsis. He visited a school-children's fête, where 10,000 to 12,000 of them sang 'God bless the Prince of Wales' in his honour, in their own languages and metres. Wreaths of flowers were placed round his neck by the native girls, and the graciousness of his manner was generally noticed. A large number of native ladies were present at this fête, clad in bright costumes of colours graded in exquisite softness and harmony. Several of these paid their respects to the Prince. He laid the foundation-stone of the Elphinstone, afterwards called the Prince's, Dock, with masonic honours. In reply to an address the Prince expressed his congratulations on the flourishing condition of masonry in Bombay. It was a great pleasure to him, he said,

to join the Bombay brethren in work tending to the protection of life and property, and the extension of trade, and which would add to the happiness and prosperity of large bodies of their fellow-men. In the evening a reception of the Native Chiefs and Sirdars was held at Government House.

On the morning of the 13th the Prince, accompanied by Sir Philip Wodehouse, left Bombay for Poona.

The Prince, in reply to an address, said that he would inform her Majesty with what cordiality the feelings of the people had been manifested. He said :

> It is a great pleasure to me to visit a city so full of historical associations, and which is now the centre of so much of the intellectual life of the Maratha people. I am glad to think that one result of British rule in the Deccan is to enable the students in your schools and colleges to benefit by the latest results of Western progress and scientific discovery, whilst they have within reach all that is recorded in the most ancient languages of the Hindu race.

Poona has figured in the Indian Unrest. It is 119 miles from Bombay. It was granted to Sivaji's grandfather in 1604, and was later the headquarters of Sivaji, who died in 1680. When the Peshwa became the leading power among the Marathas, their capital was changed from Satara to Poona. Since 1802 a British force has been stationed there. The British captured it in 1818 from the Peshwa, Baji Rao the Second. It contains numerous palaces and temples, built within the last three hundred years. The two Hindu clubs called the Sarvajanik Sabha and the Deccan Sabha have brought Poona forward. The town is the centre of Maratha interests and influence, and altogether one of the most important places in all India.

On the 15th of November the Prince visited the hill and temple of Parvati, which rises over Poona some 300 feet above the plain; a conspicuous object in itself, it affords a vantage-ground for a view of the whole surrounding landscape. The party rode on elephants up the steps of the temple, to which the Prince made a donation. He gave 1500 rupees for distribution to the charitable institutions in Poona which might be the fittest objects of his attention and sympathy.

On Tuesday, the 16th of November, at Bombay, the Prince opened the new Sailors' Home with due formalities, received the Aga Khan, reviewed the troops in garrison, and presented new colours to the Bombay Marine Battalion, the 21st Native Infantry, passing along the line and inspecting the soldiers, to whom he made a complimentary speech. On the 17th the Prince, attended by Sir Jamsetji Jijibhai, visited the Parsi Towers of Silence, where the bodies of their dead are exposed.

Their history and the rites were narrated for his information. Here he had a view of the whole island of Bombay, its harbour, and the hills around. He drove also to the Walkeshwar Hindu temple and Holy Tank of Malabar Hill, and watched the cremations at the Hindu burning-ground. Accounts of cholera being prevalent in the South Maratha country and parts of the Madras Presidency, which it had been intended to visit, had been for some days received frequently, gathering force in expression. They became so alarming that alterations in the tour programme were decided upon as being absolutely necessary. There being time to spare, by reason of these changes, before the day on which it was intended to reach Ceylon, the Prince himself suggested a visit to the Maratha State of Baroda. The propriety of the proposed visit, having regard to recent events, was carefully considered, and it was determined that it might be undertaken without risk. He accordingly, after visiting Sir Jamsetji Jijibhai and the Aga Khan—who traces his descent from the mysterious and dreaded 'old man of the mountains'—left Bombay at midnight of the 18th-19th November for Baroda.

The affairs of this Native State had in the early part of the year come prominently, and very unpleasantly, under public notice, and were fresh in the memory of the people. The former Gaekwar, Khande Rao, during the Mutiny stood staunchly by the British, assisting and maintaining the peace of Guzarat. Charges against his successor, the Gaekwar Mulhar Rao, of instigating an attempt to poison the Resident, Colonel Robert Phayre, of holding secret communications with certain Residency servants and of giving them bribes for improper purposes, were investigated by a mixed Commission, with the result that the European members considered the charges proved, but the Hindu members stated that they differed from this opinion. Therefore her Majesty's Government, on the 19th of April 1875, deposed Mulhar Rao for general maladministration of his State and deported him to Madras. The Maharani Jumna Bai, widow of the Maharaja Khande Rao (who died in 1870), was allowed to select and adopt some member of the Gaekwar house, and a youth of thirteen years, a descendant of a former Gaekwar, was chosen, approved, and installed as Gaekwar of Baroda in May 1875.

On alighting from the train the Prince was received by the young Gaekwar, the Prime Minister, Sir T. Madhava Rao, the Resident, and others. Outside the station there were immense crowds of people; there was a row of elephants, all kneeling. Mounted with the Gaekwar on an elephant, which was gorgeously caparisoned and painted, with howdah and trappings of solid gold, the Prince led the elephant procession to the Residency, a most brilliant and picturesque pageant. His Royal Highness

exchanged visits with the Gaekwar, and drove through the native city to the old Palace.

But all this official programme did not satisfy his Royal Highness. Intuitively he perceived that something more than official formalities was expected of him. Hindu public opinion was all in favour of the Maharani Jumna Bai previously mentioned. Though her grievances against the Baroda Durbar were redressed by the Government of India, yet she had received no consolation for which the heart of a woman always craves. In official red-tape there is not much room for sentiment, and with a woman a little sentiment is of more value than all the Resolutions of the Government put together. It was left to his Royal Highness to find out that the Maharani Jumna Bai wanted something more than official reparation. He at once made up his mind to pay her a visit. This was no sooner thought of than done. The shortness of the time required immediate action. Its effects were magical. All the bad blood caused by recent incidents was removed. Even the sullen Sirdars, who did not hesitate to ascribe motives to the British Government for interference with the affairs of Baroda, were appeased. Even the adherents of Ranis Mahalsa Bai and Lakshmi Bai could not help praising the Prince as a great peacemaker. The Maharani Jumna Bai made thank-offerings at the temples of her faith. Travelling pilgrims carried the news from shrine to shrine. All Hindu India echoed with the praise of the Prince. Bards in different parts of India vied with one another in singing his virtues. Hindu astrologers made themselves busy in casting the horoscope of his Royal Highness. His fame travelled faster than the special train which carried him, and reached villages and out-of-the-way places where no newspapers circulated. For the first time the people of India felt that British policy was not confined to physical possession of the country, but was extended to holding the hearts of the natives of India. This policy was initiated in the most unobtrusive manner by one who was destined to be the first Christian Emperor of India.

In my next article I shall be able to show how the Prince's progress in Upper India produced a wonderful effect in the Provinces which not many years before had been the arena of mutiny and massacre.

S. M. Mitra.

THE RESPONSE OF THE ANIMALS TO THEIR ENVIRONMENT

III

Let us now examine some of the experiments that were made upon the much higher division of vertebrates, in order to see how their forms and structures could be altered under the direct action of new surroundings. Several such experiments were made with success upon amphibians, among which there exists, as is known, a certain variability in the manners of life, aquatic and terrestial, as also in the modes of reproduction—both accompanied by notable changes in the structure and the forms of these animals.

The Mexican Axolotl, or Siredon, is especially worthy of note in this respect. It is known that this inhabitant of Mexican lakes is a newt-like creature, from 8 in. to 10 in. in length, of a dark grey colour, with black spots, but that it retains, even in its adult age, three pairs of branched external gills—which feature led Cuvier to suspect that the Axolotl represents nothing else but the undeveloped stage of some salamander. But, as it lays eggs and reproduces itself even in this imperfect stage, and the explorers said that it never had been seen in Mexico to undergo metamorphoses, zoologists described it as a special genus of lizards. It was only in 1865 that A. Duméril saw in the Jardin des Plantes at Paris that some young ones, born from his Axolotls, lost their external gills, the gill-clefts closed up, the fins along the tail and the back disappeared, and all the shape of the animal was changed. Its head became broader, the tail became thicker and nearly cylindrical at the base, and the colour of the animal changed; yellow spots covered it. In short, it turned into a well-known salamander, the terrestrial Amblystome.[1] Cuvier was right; the Axolotl represents nothing but the undeveloped stage—the incomplete metamorphosis of the Amblystome; but, like several other animals, it is capable of reproducing itself before it has

[1] *Amblystoma tigrinum.*

accomplished its metamorphosis. It appeared also that, out of the eggs laid by Axolotls, some would grow as Axolotls and some as Amblystomes; while out of the eggs laid by the latter some would give Axolotls and some would give Amblystomes, according to the surroundings in which they are kept.

So long as it was thought that in Mexico the Axolotls are never metamorphosed into Amblystomes, various hypotheses were made (among others by Weismann) to explain how the Axolotls might have been evolved during the diluvial period as a 'retrogressive form' of the Amblystome. But now it is generally known, since 1882, from the work of José Velasco, that the Mexicans are quite familiar with both forms, the Axolotl and the Amblystome, and that each year, when the lake of Santa Isabel dries up, the Axolotls it contains undergo the salamandra metamorphosis. The same takes place even in lakes which never dry up entirely, and where the Axolotls could have found all the conditions (pure water, abundant food) for thriving well.[2] It thus becomes probable that it is the influence of environment which hampers the transformation and produces what biologists describe as neotenia—*i.e.* sexual reproduction taking place before the fully adult stage has been reached.

Seeing that during the metamorphosis of the Axolotl into an Amblystome the main point is the transformation of its respiratory organs from external gills to internal lungs, and the passage of the animal from an aquatic to a terrestrial life, A. Duméril tried to provoke the metamorphosis by cutting off the gills; but he obtained nothing conclusive. Weismann, who tried to compel Axolotls to live on land, came to negative results. However, Mlle. de Chauvin, who continued his experiments, succeeded—perhaps because she began by giving her animals an abundance of food. All the Axolotls she experimented upon took to a terrestrial life and were transformed into Amblystomes.[3]

Dr. R. W. Shufeldt continued these experiments in New Mexico,[4] and found that the Axolotls accomplish the metamorphosis more readily if they are kept in water imperfectly aërated; also when they are young and when they are supplied with plenty of proper food. When they were well fed with meat the Amblystomes 'were not only larger, but of a very deep, muddy black colour without spots, while the others were mottled with bright yellow and a pale brown' (p. 263). The deeper the water, the

[2] *La Naturaleza*, t. v. 1880-81. I follow the summary of these researches given by Professor Blanchard.

[3] *Zeitschrift für wissenschaftliche Zoologie*, Bd. xli. pp. 365-389. It is a quite remarkable work, during which Mlle. de Chauvin already transformed at will Axolotls into Amblystomes, and provoked a beginning of return of the latter to the primitive form.

[4] Letter to *Science*, vol. vi. 1885, II. pp. 263-264.

slower the metamorphosis—possibly in consequence of the diminished chance of using their lungs, while a moderate increase of temperature seems to hasten the transformation.

And finally, we have the recent experiments of M. P. Wintrebret. After having experimented upon Axolotls for several years, he obtained at last half-metamorphosed creatures which stand half-way between the Axolotls and the Amblystomes. He placed Axolotl larvæ in an atmosphere of moist air, and found that they could live in it and that finally they underwent the usual changes—that is, an atrophy of the larval organs which they used no more, namely, the gills, the caudal fins, and the web between the digits.[6] They thus became like Amblystomes. Then M. Wintrebret put these young half-metamorphosed Axolotls into water, and there their branchial filaments reappeared gradually, and the animals took on the darker colouring of the Axolotl; but at the same time they retained the other characters of the Amblystome. The skin and the respiratory organs thus proved to be more easily affected by a change in the environment than the skeleton. Here, again, we have, then, a considerable structural change, formerly attributed to an extremely slow process of natural selection which would pick out accidentally produced variations, but it is produced now, experimentally, in a very short time by the direct action of surroundings.

The influence of environment upon the process of transformation and the sexual generation in the salamander is equally significant. We have in Europe two species of salamander—the Spotted or Fire Salamander (*S. maculosa*), which is found everywhere in Central Europe and North Africa, and the Black Salamander (*S. atra* or *S. Nigra*), which is found in the higher mountains of Central Europe, and totally differs from the former by its mode of reproduction. The Spotted species always lays its eggs in water, and gives origin to from fifteen to twenty (occasionally as many as seventy) tadpoles, which have external gills and caudal fins. As soon as they have broken the shells of their eggs they begin to swim. For several months they lead an aquatic life; then they gradually lose their gills and the fins along the tail, and become ordinary terrestrial salamanders, breathing with their lungs and possessed of a nearly cylindrical tail. As to the Black or Mountain Salamander, it usually gives birth to two young ones, which represent a far more advanced metamorphosis; they have neither gills nor fins, breathe with their lungs as soon as they are born, and in all respects are like adult Black Salamanders. They also go through a certain metamorphosis, but they

[6] 'L'adaptation au milieu,' in *Comptes Rendus de la Société de Biologie*, November 1908, t. lxiii. p. 521. The results are very much like those obtained by Mlle. de Chauvin.

accomplish it in the body of their mother—two individuals living upon the substance of the other eggs.[6]

In the intermediate zone of altitudes, from 800 to 1200 mètres, one meets with a series of intermediate forms of reproduction. Thus, Kammerer found in the lower altitudes Black Salamanders giving birth to two more young ones, born a little before time, but still capable already to live on land. And he found in the higher altitudes the Spotted Salamander giving birth to a few highly developed larvæ, which had fed before birth upon the contents of the other eggs.

It was natural, therefore, to try to modify the mode of propagation of these two species of Salamander by modifying the conditions of their life, and this is what Prof. P. Kammerer, who works with Dr. Przibram at the Laboratory of Experimental Biology at Vienna, tried to attain. Such experiments were the more necessary, as Weismann, after having made experiments upon the water-fleas (*Daphnias*), had come to the conclusion that external conditions have but little or no influence upon the kind of reproduction; while Issakowitsch, working under the direction of R. Hertwig, had come, also for *Daphnias*, to the quite opposite result.[7]

It was not easy to induce the Fire Salamander to breed in confinement; but finally this was obtained by keeping it at a low temperature and in surroundings where there was no water basin —thus depriving it of the possibility of laying its eggs in water. Most of the embryos degenerated, but finally, after the female of the Fire Salamander had got into the habit of laying late, it gave birth to two fully developed, dark individuals, just like the Black Salamander. The reverse result was obtained by experimenting upon the Black Salamander. When the latter was kept in a warm temperature, near to a basin of water, it gave birth to more than two young ones, and these young lived in water and had all the characters of the Spotted or Fire Salamander.[8]

These results are already most valuable, but Kammerer further increased their value by proving that when the mode of reproduction of the Black Salamander has once been changed, and, after having been kept for some time in unusual surroundings it has taken to the mode of reproduction which is characteristic for its Spotted congener, its descendants continue to give birth to their young in the same fashion, even after they have been returned to their normal conditions of life.

In 1904 Dr. Kammerer had concluded his work by asking himself whether, after he had accustomed the Fire Salamander to

[6] P. Kammerer, in *Archiv für die Entwicklungsmechanik*, vol. xxv. pp. 8-9.

[7] For the discussion of this last question see chapter xxi. of Professor Th. H. Morgan's *Experimental Zoology*. Also chapter xix.

[8] *Archiv für die Entwicklungsmechanik*, vol. xvii. 1904, pp. 165-264.

the mode of propagation of the Black species, and *vice versâ*, the new reproduction habits would be transmitted to posterity? Continuing accordingly his experiments,* he tried to accustom the Black species to lay its young ones in water, in the shape of larvæ, after the mode of its Fire congener. This proved to be very difficult. However, starting from the idea that the Black, or Alpine, Salamander *must have acquired its habit of giving birth to fully* developed terrestrial salamanders because she could not find in the high mountains the quiet, not running, water which she needed, nor could she find a sufficiently warm water, Dr. Kammerer, in his second series of experiments, placed his Black Salamanders in such surroundings that they had no dry ground. And when they had once laid their young ones in such surroundings he simply kept them in a terrarium, with a wet ground and with a basin of water by its side. Then he accustomed these animals to live in a higher temperature, of 77° to 86°, and in these conditions the Black Salamander females took to the habit of early giving birth to an imperfect progeny of larvæ, like the Fire Salamander.

As to this latter, it was sufficient to take away the water basin of the terrarium, and to keep the females in a cellar at a *low* temperature (of 35° to 39°) during the winter, and in an empty water tank in the summer (at 54°), to retard the birth for three to four months. However, the low temperature had also retarded the development of the embryos, and all that Kammerer obtained was to have larvæ somewhat *more* developed than in the normal conditions. These larvæ, obtained under the effect of a *lower* temperature, were in about the same stage of development as the larvæ of the Alpine Salamander, obtained under the effect of a *higher* temperature (xxv. 20).

It is worthy of note that, once the Fire and the Alpine Salamanders had been brought to the above-mentioned new habits, the severity of the experiments which had provoked these changes 'could be relaxed without the above-mentioned changes in the mode of propagation being lost, or only reduced, in the next propagation periods.'

As to the experiments upon the inheritance of the acquired characters, they gave complicated results, so that the original memoir of Dr. Kammerer must be consulted. The following summary, in his own words, will, however, give an idea of the main results:

(*a*) An inheritance of the artificially produced change in reproduction took place in each case; (*b*) when the second generation was returned to its original conditions of life, the change was maintained, but in a weakened

* 'Vererbung erzwungener Fortpflanzungsanpassungen,' in Roux's *Archiv*, t. xxv. pp. 7-51, with plates.

degree—the more weakened the more time had passed between the return to the original surroundings and the delivery; and (c) if the changed conditions of life were maintained, the change in reproduction was maintained in the second generation, either in the same or in a stronger degree. (Pp. 48-49).

As might have been expected, the usual objection, according to which the changes produced and inherited in the salamanders might have been mere atavistic returns to previous instincts, has of course been made—namely, by Dr. Plate.[10] But, as Kammerer had already mentioned, this reproach could be applied only to one of the two series of his experiments, in which the highly differentiated mode of reproduction of the Black Salamander was changed into the lower mode of reproduction of the Spotted Salamander. Consequently, to explain the inheritance of the changed mode of reproduction in the latter, Plate had to make suppositions concerning the geographical distribution of the species which do not seem very probable, and to which Kammerer has easily replied. (P. 524 of same volume of the *Archiv.*)

In a recent work Kammerer gives the results of his further experiments upon the transformation of reproduction habits—this time in the well-known *Alytes obstetricans*. This little grey and spotted frog, which stands between the frogs and the toads by its forms and by the warts which cover its body, usually lives in colonies on dry land, in long burrows. It is very common in France, and is known for its sonorous voice and the sort of harmony which results when many individuals of different ages are singing at night, sounding each one its own note. The female lays its eggs in long strings, 2 and 2½ feet long, and the male assists the female to get rid of the eggs. After that, it is the male alone which takes care of the eggs. It goes to its burrow, but comes out every evening to find its food, and carries about the eggs, attached to its thighs, apparently without being hampered by them in its movements.[11] When the eggs are matured, the male enters some pool; there the eggs burst, and the tadpoles begin at once to swim about in search of food. These are, then, the reproduction habits which Kammerer undertook to alter.

In confinement the female of the *Alytes* maintained its habits—so long, at least, as the temperature did not exceed 62.5° Fahr.; but once it exceeded this limit, important changes took place in the mode of reproduction, the chief of them being that the female laid its eggs in water, and there they were abandoned to themselves. The care usually taken of them by the male, and which gave its specific name to the *Alytes obstetricans*, disappeared.

The descendants from these eggs offered no deviations from the normal animals. But if reproduction without nursing care

[10] Roux's *Archiv.*, xxviii. p. 524. [11] F. Lataste, quoted by E. Sauvage.

became *habitual*, then both sexes preferred to meet in water. As to the individuals born without paternal care, they always laid their eggs in water, if the conditions of the experience (raised temperature, &c.) were maintained. Several other important details were noticed, but I must refer the reader to the original memoir of Kammerer. I give only his main conclusion—namely, that 'the inheritance of the enforced change in the mode of reproduction and development took place: (*a*) in each case when the parents had acquired a standing (*immanente*) variation of the instinct; and (*b*) where the germ-plasm could be acted upon during its maturing period by the altering influences.' [12]

We have thus a new proof of the considerable influence of the external conditions upon the mode of reproduction, which influence was contested by Weismann and his school. Besides, we have also in Dr. Kammerer's work the confirmation of a new principle which, I believe, is being brought more and more into prominence by modern research—namely, that one of the conditions for the hereditary transmission of an acquired character is that the modifying influence to which this character is due should act upon the individual when *in its embryonic stage*. Of course, till now this is only a hypothesis, which has a certain degree of probability, but has yet to be submitted to the test of experiment on a wide scale. But of this I shall have to say more on a future occasion, when I discuss heredity.

IV

Of the many experimental researches that are made at the Vienna Laboratory in order to throw some light on the debated questions of the theory of evolution, those of Dr. Przibram deserve special mention. They were made on the well-known Hermit crabs, which dwell, as is known, in the shells of various molluscs. If the shell into which the crab has lodged its posterior parts be cautiously removed, one sees that the abdomen of the crab has the aspect of a swollen glossy sack, totally unprotected, covered only with a very thin skin, through which the viscera are seen, and upon which no segmentation can be detected, unless one resorts to the magnifying lens. And yet, it appeared from Dr. Przibram's experiments, that it was sufficient to leave the crabs divested of their protecting shells, for one month in water, to see the abdomen becoming shorter and flatter, its skin taking a rougher and harder structure, and the segmentation of the skin becoming quite apparent. The whole aspect of the animal is

[12] 'Vererbung erzwungener Fortpflanzungsanpassungen,' iii. in Roux's *Archiv*, vol. xxviii. pp. 447-546.

thus changed. With the *Eupagnus* crab, whether the individuals experimented upon be kept in full light or in the dark, patches of dark pigment rapidly develop on the hard skin which begins to cover the abdomen.

These results, Dr. Przibram remarks, have a considerable theoretical importance. In fact, the Hermit crab has over and over again been represented as a striking illustration of the effects of natural selection. Weismann especially made much of it. Speaking in 1892, in one of his *Essays upon Heredity*,[13] of the atrophy of organs which are no more useful to animals, he was quite positive in maintaining that only on the hypothesis of natural selection, supported by his hypothesis of 'universal crossing,' or 'panmixia,' was it possible to explain the process of degeneration of such organs as the hard integument in the Hermit crab, in the aquatic larvæ of the caddis-flies, and in the larvæ of certain small moths protected by their sheaths. However, Dr. Przibram's experiments on the Hermit crab throw considerable doubt upon these views. Altogether, we have learned lately, and some examples of it are given in the preceding pages, that changes attributed formerly to the extremely slow action of natural selection are easily produced under the influence of a changing environment, both in natural conditions and in experimental conditions imitating the natural ones, *within the short lifetime of the individual*, and this undoubtedly upsets the speculations which were so readily made twenty years ago.

> The rapid return [Dr. Przibram writes] of the abdominal tegument of the Crustacean to its primary condition testifies loudly enough that in the normal Hermit crab we have only the hampering of a capacity of development which still remains, but not a loss of that capacity in consequence of natural selection. When Weismann tries to explain retrogression by 'panmixia' and 'germinal selection,' he has against him the fact that the reaction he speaks of is produced *at once*, to a certain amount in the same individual.[14]

Unfortunately, Dr. Przibram continues, the question 'as to whether a hereditary transmission of such changes in the tegument of the crab's abdomen is possible, is not yet solved,' because the explorers have not yet succeeded in breeding Hermit crabs in confinement; 'but,' he adds, 'after the hereditary transmission of acquired characters has been proved in other classes of animals, it seems not improbable that already in the first generation we may obtain considerable changes, as they would be due in this case to alterations in the interchange of matter (*Stoffwechsel veränderungen*) in the organism.'[15]

[13] Vol. ii. p. 16.

[14] Roux's *Archiv*, t. xxiii. 1907, pp. 584 *sq.*

[15] *Loc. cit.* p. 593.

V

That changes in the conditions of life produce deep alterations not only in the outer appearance of animals, but also in the composition of their blood, and that these alterations necessarily must influence the rapidity and the very substance of all life-processes, is now proved by direct observation on rabbits taken to high altitudes. A certain number of wild rabbits were taken in August 1883 by M. Muntz to the Observatory that was built on the summit of the Pic du Midi, at an altitude of 9500 feet above the sea-level, where the average barometric pressure is only a little over twenty-one inches. The rabbits supported the change very well; they fed splendidly and bred as well as they do in the lower plains. Seven years later, in 1890, they were carefully examined, and it appeared that those which were born at the high-level station already differed a great deal from those which had been left in the plain. They were smaller, had less developed ears, and their fur-coats were already of a lighter colour and very thick. Their blood, too, had undergone a considerable change. It had become denser, contained more iron, and had a greater power of absorption for oxygen. Thus, it had an average density of 1060 in the Pic du Midi rabbits, and only of 1046 in the inhabitants of the plain; it contained on the average 70.2 milligrams of iron for each 100 grams of blood with the mountain-dwellers, and only 40.3 milligrams in the plain; and its power of absorption of oxygen was 17.3 cubic centimetres of oxygen per each 100 grams, as against 9.6 cubic centimetres for the low-level rabbits.[14] A similar increase was also found when sheep, born in the valley, were taken to an altitude of 8200 feet, and M. Viault, who analysed their blood, proved that the change was due to an increase in the numbers of red corpuscles. Life at a high altitude had thus an effect similar to that which is obtained by increasing the quantity of food.

The results obtained in this case and the preceding were evidently due to several causes besides mountain air, such as the quantity and the quality of absorbed food; and no discrimination was made between the effects of these different causes. But what imports us most in this case is to show that the external changes produced by a change of environment are due to such a deep cause as changes in the physical, chemical and physiological composition of the blood. Such changes cannot but exercise their effect on the whole of the organism, including its reproduction processes and its germinal plasm.

[14] *Comptes Rendus*, t. cxii. 1891.

I am compelled to omit many other interesting works in the same direction. But it is necessary to mention, be it only in a few words, some less-known modern investigations of Edw. Babak, W. Roux, and E. Schepelmann into the influence of various sorts of food upon the digestive tube and other organs of animals. These extremely complicated researches are not yet concluded; but, being conducted in physiological laboratories by experienced physiologists, they promise to yield most valuable data for the knowledge of variation due to the use and disuse of different organs and the conditions under which such variations may be inherited.[17]

It was already known from the experiments of Weiss and those of Houssay[18] that considerable changes had been produced in the digestive tube of chickens after they had been fed for four months with horseflesh, when Edw. Babak began a series of similar experiments on tadpoles. All such investigations offer great difficulties in the interpretation of their results, inasmuch as it appears from the work of Pawlow that different sorts of food not only produce notable changes in the strength of the gastric juice secreted after the absorption of a given food, but that they also call forth different secretions from different glands, so that their effects on the digestive tube are not merely physical but also chemical, or rather physiological. However, it was established with certainty by Edw. Babak's experiments[19] that a prolonged keeping of tadpoles on an exclusively vegetable food which could not be rapidly digested, by imposing more work on the digestive tube, led to an increase of its *surface* relatively to its inner volume.[20] And this increase is considered by Babak to be, as it certainly is, a proof of 'a *direct* adaptation of the organism to a certain function, produced by the performance of this function.' It is thus one of those cases of which we saw several examples when we examined the adaptive changes produced in plants by placing them under new conditions of life. It is a case of 'functional adaptation,' which does not require that natural selection should pick out the most suitable variations out of thousands of indiscriminate variations: it is produced *in the individual*, in the

[17] Roux's *Archiv für die Entwicklungsmechanik*, vols. xxi. 1906, and xxiii. 1907.

[18] *Comptes Rendus*, t. cxxxv. 1902, p. 1357, and cxxxvii. 1903, p. 934.

[19] Roux's *Archiv*, vol. xxi. pp. 611 *sq.*

[20] Taking 1000 individuals, originated from six mothers, and keeping them in six different compartments of his aquarium on different sorts of food, Herr Babak found that the lengths of the digestive tube were 6.6 lengths of the body with the tadpoles fed on the meat of vertebrates, 5.9 when the food consisted of mollusca, 7.6 when it consisted of lobster, and 8.3 lengths when the food was entirely vegetarian albumen (*Beiträge der chemischen Physiologie und Pathologie*, 1905, Bd. vii.; summed up in *Naturwissenschaftliche Rundschau*, 1906, Bd. xxi.).

short interval of a few months, by the *direct* action of the new 'environment' (changed food). It is what Herbert Spencer so perfectly well described as 'direct adaptation,' in opposition to the 'indirect adaptation' through the intermediary of natural selection, and what W. Roux tries to explain through the 'struggle of the parts of the organism.'

It would be impossible to sum up in these pages the works of Roux[21] and Schepelmann[22] on the effects of various sorts of food on the digestive tube and the other organs of geese. Their results are too complicated. Suffice it to say that not only the digestive tube undergoes substantial changes (elongation and so on), but quite a series of alterations takes place in the accommodations of different portions of the digestive apparatus to different sorts of food. This important organ is thus endowed with an astounding variability. However, it was found that two different periods must be distinguished in the development of all organs: one period, when the auto-differentiation of the organ takes place in virtue of its inherited properties, and another, when the function it performs gives it its definite character. Besides, notable changes were found to take place in the quantity and the composition of the blood; so that, taking everything into consideration, new vistas are opened upon this question of use and disuse, and the ways in which the different effects of use and disuse may, or may not, be transmitted by inheritance.

VI

To give a complete idea of the animals' response to their surroundings, I ought also to analyse the investigations made into the changes produced by a changing environment in the colours and the markings of animals. It appears, however, that even a rapid review of the vast subject which I have written for this essay would double its size; so that I must give up for the moment the analysis of the variation of colours, and refer the reader to excellent reviews of the whole subject given by Professor Delage and M. Goldsmith, Professor Th. H. Morgan, and Dr. Plate in their above-mentioned books, and especially by Miss Newbigin in a special work devoted to colour in nature.[23]

Taking, then, those researches which deal with the experimental variation of form and structure in plants and animals,

[21] W. Roux, 'Ueber die funktionelle Anpassung des Muskelmagens des Gans,' in *Archiv für die Entwicklungsmechanik*, 1906, t. xxi. p. 461 *sq.*

[22] E. Schepelmann, 'Ueber die gestaltende Wirkung verschiedener Ernährung auf die Organe des Gans'; same *Archiv*, t. xxi. 1906, p. 500 *sq.*, and t. xxiii. 1907, p. 183.

[23] *Colour in Nature: a Study in Biology*, London, 1898 (John Murray). In 1901 I gave a brief introductory sketch of this subject in a 'Recent Science' article (*Nineteenth Century and After*, September 1901).

and of which some specimens have been given in this article and in the article on plants,[34] one must certainly confess that, although most of them were conducted with admirable skill, they nevertheless represent only the first steps towards the foundation of a new branch of science—*physiological* experimental morphology. This is especially true of the zoological works. Many earlier researches have, in fact, the character of a mere reconnoitring of the ground to be explored; and only the later investigators, by paying a special attention to the facts which throw a light upon the inner, physiological, and anatomical causes of variations, prepare materials for the solution of the question—whether these changes are not too superficial to be inherited?

And yet, taken as a whole, the experimental researches into Variation have already given two important results.

First of all, they have contributed to retain, and still firmer to establish, biology on its proper basis—that of observation and experiment. During the last twenty years we have had too many discussions about theories of heredity—too far-fetched, in the opinion of prominent anatomists, for the modest anatomical basis upon which they were built; and the result was that mere dialectics began too often to take the place of scientific generalisation and empiric research, and with a certain number of biologists one meets now, even in the fatherland of Bacon and Darwin, a painful neglect of experimental study in this field.

And yet those who pursue the experimental study of Variation are only continuing the studies that Darwin began when he spent several years on his great work *Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication*, which had to be followed by *Variation in Nature*. They investigate, as Darwin did, how the different natural factors—temperature, moisture, light, food, overcrowding, and so on—affect, each one separately and all together, the forms, the colours, the organs, and the tissues of different organisms. Like Darwin himself, they are not afraid of the word 'Lamarckism,' when their researches confirm the views of Lamarck; they do not repudiate it for any theoretical or social reason, but they do not hold a brief for it. And they maintain that the last word as to the causes of variability and the inheritance of acquired characters will belong—not to theories about heredity, however clever they may be, but to *experiment*, to *empirical research into the causes of variation*. And in pursuing their laborious work they are far more true 'Darwinians' than those who, having once taken from Darwin his conception of Struggle for Life and Natural Selection, neglect now those experimental studies of Variation which he left unfinished only because of his failing health.

[34] *Nineteenth Century and After*, July 1910.

Those biologists who pursue the experimental study of Variation, hand in hand with the study of Variation in Nature,[35] have already established one important fact. They have proved that besides the accidental, 'indefinite,' and 'indiscriminate' variation, of which we do not know the causes, but which we can with some probability attribute chiefly to the vagaries of heredity, and which is kept, in its bulk, within certain narrow limits—there is variation which is *definite, discriminate*, greater in its effects, and to a very great degree *adaptive*. It is the variation which we saw, for instance, developing the organs of touch and smell in animals taken from an open pond and placed in the dark surroundings of the Paris *catacombes*; that sort of variation which changes in individuals placed in unusual conditions their ways of reproduction, in conformity with the requirements of environment; or alters the tissues, the outer form, and the assimilation powers of a plant, so as to make it better adapted than the mother-plant was to Alpine, or maritime, or desert surroundings. This part of Variation is a *physiological fact. It has its laws*, and these laws and their consequences modern biologists try to disentangle by experiment.

As to the objection which is now made by a considerable number of biologists—especially zoologists—namely, that these variations, provoked by the action of the environment, cannot be inherited, and that they could be inherited only if they were provoked by some unknown cause in times past, and, after having been dormant since that time as a potentiality in the germ-plasm, would be produced now accidentally, by inheritance—we shall examine this objection, which often takes the character of a mere doubt, on some future occasion.

P. KROPOTKIN.

[35] I mean such works as those of Cope, Osborn, Hyatt, Willeston, Kellogg, Kölliker, and so on, on animals; and of Grisebach, Sachs, Henslow, Maheu, the Agricultural Experimental Stations, and so on, on plants.

BROWNING BIOGRAPHY

Broadly speaking, we may say that there are two kinds of biography; one of them has for its basis personal impression, personal study, personal knowledge, and personal recollection. 'Nobody can write the life of a man but those who have eat and drunk and lived in social intercourse with him,' was the dictum of a man whose own life came to be written in fulfilment of these conditions: a *Life* which has been accounted worthy of the wonder, admiration and desire of all biographers later than James Boswell. Close personal knowledge is usually essential to that vitality of description which brings before us the very man as he looked, as he talked, and in those looks and that talk revealed himself as even in his actions he was not always revealed. But if there is a large advantage in the fact of having intimately known the subject of the biography undertaken, that very fact creates a disadvantage by which it may be seriously weighted.

On the one hand, to come within the circle of close friendships is to assume the duty of observing those gracious reserves demanded by intimacy, and of withholding from the outside world what it was never meant to share; and the difficulty of applying to a friend those canons of judgment easily enough applied elsewhere is not lightly to be surmounted. On the other hand, a conscientious determination to give a truthful picture, a deliberate avoidance of anything that might look like partiality, may create a liability to err in another direction, and make the picture something harder and stiffer than might have been drawn by a hand less loving. Again, there is the difficulty of giving satisfaction to other friends of the subject of the biography, who may perhaps even quarrel with the likeness presented, and say, 'It is not as I knew him; you have shown him through the medium of your own mind: it is not he.'

To say that Mrs. Sutherland Orr, whose friendship with Robert Browning was one of many years, had well performed a more than difficult task, is no light praise. She drew for us no impressionist portrait, she gave us no cut-and-dried description; in her book we have what no one can think of as unreal, strained,

or falsely coloured. We have also in that book not the faintest failure in tact or taste, and not one word that could give pain to the living who were bound to the dead by any bond whatsoever. If to some this quality last mentioned seem to partake of negation rather than of positive virtue—though to regard it thus would be an error—there is much besides which all would agree in classing as merit positive; in the telling of the story of Robert Browning's life, and in much fine psychological study and careful criticism. One thinks, 'What does such a biography cost a friend to write?' And some of us, at least, would say in their hearts, 'May it never be mine to know.'

What I have said here applies to the book as it left the author's hands; not to the 'revised edition,' to which exception may be taken in more ways than one. In the matter of literary style alone the alterations and additions are to be regretted.

Mrs. Orr's book has been spoken of at some length because, written by special request of Mr. Browning's family, by one competent in so many ways to undertake the work, it was really the standard *Life of Robert Browning*. But there was room left for other studies of the poet of a different kind or from a different point of view, and Mrs. Orr would no doubt have welcomed whatever might further cast a true light on the study of him whose burial in the great Abbey was the ultimate record of the finding of the verdict that Robert Browning was not only of the great poets of England, but of the greatest.

The second kind of biography depends mostly on sources open to all students of its subject, sources which will still be open when there is no one left who, not once only, but many and many a time, saw the man plain, and whom he stopped to speak with so often. Of this kind is the fine piece of biography and criticism which came from Professor Dowden's pen six years ago: a book written when there had been given to the public large collections of letters, of which Mrs. Orr had the use only of a few, still in the manuscript state. Needless to say, these letters have been used with a discretion as fine as the whole matter and manner of the biography. The existence of such a book as this would naturally handicap a later biographer; but a later biographer has come forward who, in addition to the volumes of letters, the love-letters, and those written from Italy by Mrs. Browning, has had access to other sources in the diary of Alfred Domett (Browning's *Waring*), of which we are given several important extracts; and also to a collection of Browning letters, privately printed by Mr. T. J. Wise.[1]

[1] *The Life of Robert Browning*, with Notices of his Writings, his Family, and his Friends. By W. Hall Griffin. Completed and arranged by Harry Christopher Minchin. Methuen & Co., Ltd.

A *Life of Browning* was written very shortly after his death by William Sharp (Fiona Macleod), himself a poet, who, despite the disadvantage he was under of haste and lack of information from quarters where, at so early a time, it would have been indelicate for a stranger to seek it, gave us a book which, if often inaccurate in its minor facts, yet had the glowing interest of the thought of one poet about an older and a greater. Later on came a brilliant little volume of Mr. Chesterton's, showing, as we should expect, a power of insight occasionally dimmed by persistent efforts to see what no one else had seen.

The latest biography of Browning is the work of one whose faith in his subject, and love for that subject, made him feel that no pains were too great to spend thereon; and made it also impossible for any egotism of his own to obtrude itself. It is not a work of genius, unless we allow genius to be, as it has been oddly defined, the power of taking infinite pains. The book is somewhat ponderous both in outward appearance and in its structure and treatment; somewhat too evidently designed to be useful; somewhat overladen with detail; the product of an immense amount of pains spent in collecting materials from various sources and in various ways; yet a book that for many will have a value and interest higher than the value set upon finer work, and the interest taken in it. Professor Griffin's regrettedly early death came when he had collected his materials and written more than half his work; and Mr. Minchin has finished the volume, and given us what he believes his friend to have intended, his aim having been 'not a study of the life of Robert Browning seen through a temperament, but a record based upon a sympathetic review of accepted facts.' If Mr. Minchin's name is not further on mentioned as Professor Griffin's coadjutor to a considerable extent, he will understand that it is not from any overlooking of his share in the work.

The book is uncoloured by anything arising from a personal acquaintance with Browning, but it does give us the poet 'seen through a temperament.' How otherwise could it be? The personal equation will always be with us, and help or hinder not merely according to its value, but according to its amount; and we all see, each of us, through his own temperament, whatever it may be. In this case the temperament is of a very practical kind.

Not only has there been much collecting of whatever facts were to be got at, but Professor Griffin's zeal led him to visit places connected with Browning both in England and abroad. He followed him to Florence, to Asolo, and doubtless to Rome. He visited the various places that had seen the sojourn of Browning and his wife, and took many photographs, some of

which form illustrations to his book. Several people will remember a lantern lecture given by Professor Griffin in the eighties, illustrating the journey of Pompilia and Caponsacchi from Arezzo to Rome, all the photographs having been taken by the lecturer. This topographical method is to many a very helpful thing.

It is well to notice that Professor Griffin's aim in the book he projected and partly accomplished was not to give any 'systematic interpretation' of the poems, 'nor any detailed criticism; but, on the other hand, everything that could be discovered as to their origins, their growth and reception by the public was to be included.' In the mere study of origins there is always a danger of missing the true blank of the eye. It is easy to say, 'Where did you get your bricks? Did you—oh, tell us!—did you make them yourself? And did you make them without straw?' By the way, the making of bricks without such straw as you get in Egypt is not an unimportant piece of work. The real value of arriving at origins and the looking up of originals would appear to be the perception of their bearing on the poet's mental and spiritual development, and the tracing of the power of his genius to transmute as well as to assimilate. The growth of Browning was extraordinarily rapid; he almost leaped into maturity: but development goes on and on, may go on till the very end.

We have had many interpreters of Browning, and where interpretation is of 'imagination penetrative' we are glad of it and grateful for it. Interpretation of the obvious is, of course, an impertinence, and, just as in religion scrupulosity is a slur on God's generosity, so in literature over-explanation is an insult to man's understanding. It is far better to read a poet than to read about him, and to meditate on his words than to study the most lucid and brilliant 'glossa of'—whoever it may be. Let us hearken and listen to his message in whatever shape it comes to us. If the study of others stimulate our own study, if what they know of the poet's message be not taken instead of the direct appeal of that message to ourselves, it is well. Let us hear what others have heard and seen, but let us use our own ears and our own eyes, not being content with the witness of theirs, however clear their hearing, however acute their sight.

Acknowledgment has been often made of the great debt which Browning owed to his father, in having by him been set free to make poetry his profession, as well as in having had access through him to lore such as it has not been given to many to be acquainted with, still less to be steeped in; but it is not so well known that Browning appears to have derived from his father his remarkable method of making various people of various 'sorts and conditions' speak on the same subject, giving the account of it as seen through

their various temperaments, apprehended according to their powers of apprehension, with the helps or drawbacks of circumstance and environment. For each of us sees with the eyes of his mind differently from others, as he sees differently from others with the eyes of his body. In a very interesting paper contributed to the *Girls' Realm* (January 1905) by Miss Alice Corkran, at whose early home the father of Robert Browning was a most frequent and welcome visitor, and who describes him as a most learned and most lovable old man, this is clearly shown. Miss Corkran says:

> One of the characteristics of his father I can trace in Mr. Browning. Episodes of crime had a singular attraction for both. . . . He would also be continually writing imaginary conversations and illustrating them. The illustrations usually consisted of the heads of rustics discussing some event. Each saw it from a different point of view. . . . Sometimes the theme would be that of a crime. . . . All the worthies of the place would be represented telling each other what each thought upon the subject. . . . There was what the butcher thought of it, what the baker thought of it, what the policeman, what the village busybody, &c. &c. . . . I have often thought since that the germ that later developed into his son's great poem *The Ring and the Book* was to be found here. It, too, is the history of a ghastly crime told in different ways by different people.

This, surely, has something to do with those 'origins' which Professor Griffin sets himself to discover.

The early influences on Robert Browning were by far the most powerful. Lover of Italy though he became, and saturated as he was with her art and her aspects of nature, he was intensely English in his thought and in his prejudices, as well as in the manner of his artistic expression. Curiously the poem in which all these things may be most markedly found, *Christmas Eve and Easter Day*, was written in Florence.

Browning never kept a diary, and, as we know, he burned many letters some years before his death. He had a horror of what has become a plague not only in journalism but in literature, that spirit which recognises no bounds to that inquisitiveness which is the sin of excess in relation to wholesome interest, and no barrier against its intrusion. He had suffered intensely in receiving letters from strangers actually requesting his wife's autograph —a class of letter which he always thrust unanswered into the fire. He had more even than such requests to try him in this special direction—attempts at the publication of private letters of hers, as well as at the reprinting of her early work. For her he was far more sensitive than for himself.

The great incident in Browning's life as a man, an incident not without large importance in his life as a poet also, was the meeting with Elizabeth Barrett Barrett, at first mind to mind and

then face to face, with all that followed of courtship, marriage and the wedded life of fifteen years. The story is one of the great and wonderful stories in English literature.

There is a passage in one of Elizabeth Barrett's letters to Horne[1] in which she tells how once, 'making an ungenerous inference from the fact of pain being connected with the affections,' she had observed that 'she 'would refuse to know anybody, man, woman or child, whom' she 'was likely to love and be loved by intensely.' The friend to whom she spoke saw differently, and saw rightly, as Miss Barrett felt at once. Is it too far-fetched a suggestion that this feeling working on an instinctive recognition of what might one day come of it helped to make her delay the inevitable meeting with Robert Browning?

We have been allowed to know more of the love-story than could have been possible before the publication of the letters which passed between this man and woman; and it is quite open to ask whether it were well that such a source of information as these love-letters contain should have been opened up to the world at large. It has been said that the reasons which would have justified the withholding of them from the public would also have justified the withholding of the sonnets which the little 'Portuguese' Catarina wrote to her English Camoens. But sonnets and love-letters do not rank together; the very form of poetry is a kind of veil, and we do not feel that these priceless sonnets are the less sacred for being among us and with us, to be much loved, and to show us things great and high, which it is good that we should see. The best plea for the publication of the love-letters which I know of is Professor Dowden's, who points out that the feelings expressed in them are never merely private or peculiar:

> It is the common wave of human passion, the common love of man and woman, that here leaps from the depths to the height, and over which ever and anon the iris of beauty appears with—it is true—an unusual intensity. And so in reading the letters we have no sense of prying into secrets; there are no secrets to be discovered; what is most intimate is most common; only here what is most common rises up to its highest point of attainment.

The influence of Mrs. Browning on her husband's poetry may, it has been noticed, be specially seen in the portrait of Pompilia, and most markedly in her passion of motherhood. There are touches more like the woman poet than the man. The passages addressed to his Lyric Love seem to have almost caught the utterance as well as the spirit of his wife.

Browning met his great loss bravely: he disputed it like a man, deeply though he felt it as a man. He took up his doubly parental duty; he went on with his work. And new interests came in a

[1] Vol. i. p. 65.

changed manner of life and through the formation of new ties, the new ones never involving light regard of the older ones. But death loosened many of these, and Browning was the survivor of many of his intimates. Professor Griffin's book purports to tell of Browning's friends, rightly valuing the powerful influence on every life of the friendships which it forms. Some of these friends took part in the work of the Browning Society, which did so much, as the poet knew and acknowledged, to make his poetry better known. The friend who did most in this direction, Mrs. Sutherland Orr, was a member of the Committee, and her *Handbook to Robert Browning's Works* has an added value in having been, of course unofficially, authorised by the poet himself.

Some of us remember how one evening, at a meeting of the Society, a whisper went round that *Waring* was among us. Alfred Domett was one of the Vice-Presidents, and it was a great delight to have his presence, though he did not speak, as we could have wished him to do.

Among the friends of Browning's youth and early manhood of whom Professor Griffin gives a little sketch, the two sisters Flower are prominent. As there seems some probability that Eliza Flower was the inspirer of *Pauline*, and as she certainly had a very special place in the affection of the young poet, it may be worth mentioning that some time ago a copy of her annotations to *Sordello* came into my hands, with the comment, 'She was probably better able than we to read between the lines of the poem, and, though her annotations are mostly interjections and scorings, they may put one on tracks.' The edition used was Moxon's of 1841. There is much deep scoring and there are a few comments, mostly short. At p. 50, from the words 'of singing' down to the end, Miss Flower wrote: 'Ah, naughty! why not leave the lovely quotation (the only saying left of Sordello) without besmearing it with your false varnish of conceited fancies?'

It seems hardly necessary, after all these years, to have mentioned the FitzGerald episode. Mrs. Orr had to speak of it because the sonnet had found a mention in a widely circulated bibliography, and she was able to tell us what was then known only to herself and Miss Browning of the regret which Browning had felt when it was too late to withdraw the verses from publication. I have sometimes thought that if FitzGerald had known how, when a certain trunk had gone astray, Mrs. Browning's anxiety had been, not for the manuscript of *Aurora Leigh* which it contained, but for her little son's pretty frocks, he would never have written the passage in his diary, so unfortunately overlooked by his editor.

And what hard lines it is that anyone once known to the public may thenceforth not dare to express himself with freedom and

unreserve even to his intimate friends, and his most intimate friend, himself, in his diary. Must he, like Hamlet, though he may most powerfully and potently believe things, yet hold it not honesty to have them thus set down? After all, it is not by any means always the setting down of things we powerfully and potently believe that paves the way to mischief, but the setting down of random things that strike us for the moment, and are henceforth lost to sight and to memory as well.

Professor Griffin is in error when, after saying that Browning 'was helping his new friend, John Forster, to complete his prose *Life of Strafford*,' he adds, in a note, '. . . none the less the completed work is Forster's, not Browning's.'

The completed work is certainly not Forster's, as I can testify on the word of Mr. Browning himself. When I was editing *Strafford* in 1883-4, I had a letter from Browning, in which he told me that, as Forster was in a bad state of health when about to write his *Life of Strafford* for Gardiner, he had asked Forster to give him the materials he had collected, and had himself used them for the *Life*. As Mr. Browning used the expression to me, 'I am in your hands,' I understood him to mean that he would prefer my not making the matter public, and showed his letter to no one but Professor Gardiner before I, probably quixotically, destroyed it. I am not sure that Forster wrote any of the *Life*; if he did, it must have been very little. Seven years later, after Browning's death, Dr. Furnivall wrote in the *Pall Mall Gazette* (April 1890) the story of the writing of the *Life of Strafford* which he had heard from Browning.

The desire to know what manner of man is addressing an audience is strong enough to make many attempt to find him in his every utterance. Mr. Browning felt a strong objection to being read into his work, and we may say, on the other hand, that it is not fair to a poet to have his work read into him. Why should it be taken for granted that the quality of his strength is active because the strength in his song is not of the passive kind; or that he is a fighter because his work has often the clash of swords and the sound of the shivering of lances? Has anyone a right to assert the personal element in any poem in which its author has not acknowledged it? Has anyone a right to ask for that acknowledgment? Let a poet walk freely in the land that he breathes in; and be it remembered that his utterance is influenced, not merely by the fact of being a poet, but by the very nature of the material in which he works; and also that all personality in a poet tends towards the use of a dramatic or semi-dramatic element, which is a disguise, whether so considered or not.

Browning himself fell into the error of identifying the poet with the man in the case of Shelley, for whom, in his early days, his

admiration and enthusiasm was expressed in verse strong and beautiful; and, in his full manhood, no less clearly, in the prose essay on the (pseudo) Shelley letters. But later on, when obliged to recognise certain facts in Shelley's life as true, his affection for the man who in his work had seemed to him so different from the man now revealed to him—revealed in one special way, it should be said—his affectionate reverence could not endure the shock, and he found it impossible to accept the Presidency of the Shelley Society.

But, though on the witness of unimpeachable authority we are not to look upon Browning as the incarnation of massive strength and unbending will; though we accept him as a fighter in theory rather than in practice, it must not be supposed for a moment that he held any principles which would have stultified the teaching of his that makes for righteousness. Once, when someone in his presence asserted the right of genius to transgress what is loosely called moral law, he quickly exclaimed: 'That is an error! *Noblesse oblige.*' What we have to think of him is that he had a great message to deliver, and that he delivered it, sometimes, it may be, with a rough voice or in a strange and difficult speech; sometimes blowing through brass; sometimes, seldomer, breathing through silver.

The religious belief of Robert Browning has been the subject of much discussion. What appears to be universally accepted is that he held not merely the existence of God, but His existence with the attributes of justice, power, and love: God who suffers man to learn through his mistakes; God who dowers man with imperfection that he may desire perfection; who grants him immortality, and one day will restore all things, having used evil as a necessary factor in the scheme of good. The one occasion on which Browning broke through a custom rigidly observed, surmounting for the time the force of his intense dislike to public speaking, was when he stood up in Hyde Park and answered an atheist speaker who was attacking belief which to Browning always seemed an obvious thing, yet bedded in an instinct deeper and truer than any proofs, the belief in immortality. This occurred soon after he came to London, the year of his wife's death. It was Miss Anna Swanwick who told me this, and I gathered that it was the horror of the thought of no immortality for her, the realising of what the cessation of life with the death of the body would mean in connexion with her, that drove him and forced him into the public assertion of his faith. He felt he *must* speak.

It is about Browning's attitude to Christianity that the difference of opinion comes in, some considering him a distinctively Christian poet and teacher, while others think of him as one who, recognising the supreme beauty of Christianity as a revelation of

God, yet does not for himself hold it as the faith of faiths. As the word 'Christianity' is used with various shades of meaning, I may say that it is here used in the absolute sense of belief in Jesus Christ as God and Man.

Browning's old friend, Alfred Domett, relates in his diary—that valuable 'find' of Professor Griffin's—how, when he expressed surprise to the poet at his having, in *Fifine* and *La Saisiaz*, attacked Byron's assertion that the human soul was nothing in comparison to the ocean, Browning said he protested against it as a Christian. 'I never heard him, I think,' writes Domett, 'avow his Christianity distinctly in his own person, except on this occasion.' It will be noted that this clearly implies that Domett looked on him as a distinct avower of Christianity in his writings.

Against this we have to set the statement by Robert Buchanan in the Letter Dedicatory to the *Outcast*, which is quoted at p. 296 of Griffin's *Life*:

> 'I well remember [says Buchanan] the amazement and concern of the late Mr. Browning when I informed him on one occasion that he was an advocate of Christian theology, nay, an essentially Christian teacher and preacher. . . . . I hereby affirm and attest that [he] regarded that expression of opinion as an impeachment and a slight. I therefore put the question categorically, "Are you not, then, a Christian?" He immediately thundered, "No!"'

The data which Professor Griffin brings forward on which to found the belief in Browning's Christianity mostly appear lacking in real importance.

That he was brought up a Christian, for instance, could not prove that he remained so. Voltaire was also brought up a Christian; Gibbon likewise, and many another who, later on, threw down the old standard. Neither is there proof in the fact that *Pauline* contains a passionate address to Christ, that address being carefully read and thought over. That Browning makes nowhere an attack on Christianity is no evidence whatever that he accepted it.

'*Christmas Eve and Easter Day*,' says Professor Griffin, 'is, in its general drift, a defence of the reformed faith.' The argument from this poem, or rather pair of poems, would have been stronger had it been differently put, for we do find here the expression of belief in Christ as God: the poet shows that the Spirit of Christ is manifested in worship under various forms, and we gather that his own taste leans to the simplest of these. The fact is instanced that 'in the introduction to the Shelley letters he describes Christ as "a Divine Being."' But there are those who say they hold Him Divine who yet deny His Deity. There is better evidence than any which is given in this book that

Browning, if a Theist in his later life, as we are bound to believe on evidence unquestionable, at one period at least had the vision of the central truth of Christianity, the Incarnation of God: better evidence than his frequent attendance at religious services of various kinds (when he was away from home) which is here laid stress on; better evidence than what Professor Griffin's book gives as something which he clearly thinks most convincing, the letter to a lady who, believing herself to be dying, had written to Browning to thank him for the help his poems had been to her, especially *Rabbi Ben Ezra* and *Abt Vogler*, and to express her gladness that one so greatly gifted with genius should hold the great truths of religion. In this letter he congratulates the lady on having passed the probation of life, and summing up its experience in a witness to the power and love of God. He sees, he tells her, ever *more* reason to hold by the same hope. He wishes for her sake that he 'had so much of "genius" as to permit the testimony of an especially privileged insight to come in aid of the ordinary argument.' He himself has been aware of the communication of something more subtle than a ratiocinative process when the convictions of genius have thrilled his soul to its depths, as when Napoleon, shutting up the New Testament, said of Christ: 'Do you know that I am an understander of men? Well, He was no man!' He quotes also the story of Charles Lamb's words as to the greatest of the dead suddenly appearing in flesh and blood, when he said that 'if Shakespeare entered, we should all rise; if *He* appeared we must kneel.'

'The convictions of genius' may thrill the soul to its depths and yet that soul may remain unconvinced; and in this letter Browning certainly does not record his own conviction.

The poems on which, as I think, the belief may be grounded that Browning at one period of his life had the vision and insight of the Christian, were published within the space of fourteen years; all of them but one during his married life, and that one within three years after the death of his wife. I think this fact implies that at that time it was easier for him to accept the belief, and that in her he found help in this direction. The poems are: *Christmas Eve and Easter Day*, 1850; *Cleon*, 1855; *An Epistle (Karshish)*, 1855; *Holy Cross Day*, 1855; *Saul* (Part II.), 1855; *A Death in the Desert*, 1864. I leave out *Bishop Blougram* and *The Ring and the Book* for reasons which are obvious.

In *Holy Cross Day* we have the wonderful passing from the grotesque protest against the cruelty of the persecutors who are tricked and deceived by the 'conversions' of their coarse-tongued, bitter-hearted victims into the solemn death-chaunt of *Rabbi Ben Ezra*, with its message of hope and its appeal to Him who may, indeed, have been their long-looked-for Messiah, to whom a throne

was owed and a cross was given. In *Karshish* and *Cleon* we have depicted for us the intense, terrible longing to accept belief; but it is in the great confession of David in *Saul* that the clearest evidence is to be found. See how Christ is there proclaimed God. See how the man, weak and small in comparison with his Creator, a creature who acknowledges 'the submission of man's nothing-perfect to God's all-complete,' yet great in love, feels that here at least he might o'ertake God's own speed in that one way, throws down that presumption, realising that if he had the will and the power to bestow on Saul the marvellous dower of such plenitude of life as God had given him, such a soul, such a body, and such an earth for the insphering of these glorious things, he would have gone on to give the one more thing, the best, the restitution of all, the intensified bliss, won through the pain-throb, and the next world's reward and repose, by the struggles in this.

And, saved from the despair that the impuissance of the human will might have brought; the agony of impotence to fulfil the desire of love; saved by the knowledge that it is 'not what man does which exalts him, but what man would do,' he realises that all his own will to help, all his own desire for his friend's salvation, and his passionate will to suffer for him whom he loves is just the way of revelation to him of the supreme love of the Creator, a love that fills infinitude wholly, nor leaves up nor down one spot for the creature to stand in. Salvation joins issue with death by no mere breath, turn of eye, or wave of hand; there must be the going down into those depths of suffering which only One has ever fathomed; the strongest shall stand the most weak. So it is that David seeks his flesh in the Godhead, seeks and finds it:

> O Saul, it shall be
> A Face like my face that receives thee; a Man like to me
> Thou shalt love and be loved by, for ever; a Hand like this hand
> Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee! See the Christ stand!

If this is not definite Christianity, what is? Are we to suppose that it is here a purely dramatic thing? or may we not believe that at least then something more than admiration, something greater than sympathy, something higher than understanding, came to the poet? and that his was not the voice of the musical instrument through which Heaven breathed its message, but the voice of the seer, the prophet, the man to whom it was given to see the truth and to proclaim it?

Professor Griffin makes a valuable suggestion that, as Browning did not hold 'the doctrine which makes a system of rewards and punishments the sole motive to right living,' and attacks repeatedly 'the idea of vindictive punishment in another world,' 'if Buchanan chose to put this doctrine in the forefront of

Christianity, Browning very probably lost his temper and asserted that if *that* were Christianity he was no Christian.'

As Browning has so largely used the Catholic Church as a setting for his work, it may be worth while to inquire what his attitude towards it was. Mr. Chesterton finds in his work 'something like a subconscious hostility to the Roman Church, or at least a less full comprehension of the grandeur of the Latin religious civilisation than might have been expected of a man of Browning's great imaginative tolerance.'[3]

We have in *Christmas Eve* an attack which might have proceeded from the pulpit of the chapel which the poet had first visited: an attack full of the prejudice of Nonconformity; and we have in *Bishop Blougram* the presentment of a half-sceptical man of the world as a typical prince of the Catholic Church.[4] But two words in a letter written to Miss Barrett in the early days of his correspondence with her seem to me to throw a considerable light on this subject. He says: 'I don't think I shall let *you* hear, after all, the savage things about Popes and *imaginative religions* that I must say.' I italicise the two words I mean. Despite Miss Barrett's calling him 'the king of mystics,' Browning was no mystic, and could not, naturally, feel sympathy with what he called 'imaginative religions': he could not even do them anything like justice: and the Catholic Church would have seemed to him to have the very essence of what he hated uncomprehendingly and strongly. What has been said above as to the unmystical quality of Browning's mind would be justified if only from the words in *Transcendentalism* about 'German Boehme,' in which he shows a Philistinism as brave as that of the annotator of the latest edition of his *Poems*, who describes Boehme as 'a mystical writer who turned William Law's head.'

The Ring and the Book lays its scene entirely in a Catholic country, and its characters—good, bad and indifferent—belong to the Catholic Church. Here we find the strongest proof that our great poet, broad-minded in various directions, lofty of purpose, desiring justice and working for it, simply shared the widespread ignorance which Catholics have almost hopelessly to contend with. It is ignorance that is the mother of so many inventions with regard to their faith. The two chief instances of this ignorance

[3] *Robert Browning*, p. 114

[4] Browning admitted to Gavan Duffy that the picture was intended to suggest Cardinal Wiseman. Professor Griffin suggests that the Cardinal did not feel any resentment, as his article in the *Rambler* on the poem 'is quite good-natured.' But why should the Cardinal have been supposed to know it was meant for him, even though, had he known, he might have been quite above noticing it? A man does not necessarily see his own likeness in a lay figure dressed in his official gear.

are in the Pope's speech and in the treatment of the relation between Giuseppe Caponsacchi and Pompilia Franceschini.

It cannot be disputed that Browning's Pope Innocent is a noble and beautiful character; nor that he magnificently sets forth the grandeur of that justice which, being love itself, must strike to save. But so rooted in Browning's mind is the theory of the absolute necessity of doubt in order to attain thereby to faith, that, evidently with no sense of incongruity, no thought of unfitness, he puts into the mouth of him who stands in the very forefront of 'the dreadful van' what might characteristically have been said by a Broad Church thinker, but never by the Head of Christendom.

Again, the endings of the speeches of Pompilia and Caponsacchi are absolutely un-Catholic. It is in each case a frank confession of love: in Caponsacchi's case wrung from him by sheer human agony, told of in words that pierce like a sword; in Pompilia's made in the face of fast-approaching death—a confession that each has loved the other with a love great and mighty. It is impossible to a non-Catholic mind to conceive how the contact with Pompilia as her saviour-knight as well as her disciple in perfect purity might have opened out to Caponsacchi the glory of his own consecrated life, and bidden him dwell therein; not given him to cry out in his desolate anguish upon the loss of the comfort and consolation of wedded life. To Pompilia, also, might have been given to make a revelation higher than hers who called him lover of her soul as well as soldier-saint.

Of the absolute purity of Browning's conception of the relation of these two there can be no doubt, any more than of the radiant pathos and mournful loveliness of its confession. But it is to the core un-Catholic; and, as far as the spirit of the thing goes, Caponsacchi might have been a Protestant clergyman redeemed from worldliness, and lifted to the glorious heights of courage and self-sacrifice and chastity by his contact with that lovely soul in that lovely body, bound and fettered, never to be loosed on earth.

Did Browning ever know more of Catholics than was involved in meeting Cardinal Manning at public dinners, and being dosed after a month of sore throat with beaten-up eggs and port wine by Father Prout?

I have not dwelt on Browning's antagonism to Catholicism expressed or implied, but have rather wished to show his inability to realise a Catholic atmosphere. He sees only with the eyes of a stranger, and, whatever utterances he may give to his Catholic *dramatis personae*, are not the utterances of one who, like Chaucer and Shakespeare, knows all and understands all.

It will assuredly be by his work from its beginning up to the

publication of *The Ring and the Book* that Browning will be known, loved and reverenced. This does not imply that he gave us nothing worthful after that. He certainly did. The three ballads, *Hervé Riel*, *Mulékeh*, and *Pheidippides* would make a name for any poet; and there are other things in his later work, more than a few, which are surely well worthy of a great reputation. Yet before that time he had given us his best, and by that best we judge him, and by that best he stands. There have been, and no doubt are, those in whom an early aspiration of his has been fulfilled, he being to them *the* poet.

Is there anywhere so glorious a mass of love-poetry? And does not that love-poetry gain its touch of splendid distinctiveness in a great measure from his attitude to women? That attitude to women in his poetry is interesting were it only that it differs from the ordinary one. With him women were comrades, equals, beings just as capable of taking care of themselves as men, and not needing to be taken care of. Do we not, at any rate, need the assertion of what some women at least feel—that there is for man and woman alike the need to recognise the force of what may be called the chivalric instinct : the feeling of delight as well as duty in the abandonment of a vantage-ground ; the feeling that forbids a man to take advantage of his strength or of his training ; and forbids a woman to stand upon her gifts, her position, and, most of all, upon her sex?

Here, too, is grand dramatic work ; plays which, whether suitable for acting on an ordinary stage or not, are full of great spiritual movement, high passion, lofty aspiration. The dramatic quality—the quality of movement, of whatever kind that movement be—runs right through by far the greater part of his work, through all the choice beauty and flower of it ; and this connects itself with his quality, his essential quality, as I believe, of assertions, for he is indeed a poet of affirmatives : this affirmation will be found everywhere, under even his occasional sophistry as well as under his most direct speech. We read him over and over again with a sense of that inexhaustiveness which is the mark of the kings among the poets. Something in men comes forth at the call of poets like this—something that meets and greets, loves and pays high homage. Not all of his thought has gone through the furnace ; not all of his work catches all the light that a further cutting and polishing would have caused it to catch and throw out from manifold facets : yet has any one poet since Shakespeare given us what Browning has given?

The argumentative pieces are not fairly to be called poems, though they contain here and there grand seams of poetry. To change the metaphor, we have now and then the upspringing of the very spirit of poetry itself, purple-winged and lucent of vesture,

in lines a-throb with lyrical emotion, as in the never-to-be-too frequently quoted—

> how can we guard our unbelief,
> Make it bear fruit to us?—the problem here.
> Just where we're safest, there's a sunset-touch
> A fancy from a flower-bell, some one's death,
> A chorus-ending from Euripides,—

These pieces are immensely clever—in *Bishop Blougram's Apology* the very name *Gigadibs* is in itself a biting satire as well as a clever one—and this very cleverness militates against the rightness of classing them as poems. For assuredly when cleverness comes in at the door poetry flies out at the window, and in work like this we have a good deal of mere 'speaking across the chords.' Their value is by no means denied, but it is for the most part the kind of value that has led some people to look on Browning rather as a thinker masquerading in verse than as what he certainly was—pre-eminently a poet. Theirs is not the value of poetry, and they must be judged by a different standard from that which we apply to the greater part of Browning's work.

What do we owe to Browning? How can we tell? For we may not measure our debt to one so eminent among those high singers whose mission is to quicken and uplift; to lend force to aspiration; to be more than seers, even 'makers see'; seers and makers see of high and glorious things, and likewise of things deep and terrible; and this not only by speech direct, but by the power of infinite suggestion, so vast, so noble, so dreadful, so love-worthy a gift from the spirit of man to the spirit of man.

EMILY HICKEY.

NOTE.—Professor Griffin reprints from the *Monthly Review*, in the form of an appendix, a very interesting paper on the Franceschini Trial, translated by him from an Italian manuscript, for the discovery of which he says he is indebted to the librarian of the Royal Casanatense Library in Rome. He considers it 'the best prose account of the whole case which is known to exist.' He also reprints some short poems not included in any edition of Browning's works. It is difficult to see why the Essay on Shelley, so valuable if only because we can here feel that Browning speaks to us in his own person and gives us his own theory of the mission of the poet, has not been included in even the latest edition of the 'Poetical Works,' the title which the poems now appear under. Let us hope that one day it may be accessible to the general reader. Browning speaks there not with the voice of his youth or of his age, but of his maturity.

THE CREED OF OUR CHILDREN

CHANGES pass over us without our perceiving them. It is only when we look back and take stock of our recollections of fifty years ago, and our knowledge of to-day, that we are aware of vast spaces between. And one of the most striking of all changes is the disappearance of a certain class of parent, criticised and lessening even then, but well remembered by many who are parents themselves now. They were good, conscientious men; they were devoted, pious women; but they had not the faintest scruple in trying to crush a child's will—in forcing him to see as they saw, and to accept blindly what they accepted. For it was often in the name of religion that they tried to possess their child body and soul, acting as if they were omnipotent and his only duty submission.

An extreme instance of the type is given in Edmund Gosse's account of his childhood in *Father and Son*. No one who has read can ever forget the picture of a child 'harried' (it is the only word I can use) into the profession of a religion he could only dimly understand. The loving, fanatical father was 'in a hurry to see him become a shining light!' And the means he employed! The long prayers over the poor little sufferer from bad dreams, whose interrupting scream at the appearance of a beetle was treated as a serious offence against a jealous God! The public baptism at ten years, after which every small fault was a stumbling-block to all believers; the exhortation to the tiny Christian to 'testify in season and out of season,' which left no moment for lightheartedness—it all seems incredible now. And yet, though it was an extreme case, and the father an exceptional man, the older generation are bound to admit that the tendency was general enough.

'My Daisy shall be a Jew if I like!' remarks the unconverted mother in one of the 'Daisy' books (an unhealthy American series, nowhere to be seen to-day), when she punishes her child for refusing to sing a week-day song on Sunday. The Christian parent of those days did not say, 'My child shall be a Christian after my pattern.' That was against the rules. But they too

often brought a far stronger influence than force to bear when they appealed to affection or reproached the tender conscience. And they did not slacken the rein as the child grew up. Till he quitted their house for good there was no escape for the son, save absolute painful rebellion or outward profession at least of the family faith. For the daughter there was never any way out but marriage.

Louis Stevenson's early manhood was darkened by a cloud between him and his dearly beloved and loving father and mother; they would not allow that he had any right to think or decide for himself, or rather, they were deeply hurt that he should *want* to decide questions on which they were quite satisfied. Well, it is a danger of the past. Whatever errors we embrace, that will not be one of them. We have a morbid terror of interfering with a child's individuality now. We realise that our children are different persons from ourselves, and that we can only *show* them what we conceive to be good, and leave them finally to choose for themselves. We know that it is not fair to say to the boy or girl beginning to find crude beliefs of their own, 'Because you love me, accept my belief.' For now we do not think that ours are the only and infallible forms of faith, however devoted we may be to them. We should dismiss a nursemaid on the spot, for instance, for terrifying a child with tales of hell, which was once a solemn threat of parents to mere babies. The Fairchild family dates back to our grandmothers, but even the gentle Charlotte Yonge makes one of her girl heroines in the *Deferred Confirmation* cry, 'Oh, how terrible it would have been if I had died in the meantime,' *i.e.* in the time during which she had wilfully put away the thoughts of Confirmation. Whatever we may think about hell ourselves (and most of us explain it away in one fashion or another), we do not consider it milk for babes.

The truth is, the responsibility of religious instruction lies heavily on many nowadays. As long as they can accept all the doctrines of their Church, of course, there is no difficulty. The happiest families are those who grow up with no shadow of doubt that their Church satisfies reason and the needs of human nature. The little ones learn their Catechism and the Creed their father and mother believe. And the latter are at rest, knowing they are handing on the best thing they possess. Force and fear are left out of the scheme altogether, and later, when the young brains meet 'obstinate questionings' for themselves, they are left in peace to settle them. They may even discard all that has been so patiently taught them, but it does not mean bitterness and reproach from their nearest and dearest, as it once did. They are free, and they have no idea how dearly others before them paid for their freedom.

But there are some parents who cannot enjoy this state of security, however much they would like to; some who are conscious of living in a transition period, of having left, or partially left, their old allegiance, and having nothing very definite to put in its place. And these are often terribly puzzled what to do with their children in the early, yet so important, years.

They are a bigger class than the orthodox or the Freethinkers would be willing to believe, and they are increasing in numbers rapidly; what is more, they represent the most thoughtful and conscientious of the community. One side calls them 'coward' because they will not advance farther, the other calls them 'traitor' because they have gone so far. And in moments of depression they will call themselves both 'coward' and 'traitor.' But it does not help them with their problem. What are they to teach their children when they are not quite sure what they believe themselves?

You see the unfortunate thing is, you have to begin teaching before the age of reason. Baby translates all your vague generalities into concrete things. You say 'God,' and he thinks of someone like his father; and 'goodness' means not spilling your milk, and going to bed without crying. It is difficult to translate abstract things into baby-language at any time, and when you are not very definite yourself it seems impossible.

I know one family where the children are not to be taught anything till they reach the age of twelve or so. Then everything is to be explained properly to them. It sounds a plausible solution, only unhappily it is not a solution at all. You can't shut up part of a child's mind like an empty room in a house till you choose to put in furniture. Nature abhors a vacuum; if you don't fill it, it will fill itself—possibly with superstition less desirable than the dogmas you were trying to avoid; or else the walls will grow together so that there is no room for anything ever to enter there, and you have deliberately made the child a materialist. But most probably broken scraps of beliefs, picked up unconsciously here and there, will remain to puzzle and confuse for years, more persistent than all your explanations. It has so frequently been a dream of man's to shut up a child and see what would happen later. There was that ancient child Herodotus tells of—shut off from mankind in order to see which language Nature would teach it. I will be bound it never talked any language as fluently as its fellows when the seclusion was over.

Another way of shunting responsibility is to leave the religious education to nurses and paid teachers—a course which may sometimes have unexpected results. One young daughter confessed to me that for years she thought her parents were atheists, if not something worse, because no word of religion ever crossed their

lips. That they were restraining themselves for the highest motives, fearing to cloud their children's sky with their own doubts, was not likely to suggest itself; while it never seemed to occur to them that they had abandoned their child to ignorant and prejudiced teaching first, and afterwards to pure chance. It was a sure way to make your children strangers to you. Yet that was not their idea.

There remain the others, who honestly face the problem and try to meet it. And a dozen questions spring up at once to trouble them. Shall the child be told Bible stories? And what will you answer to this inevitable question, 'Is it true?' Shall he be taken to church? And if so, how shall you comment on what he hears? Shall he be taught to say prayers? What shall we teach him to ask, and how shall we teach him about expecting an answer?

I am excluding atheists, of course. They are as sure about what they do not believe as the orthodox are sure what they do. I am speaking of the hesitating, who cannot believe all they were taught, and who are trying to be as honest as they can about it. They are often members of a Church, though in their heart they only accept a few of its doctrines, and those in the widest sense. They remain members partly because they want some expression of faith, and do not know where to find a better; partly from tradition and because their people belong to that Church.

At first sight there seem only two alternatives, from either of which a thoughtful parent will shrink. One is to bring the child up as if you believed everything you used to believe; to teach him the Creed you no longer subscribe to, the Catechism that no longer seems to you in accord with reason, the prayers that you no longer pray yourself. So you will avoid breaking with your Church or offending your relations; so you will satisfy the questioning heart. But only for a very little while.

It is not alone that we have no right to sacrifice a separate soul to our traditions, or teach him what we do not believe because it would so hurt his grandmother's feelings, say, if he were not brought up in the way she thinks he should go. But we are also sacrificing our own honesty and self-respect, and deliberately choosing to act a hypocrite's part with our little ones. I do not envy any parent who chooses this alternative when the inevitable hour comes, and the clear, young eyes discover that those they trusted deceived them. Be very sure that if you have not injured the spiritual nature permanently, you have at least made it impossible that your child should ever seek comfort or counsel from you again!

On the other hand, you may boldly break off with all the old ties, and leave the Church altogether. In that case your plan will

probably be to teach him general truths alone, avoiding the particular instance about which you are doubtful. You will tell him Bible stories either not at all or at least not separate from other stories, from history or fables and fairy tales. Prayers, you will explain to him, if you mention the subject at all, are only ardent wishes. And the idea of a definite creed will never be allowed to enter his mind.

So you will try to satisfy your own intellectual honesty. But you will never satisfy your child. And it is a question if you will not injure him as much this way as the other. The little mind craves for definiteness, beliefs, and rules and precepts. It cannot grasp your general ideas, and starves amid your teachings. That is one objection. Another is that you will effectually separate him from the little cousins who are his playfellows, from the children he goes to school with, from the aunts and uncles and grandparents who have all something they might give him. You leave him spiritually alone.

There is an Arab proverb that runs: 'Never say all you mean, for he who says all he means often says more than he means.' And this is most true of professions of faith. Your meaning will not be understood. People will imagine you are an atheist, and that your child is being trained to be another. And the influence of what people think is stronger on a growing intelligence than many realise.

It is a question each family must solve for itself. And yet I should like to make a suggestion that has comfort in it for the anxious. Every dogma, every creed, every form has an underlying meaning of deep spiritual truth. Miracles, prayers, Bible narratives—whatever may especially trouble you—are true in the highest sense, though we may not be able to believe them as they actually stand. Every Church is founded on truth, though literally its teachings may seem to you false conclusions.

You may use the forms it affords you, then, as long as you hold in mind the sense in which its dogmas are true, insisting on it more and more as your child grows in years and understanding. At first the outward facts will satisfy him, but by degrees your intentions will become plain, till the form falls away lifeless and only the spiritual meaning is left. You may with a clear conscience answer 'Yes' when babies ask, as they always do, 'Is it true?' And yet, when they grow up to understand you, they will not reproach you with hypocrisy. You are giving them, not a curtailed faith joining the others, but with reservations, but a wider religion that shall embrace all others and make them understandable. It is compromise, of course. But compromise is often nearer truth than extreme views. A great humility, an eternal effort to keep sight of the inner side: these must be your weapons.

Too often all the religious teaching is left to the mother—a most unfair shelving of the responsibility. She has the children most with her, of course, and she is the authority within call for nursery disputes. But the child, girl or boy, has a claim that is not satisfied by a one-sided fulfilment.

A woman's fault is often morbid anxiety, a man's casualness and procrastination. But together mother and father should consult what is best to be taught to the child, who is, after all, the child of both. And it is *most true* that it is not so much *what* you teach as *how*, that really matters. If you put the best of yourselves into teaching whatever is truest in your eyes, there is little fear you will ultimately wrong your child.

JEAN H. BELL (*J. H. Macnair*).

THE PLACE OF CLASSICS IN SECONDARY EDUCATION

A REPLY

I SYMPATHISE deeply with Sisyphus. I cannot rival that great man in his muscular development; his pluck I can only admire at a far distance: but in a small way I too have my stone, which I roll up the slopes of this or that mountain, perhaps I ought to say rather something like the Gogmagog Hills; and when I think that at last it is safely lodged at the top, I rub my eyes, for, lo and behold! it lies at the bottom again.

Mr. Benson is the *deus ex machina*—I think it must be an aeroplane—who gives my stone a gentle push downwards. The last slope I tackled was the *Cornhill*: now the aeroplane has whisked him away to the sublime pinnacles of the *Nineteenth Century*. The worst of it is he never seems to see my poor pebble; it is all done, as it were, in his stride, or shall I say, in his whizz. May I venture once more to obtrude it upon his notice?

But I must recall my soaring metaphor: I am at the bottom of the hill, in the land of plain facts. Then let me bring to the consideration of the plain folks who dwell there some matters hardly visible from the aeroplane.

Classical education is my stone: a precious stone, I am old-fashioned enough to believe, if it be but small and dwindling every day. This new world, with its books and journals, its facilities of communication and of public nuisance, its telegraph, telephone and gramophone, its appalling juxtaposition of human beings who meet at sixty miles an hour and produce a resultant of splinters, is apt to drown in its din the still small voice of the mind. Yet even so, amidst all these machines, man is still there; not yet a machine, and he never will be. His nature is ever the same, acted upon by the same motives, torn by the same passions, fired by the same aspirations, yet each man with some strange and mysterious difference which makes him what he is. Machines are nothing without men, after all; and the proper study of mankind, after all, is man, whatever machines he may add to it.

And the classical student comes in close contact with big men and big thoughts: with the greatest intellects of the world, with all the deep moral problems that meet us to-day, with all the political experiments that are now being tried, some of them foredoomed to failure, some of them fruitful still. He sees these things isolated from all that can disturb his judgment, and if there is any root of truth in him, from these he can draw safe lessons. He sees the springs of human nature laid bare, in complete sincerity, without the veneer of the modern world: the insight of poet and philosopher may serve him still. He can learn to delight in beauty, to see that without restraint and order beauty cannot be. He can see the beginnings of discovery, that candour and love of truth which is stamped upon the very words of the Greek language, piercing its way to principles which have never yet been superseded. He learns to know the intellectual mother of mankind, without whom we should all be barbarians.

But a Marconi message from the aeroplane warns us that this is the privilege of the few. I hear the howl of the machinists, which the aeroplane is too high to hear, crying that what only the few can enjoy should be enjoyed by none, in a true democracy: minorities must suffer. But while they are maturing their plans, we have leisure to think that what the select few can enjoy may be really worth having; that it would really be a public benefit if these few could be made more, could be made many; if the machinists had some of it, they would be none the worse, and they cannot always be making machines. Even in this infinitely greater Renaissance, awakened to the importance of evidence (which those poor Greeks and Romans knew nothing of), there may be a corner for poetry and beauty; and this corner must be occupied while the mind is young.

It is true that none of these things come from the current system of classical education. What Mr. Benson says of his experience is mine also, and it is the experience of hundreds of men, who tolerate it, either because it is their living, or because they have never known anything else, or because they fear worse things from some other sort of education. Oddly enough, the machines are to blame for this: they have affected schools, and there never was a system more mechanical, outside China, than the school system of England is to-day. But Mr. Benson must pardon me if I deny his assumptions. It seems to me that he would admit, as most would, that true classical education is worth having if it can be had; but he assumes that for those who get it, the cost in time is too dear, and that the average schoolboy cannot get it at all.

Now those who hold these views have not seen the cause why

classical education has failed. So far from needing the whole of an average boy's time and thought, the excessive time (for I will not say thought) given to it has been a cause of failure. When less time is given, better results follow. Then, if the conditions otherwise are what they should be, it will be found that the average boy is capable of classical education.

Because public schools offer open scholarships in classics to boys of thirteen, it is necessary for those who hope to be candidates to learn Latin and Greek for three or four years, or more even, before the age of thirteen. The needs of these candidates fix the work of the preparatory schools; the result is that every boy specialises in these subjects or others from the age of nine or ten, or earlier. French is also forced on them by public opinion, and the result is that hardly any time is given to English, but three foreign languages are studied by boys of eleven or twelve for sixteen hours a week in school, or, counting preparation, for about twenty-eight hours a week, some four-and-a-half hours each day. Now the power of concentrated attention is small in the young, and this kind of thing does them great and permanent harm. Not only do they neglect essential things like English, which Mr. Benson would very properly make them learn: they actually learn less French, Latin, and Greek than they would learn if they gave less time to them. Worse still, their minds are so warped by this that most of them never recover their spring and freshness. When this is carried on to the age of nineteen, for ten years that is, they emerge as Mr. Benson describes them: they have learned to take an interest in nothing—indeed, often to suspect all book-knowledge of dulness and dreariness. They do worse even than that: they do not know the difference between sense and nonsense, and they do not care.

Now it is quite certain that foreign languages must be taken one at a time, and no second must be attempted until the one before is familiar in its elements, quite familiar, to be understood, spoken, and read accurately, readily, and easily. The time necessary between each is also known: it is two years for the average boy (clever boys, of course, need less). Further, it is probable—I am quite assured of it, but as it rests only on our own experiments, I do not wish to say too much—that it is of no use to begin any foreign language before the age of nine, and very little use to begin before ten, since, whenever the pupils begin, they are about on a level at twelve. It follows that we get this scheme: Language A at nine or ten, B at twelve, C at fourteen, D at sixteen. Taking French first, as easier for the young English boy than an ancient language, we get Latin at twelve, Greek at fourteen; at sixteen German is taken, and French dropped as a school subject, since it is now thoroughly well known and can be read for pleasure or use.

As the mind matures and is trained, progress becomes faster, and by sixteen the three first languages are about on the same level, though not quite, because the classical accidence is difficult.

If anyone thinks that a young boy can begin two foreign languages at once, he can easily satisfy himself by beginning, say, Russian and Chinese next holidays. Even with his mature mind, already well trained, he will find it no easy task: and Latin and Greek are quite as strange to boys of ten as Russian and Chinese are to him.

This blunder alone is enough to spoil boys; but it is not alone. They are taught by means of snippets of stupid text and exercise books of inane or nonsensical sentences, which disgust any intelligent mind and weary all. Nothing they learn has the remotest connexion with their life and vivid interests. Here, too, a reform is necessary, and the modern language teachers have shown us what it is. The language must be taught directly, that is, the word or sentence linked directly with the thing or act; and the first exercises must be the description of the pupils' own daily life and the expression of their own thoughts. This at once makes the language real; the attention is easily held, and the learners enjoy their work. They also do it well, and they habitually attain a high standard of correctness. Oral work on this principle has been the salvation of French and German, and it will be the salvation of Latin and Greek. One lesson a day, of forty-five or sixty minutes, is enough to teach thoroughly French, German, Latin, and Greek by the end of the school life. This also leaves time for English, and for an introduction to the subjects that Mr. Benson wants, including machines.

This is not the place to explain details; to show how the parts of the school work may be made to fit into each other, how grammar is to be taught, what use is made of translation. But I hope enough has been said to show that there is another way possible besides the nihilistic way—the way of pessimism and hopelessness. The keen interest of everyone, boys and masters, at each stage must be seen to be believed. The final result is that boys of nineteen can and do enjoy and understand the best literature in a way which is never seen otherwise. The paradox is that they get infinitely more with about one-fourth of the time; but it is true.

One advantage my suggestions have over Mr. Benson's. They have been tried, and his have not. What I have said is not speculation; it is a description, as honest as I can make it, of fact.

And what of the average boy? Poor maligned British schoolboy! Your best friends have so often told you that you are stupid that you have come to believe it. I do not. Many boys there are, of course, in all secondary schools, who have no business

there, who are not capable of a bookish education at all, and ought to be where they could do good service to the world by practical work, such as even the making of machines. But the boy I have in view is the boy who ends his school existence in the fourth or fifth form under present conditions. Of him I can say with a full sense of responsibility that he is spoilt by the folly of his teachers, and that he is capable of profiting in the best way from his classical work.

And now my pebble is once more lodged at the summit of a new hill. What will be its fate? Must Sisyphus again take up his weary labour, or shall he find at last that the fates are not inexorable, and that, *damnatus longi laboris*, he has at last found an end?

W. H. D. ROUSE.

Perse School House, Cambridge

ST. THOMAS AQUINAS AND THE IDEALS OF MODERNISM

In a decree of the University of Heidelberg, dated 1452, the 'Modernists' are forbidden to use contumelious words against the *via antiquorum.* There were then two distinct schools of theology in the Catholic world; but, strange as it may seem, the 'Modernists' (*via modernorum*) were the followers of St. Thomas Aquinas. The school of thought which to-day claims to have the only orthodox philosophy, in the fifteenth century was a new-fangled heresy. The realist doctrines of St. Thomas Aquinas were regarded with suspicion by all who believed the established creed to be the only possible truth. Had Pius the Tenth and the Roman theologians of to-day been living in the fifteenth century they would have been called *moderni.* The assured way of ancient and established tradition was not then the way along which the Papal Encyclical of 1907 would lead the faithful. But now Pius the Tenth writes:

> We will and strictly ordain that scholastic philosophy be made the basis of the sacred sciences. . . . And let it be clearly understood above all things that when We prescribe scholastic philosophy We understand chiefly that which the Angelic Doctor (St. Thomas Aquinas) has bequeathed to us. (*Encyclical* '*Pascendi Gregis*,' Eng. trans. p. 57.)

Among all the comedies played by the Muse of History none surely is finer than this. Of course, it is a common observation that the newest things become old in time. All modernism soon becomes antiquated. But there is greater subtlety in the comedy when a once arrogant Modernism would suppress all further change for the very reasons which were once used against itself. We know the phenomenon in other spheres. They say that the most obstinate Tory is the man who began life as a Radical. And though we should be far from accusing the Roman theologians of ever having been 'advanced,' the same law is at work upon the opinions they now hold. They are but Modernists of the fifteenth century.

It is indeed true that there have been many schools of philosophy, recognised by authority, within the Roman Church.

As an example of permanence in doctrine the Roman Church cannot be accepted by anyone who has happened to read history. The Modernists of 1450 were the excessively orthodox a century before that date. Intellectual life altogether moved more quickly within the Roman Church when the Church lived with the world. Now orthodoxy tends to stagnate. But in the main the questions at issue to-day are not unlike those which have always exercised men interested in Religion. For, indeed, this question of 'Modernism' is not a private quarrel within an æsthetic but rather dilapidated Church. It is one which has a very great importance so long as Religion is deemed worthy of any thought at all. The bad-tempered calling of nicknames and the use of an ancient jargon have done much to obscure the meaning of Modernism. The Modernists themselves, it must be remembered, have had to argue chiefly against theologians. For that reason they have been driven to use theological language: but the vital contention of the Modernists has always been that theology does at least as much harm to Religion as it does good. The question at issue is really as to the nature of what is called Religion. When that is decided, all other disputes as to how one may support and increase Religion may be entered upon; but until we are agreed as to the nature of the subject-matter surely all disputing about it is waste of time. It is the same with the old arguments as to the existence of God. The value of all those arguments must depend upon the idea we have as to the nature of God: and until we are agreed as to the meaning of the word 'God' it is trivial to dispute about His existence.

To some people Religion means inherited beliefs and practices; to others it means individual experience. To some, therefore, authority, to others freedom, seems the vital necessity.

Now, different schools of thought have been regarded as orthodox during the course of Christian history. But the strangeness of the present position in the Church of Rome consists largely in the fact that precisely that school of thought is proclaimed orthodox whose principles are subversive of established tradition. We may suppose that on one side it is maintained that no concession should be made to modern knowledge, and on the other, or Modernist, side it is held that we should harmonise our creed with science and history. It is abundantly clear that Thomas Aquinas, the recognised champion of Pius the Tenth, would be on the Modernist side. For he in his day stood for precisely that harmonising which Pius the Tenth condemns as 'Modernism.' This is not a discovery of yesterday. The ecclesiastical authorities of Thomas's own day recognised him for what he was and condemned him. They knew of the traditional teaching in

Christian schools: they knew also of the false teaching in Arabian schools: and they beheld in Thomas a man who, while professing the best of intentions, was employed in the introduction of Arabian thought into Christian philosophy. The primitive purity of the Christian tradition was being polluted by the new-fangled science. The masters of this new science were not even Christians; and how could their science fail to be affected by the pernicious doctrines of pantheism? We may notice with amusement that 'pantheist' was the most opprobrious name which one could bestow upon an opponent in the thirteenth century. Now the most effective nickname is 'subjectivist.' No one, of course, needs to explain what such names may mean. They sound sufficiently dreadful to warn the simple-minded of an unknown danger.

In March 1277 the Bishop of Paris condemned the Modernist Thomas Aquinas, ranking him with those pernicious apologists who were 'harmonising' Christian tradition and the best knowledge of the day. Some days later the Archbishop of Canterbury pronounced the same condemnation. They were good men, acting according to the recognised methods for preserving a tradition. But the mind of the time was against them, and in a few years the condemned Modernist was the recognised authority on Christian philosophy and theology.

The thirteenth century was a time of freer speculation upon philosophical problems than our own time is. At any rate, men spoke more openly, because, although in theory ecclesiastical authority was all-powerful, in practice it could exercise power only at exceptional times. And as for the Catholic Church, the freedom of speculation permitted on abstract points was very great indeed, so long as speculation did not involve criticism of the organisation and government. Hence it was that Thomas was eventually admitted to be what he had claimed to be—a moderate man, neither hanging back with mere traditionalists nor opposing the whole of the old Christian philosophy as some 'pantheists' did.

But the opposition to Thomas as a Modernist did not cease when he was admitted by the greater number of scholars as an authority. Scotus appealed against his methods and his results as savouring too much of Mahomedanism. In the introduction to his great work Scotus speaks quite plainly. He asserts that non-Christian, even anti-Christian, statements have been adopted and popularised by those who learnt their philosophy from Averroes. He himself, he says, returns to the purer philosophy of Avicebron. That is to say, the rationalism of Thomas the Modernist must be corrected by a return to what we nowadays call Pragmatism. The idea of God, introduced by Thomas, Scotus condemns as non-Christian. The Christian God is to be reached

not by the abstract logic of a rationalist but by the emotional appreciation of the simple-minded.

Then for a while the vagaries of the Historic Muse made Thomas again unorthodox. The recognised philosophy of the Christian world was based upon the hypothesis that science must go its own way and faith again its own way. Reason and revelation were never opposed, because they never met. They dealt with entirely different aspects of experience.

In the fifteenth century an attempt was made to reinstate reasoning. The men who attempted to do this were Thomists. They formed the *via modernorum* of the universities in the early Renaissance. They felt that human experience could not be divided into closed compartments. The idea that the same statement could be false in philosophy and true in theology was given up, and an attempt was made to prove revelation reasonable. The controversies of the Reformation period left the philosophy of religion untouched: and when in the eighteenth century the new Catholicism found the need for a philosophy, a kind of modified Cartesianism was adopted. This or some other attempt at contemporary philosophy continued to be the orthodox basis of Catholic teaching till the days of Leo the Thirteenth. Then a belated Romanticism led the devout back to the imagined golden age of the thirteenth century. Thomas Aquinas was almost the only name of that period which had survived in memory. His work contained a convenient summary of doctrine, and was adopted by the Roman authority as a standard of orthodoxy. Thus, after many vicissitudes, we find his name established by Pius the Tenth as the greatest amongst orthodox thinkers: and he was a Modernist of the thirteenth century. It may be surprising that Thomas should be so misjudged by Pius the Tenth, but we must remember that the theologians of the Roman schools have not yet learnt history. They read Thomas as though the *Summa* had been published yesterday. They do not see its statements in historic perspective. Indeed, they are mediævalists. For in the Middle Ages men could not understand that the habits and beliefs of men had changed many times. In the mediæval manuscripts, for example, we find the Greek and Roman heroes dressed as knights. Historic imagination was wanting, as it still is in Rome. The ghost of a dead empire still haunts the Vatican. Pius the Tenth has but inherited the superstition that Roman authority can deliver beliefs and practices from the moving flood of time. Therefore it is that the philosophy of Thomas Aquinas can be regarded as the unchanging criterion of orthodoxy. It is no longer of the thirteenth or of any century, because it is Roman. It would be ludicrous, were it not pathetic, to see the Papal Canute

bidding the tide of change 'thus far and no farther.' The philosophy of Thomas itself, as now taught in the Jesuit University of Rome, would not be recognised by its reputed author. For even those who deny that present beliefs have any right to be considered inherit unconsciously from the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries as well as from the thirteenth. No man, however Roman, is able to absolve himself from change, and his creed suffers change, even though he may deny it. But by shutting one's eyes to change a greater revolution may be accomplished than could occur if one allowed for change. And in fact it is the Papal supporters of the doctrine of Thomas who know least what those doctrines were. Not allowing that their own point of view affects their creed, they do not perceive that they are reading popular conceptions into the words of their author. They find all Catholic doctrine in St. Thomas because they put it there. They find 'scientific' truths there, because they cannot understand the words of a man to whom the crystal spheres of heaven were real. Therefore it is that by adopting the words of Thomas they become opponents of his spirit. In fact, they 'select' from the words of Thomas. The most orthodox theologians omit his discussion as to the whereabouts of the earthly Paradise; they say nothing as to his quaint biological theory of generation. But why make these selections?

The principle is the same when men select certain texts from the Bible to prove their own case. And what man who appeals to a book can avoid selection?

The Modernists of to-day have simply attempted to show that there is only one such principle of selection, only one criterion of Catholic orthodoxy, and that is individual and social experience. Therefore they are called 'subjectivists,' as their predecessors were called pantheists. But the most foolish 'subjectivist'—if the word means anything—is not he who acknowledges that his own experience makes a difference to his creed, but he who, denying that it makes any difference, suffers from the very disease which he cannot cure because he will not acknowledge its existence. The irony of history makes of Pius the Tenth a pantheist of the thirteenth century, under the condemnation of the Bishop of Paris and the Archbishop of Canterbury. It makes him also a Modernist of the fifteenth century.

Perhaps Modernism is dead: perhaps it is only now born. The controversy seems to be over, and it is clear that the authorities of the Roman Church have been successful in excluding the new heresy from the regions over which they rule. Even if clear thinking and plain speaking may still find some place in the Roman Church, the hope of moderate Modernists has proved vain.

In England Tyrrell is dead. Loisy, in France, has put off clerical attire and now, perhaps, does not even claim the title of Catholic —certainly he is no longer concerned with defending an established Church. Minocchi, in Italy, has clearly said that he thinks the case of the Roman organisation hopeless, and he has therefore turned to questions of more catholic importance than the reform of the effete. The pain which these men suffered in attempting the impossible is over.

But the cessation of the pain was a sign not of death but of birth. For now, if the term Modernism is still to be used, it cannot refer to a small school of heretics within the Roman Catholic Church. If the Roman authorities have won in their defence of antiquated privilege within their fold, they have but freed the hands of their former foes for a nobler and less provincial task. In despair of converting the authorities, men who have a really religious ideal can now work for it untrammelled by the necessities of controversy. So long as Modernism was controversial it was weak: now there is no longer any need to argue with the orthodox Roman Catholic. The most necessary task is to explain the position to an audience wider than the Roman Curia or the Seminarists.

The attitude of every man who has adopted the peculiar position associated popularly with the term Modernism is largely one of trust in an hypothesis. By this hypothesis the Modernist proposes to test his religious experience: but since the hypothesis at present is too indefinite for popular use, and since it seems to vary slightly in the hands of different investigators, there will always be some divergence in the methods adopted.

At the time when Loisy and Tyrrell first attempted their noble task of vivifying the existing Roman Church, it seemed to some better that the essential difference between their ideals and those of the authorities should be stressed. It appeared of quite subordinate interest that the attitude of these scholars should be accepted by the Roman Curia. No Modernist, even among those who hoped for some change in the ecclesiasticism of the Catholic Religion, ever supposed that reform would be easily accomplished. But there were many who thought that more useful work could be done by modifying the existing practice of Catholicism than by attempting the larger task of expressing the essential elements of Religion in the widest sense of that word. On the other hand, some few, among whom I was, did not very greatly care whether the Roman authorities were converted or not. The most useful action seemed to be to separate oneself from an authority which suppressed all that we understood as Religion. Not that even then it was necessary to declare war upon an organisation. The only deed that seemed necessary and, from our point of view,

honest was that which prevented any mistaken supposition of adherence to an effete *régime*. How the laymen might be driven to act was an entirely different question. But it was difficult to see how anyone who, however much he loved the Catholic Church, yet counted it merely a means, and not in any way the only means, of preserving vital Religion, could continue to hold an official position under authorities whose pretensions were ludicrous.

I have not, and I never had, any hatred of the Roman authorities. Their claims appear to me more laughable than dangerous. Two years ago I still held an official position as a priest and a professor of philosophy under them. But it became clear that the position could not be maintained. On their part, I suppose, there was a reasonable doubt as to my orthodoxy : on my part it seemed clear that the honest course was separation from an official body which stood for what seemed to me to oppress and to narrow human life. But I was, and still am, Modernist enough to believe that in Catholicism—which is quite a different thing from the clerical organisation—there are more elements of value than in any other form of historical Religion. By Catholicism I mean that attitude towards the world and those practices which are known to untheological and quite unclerical families.

Some years ago many of the leading Modernists had not yet expressed themselves clearly, but now there can hardly be any mistake as to the essential ideals of Modernism. The secondary purposes have failed, so far as we can see at present. There is no longer any need, therefore, to argue with the authorities. Let us hope that they will meet with the polite neglect that their foolishness merits. One hardly has time to argue with the Grand Lama of Thibet that Religion is not to-day what it was ten centuries ago. We must work at something more important for the world than the enlightenment of obscurantists. The freedom from trivial controversy enables Modernism to begin its independent life. Its birth-throes are over. It has, historically, been born of the Roman Catholic Church. It is said by its mother to be illegitimate. Certainly, although its features are Catholic, it is a quite different religious enthusiasm from that which may be supposed to move the Roman Curia. Religion is the name still given by the majority of men to the finest and grandest of human experiences. We call religious that enthusiasm which most supremely influences our lives. Of course some cannot give this sense to the old word, because Religion for them has perhaps been connected with all that has suppressed their thought or narrowed their lives. But there are fewer now than there were in the middle of the last century who fear the name of Religion. This is, in part, due to the fact that the official representatives of

Religion are no longer so absolute and autocratic as they were. In part it is, no doubt, due to the deeper understanding of the vast difference there is between religious experience and theology.

Now Religion, in this widest sense of the word, is the concern of all men. That we should understand our enthusiasms is right: for by so doing we may develop them. We are all therefore inclined to think about what we call our master-purpose. From that alone shall we be able to derive an intelligible view of ourselves and of the world in which we live. Modernism is concerned with Religion as a master-purpose. It is intellectual in so far as it demands that we should understand Religion: but it has a very practical end; for by understanding Religion the Modernist hopes to purify and to elevate it. The Modernist is indeed a student of the past, but he is that only because his eyes are fixed upon the future. Therefore, although the Modernist must belong to a small caste, he works for all men.

In this great question as to the essence of religious experience there need be no beating about the bush upon a plea of reverence for the past. We know that certain beliefs, commonly called religious, are false: and veil our traditional creeds in whatever decent cloak of commentary we please, we shall not prevent the man in the street from doubting them. The old plan of the liberal thinker was to concede as little as possible to the new truth, to explain by all the most ingenious and unpersuasive methods how the plain words of a creed could still have some sort of truth. Thus the Liberal of the old school was bent upon reconciling scientific with religious truth. But it is a complete misunderstanding if Modernism be supposed to be concerned merely with this. If Modernism were merely the old Liberalism in a new form, it would have very little interest for serious thinkers to-day. We have heard more than enough of the reconcilement of theology and science, and the secret is out. There cannot be any real reconcilement, because theology is merely an obsolete science, and the scientific thought of to-day has no place for it. The battle is over, and the theologian has lost. No one, of course, believes that the old Agnosticism—the physical science or Positivism of the last century—has won a victory. That, too, is as dead as theology. But the method, which was then imperfectly applied, has been used in a wider field, and the result has been the complete disappearance of theology. In fact, so complete is the disappearance that many intelligent men to-day do not seem to understand what theology once was. We may be quite sure it was nothing like the doctrines, for example, of Mr. Rashdall. 'New' theology seems to be the child of scientific and philosophical thought rather than of the old theology.

Now the Modernist is well aware that scientific thought has

no limits—that there is no theological preserve and no germ of revealed truth too sacred to be criticised. Whatever statement may be made as to Religion it must stand the criticism of the intellect and must be judged by reference to vital experience. It is of no use to plead that the Trinity is a revealed truth; it must be judged as true or false by reference to our own experience of the world. If it has a meaning in explanation of the nature of this world, then it is true; if it is useless as an explanation, then, it may be historically interesting, but it is as much a mistake as the Ptolemaic theory. And exactly the same must be said of every article of the Creed and every statement of the Bible. The Modernist, therefore, is not a theologian, but a scientist or a philosopher. He applies to a special sphere of experience, Religion, the same method which the scientist and historian have used. There may have been much hesitation on the part of Modernists in putting the case so abruptly. The unfortunate identification of Modernism with a moderate Liberalism has been the result. And we still find religious men who appear to be shocked at the idea that so saintly a man as George Tyrrell should have gone so very far. For they would fain believe that Tyrrell drew the line somewhere, and acted as a kind of theological Canute to the rising tide of criticism. But the facts are quite otherwise. No man has any right to call himself a Modernist who is not something more than an old-fashioned Liberal. There are for the Modernist no limits to criticism. True and false mean exactly the same in respect of religious statements as they do with regard to science and philosophy. We test, for example, the historical accuracy of the Gospels, and we may find that there is no evidence for various miracles such as we should accept as conclusive if we found it in the pages of 'profane' historians. We must, therefore, explain the report of these miracles as mythical or as due to a misunderstood tradition. We find tales as to virgin birth, well authenticated, in the mythologies of various religions. We must judge the earlier chapters of St. Luke and St. Matthew as of the same kind as these. The myth may be valuable as a symbol; but so is the legend of the birth of Athena from the brain of Zeus. The same must be said with regard to all Christian dogma. We and our forefathers were not specially absolved from the laws that govern all religions. Our ideas of God were formed according to the same principles as we can observe at work in the formation of Greek religion or Buddhism. The test is always the same: Do these ideas represent any real experience of our own? God may be believed by some Christians to be an old man with a bad temper; by others he may be believed to be the Absolute. Each idea must be based upon a real experience.

It has not been the custom of Modernists to put so abruptly the

results of their investigation. For that reason there was disagreement among Modernists as to the method of procedure. I, for one, have always felt that, however much the traditional teaching may deserve reverence, the best policy in the end was to be perfectly plain-spoken. Even at the risk of being misunderstood by many—of being abhorrent to many—it is better that there should be no misunderstanding due to one's own words. When we say 'myth' we mean the same, whether we refer to Athena or to the Virgin Birth of Christ; when we say 'symbol' we mean the same, whether we refer to the Eleusinian Mysteries or to the Eucharist. And I am quite certain that such was the meaning of Tyrrell and Loisy and Minocchi. I admit, therefore, that I do not blame the Roman Church for condemning them: nor am I surprised that Modernism is treated as an illegitimate birth. Although the new truth bears something of the features of the old creed, it is, in fact, a unique and original thing. Undeniably, were Modernism to be accepted, the existing organisation of every Church would be changed. For, if a man frankly believes a creed to be symbolic, he cannot act in the same way towards religious practice as he did when he believed the orthodox words to be scientifically true. New truth is thus always destructive and must be opposed by the existing order. Nor does the prophet expect anything else to be the immediate result of his words. Only a false prophet is bent upon saying things which are pleasant.

The method applied by the Modernist to religious experience at present and to its past history has resulted in conclusions which would be as unpalatable to any of the orthodox Christian Churches as they are to the Church of Rome. But no Church is bound to reject a truth which is now presented to it merely on the ground that its traditional teaching has been the opposite.

The Modernist believes that the old word 'God,' soiled as it may be with misuse, with fetichism or childishness, can still be used. It may mean either the whole of Reality, or that force which we experience in ourselves and in the world and call the Ideal. The Christian experience of a living God is something more, not something less, than could be expressed by so narrow a term as 'personal.' The Modernist is not a believer in magical powers, whether in ordained persons or in sacraments. He does not believe in any special germ of unchangeable revelation. The course of Christian experience has been, he thinks, one of discovery and not one of repetition of known truths in different language. In detail there may be many more conclusions which appear reasonable to some Modernists; but, of course, in problems as to which the evidence is so complex and the investigators so few, there must be some disagreement as to conclusions. One point is deserving of note while we treat the Modernist as a

scholar: the strength of his position as a student of religious experience is that he has himself something which he would call by that name. He is, therefore, a sympathetic student, and is not, as too many of our students of comparative Religion are, without the experience which gives the whole subject its meaning. He explains all forms of Religion by reference to his own experience, and does not explain away his experience because of its antecedents. So far we have supposed that the Modernist as a scholar has reached certain conclusions with regard to religious experience and its expressions in dogma and ritual. There is not any absolute agreement as to these conclusions. The most important element, therefore, in Modernist scholarship is the method rather than the conclusions. The critical and scientific method as applied to Religion is what was condemned by the Roman authorities. But it is futile to assert to-day that criticism has reached no conclusions. No one could condemn a method unless it were perfectly clear that it had definite results which were judged to be pernicious. The method, however, has been the first right demanded by Modernists; and, indeed, the whole attitude towards Religion and dogma stands or falls with this.

The Modernist, however, is not only a scholar. He studies Religion for a religious end. He is concerned at the state of things he sees around him. For he perceives what the clerical ostrich hides from himself, that the world is growing out of the forms of belief and practice which were once held sacred. Many experiments are being made in supplying the religious needs of men in new ways. The older religions adopt new rituals and silently forget some of their doctrines. The rite of Benediction has been invented by the Roman Church in comparatively recent times. The doctrine as to the magical efficacy of the holy oil in curing sickness has been conveniently forgotten. Many orthodox teachers find it better to forget hell and to preach about heaven only. New rituals and new beliefs are arising. Enthusiasms, such as non-political Socialism, inspire some men in a way that former ages would have called religious. The Artist is inspired with a religious master-purpose. The Scientist is driven by a love which we can truly call divine.

In such circumstances the Modernist stands for one out of many possible policies. It may be that rational Religion, even with a ritual, can be created. It may be that a genius could produce some form of Religion which would supply the needs of men. But the Modernist believes that such events are unlikely. The future alone can test the hypothesis; but so far as the evidence goes to-day, the Modernist believes it to prove the possibility of direct developments of the present forms of Religion. Perhaps the Modernist would not oppose experiments in Religion; but it is not

likely that such experiments would appeal to more than a very few, and the Modernist is working for the many.

The Modernist definitely looks forward to a Religion as catholic as science is catholic, and as democratic as science is democratic. Art or science rather than any religious organisation of to-day has what the Modernist hopes that Religion may have—certain universal truths, variety of practice but agreement in purpose, and an authority based only upon special genius or knowledge. That Religion, too, should have these may be a dream : it is undoubtedly an ideal which is very far off. But there is nothing irrational in supposing that religious experience might be as catholic and as highly developed as scientific thought or artistic production. And the method by which science and art have reached their present organisation has been one of development. In order to reach such an ideal schism may be necessary. The Modernist must face the possibility that even his hope of catholicism will be perhaps but an excuse for a new sect. That would be an unfortunate, but it may be a necessary, means. The only means that he must absolutely exclude is the creation of 'rational' Religion out of nothing. The pure essence of Religion is, for the Modernist, absolutely nothing at all. One cannot reach real Religion by pruning away all the apparently unnecessary developments of historic Religion. Even morality cannot be a Religion. It is not the right method to take the common element of all religions and to say that that is the soul of Religion. It would be as absurd as to talk of a pure essence of art, which is the common element in Music and Painting and Sculpture, and to abolish these three in favour of pure Art. We want a Religion which is as complex at least as Science or Art. Life is various : supreme enthusiasms are many. There is not any one thing necessary : or, perhaps, we may say any one thing may be the one thing necessary.

Now Protestantism and Puritanism stand for the elevation of one principle into the sole constituent of religion. Catholicism, even with all the abuses of the Roman system, still is the only form of Religion which stands for something more complex. Such, briefly, is the reason why the Modernist cannot readily join any other body. What is valuable, however, in Catholicism is the accumulated social tradition; and if it is made impossible to use that tradition, then perhaps something more than waiting may be necessary for this or that individual. But in general Modernism is not a new form of Protestantism : Modernists have not disagreed with the Roman merely to agree with the Protestant authorities. In fact, the Modernist simply claims to be more Catholic than the Pope. He believes himself to represent the real Catholicism—even if every other person in the world says he is

not a Catholic; for he conceives that he adheres to what is essential in the oldest religious tradition of the West. He recognises much that is corrupt or unessential even in popular Catholicism, and yet he does not regard the development which has historically occurred as in the main a decadence. In expressing religious experiences the Modernist would be driven to use traditional language, simply because no other words are suitable. Thus he would still talk of union with God or life in Christ, because he means somethng quite different from 'moral enthusiasm' or 'hero worship,' not because he merely wishes to use the old words in a new sense. The terminology of Ethics and Metaphysics is not sufficient to express clearly the experiences of Religion. But there is nothing sacred about the old theological words.

In many of the writings of Modernists the language may be misleading to anyone who does not know the central thought. The Modernist is not concerned with reconciling except as a quite subsidiary task. The fact upon which he wishes to lay stress is vital religious experience as the one ground of real belief: and he wishes to express that experience in terms which are as unambiguous as possible. He does not really care about the detail of theological controversy, and because he simply omits what he regards as obvious—the results of 'Comparative Religions,' for example—he is often thought to disagree with them. That is not so. But at present the one and only task to which attention can be devoted is the examination of fundamental religious experience.

In ritual and religious practice generally the Modernist would be traditional: because he believes that 'rational' ritual is like 'rational' clothing or 'rational' food. There may be something in it, but generally the 'reason' which produces 'rational' clothes is the private taste of one man, whereas the traditional is really produced by what we may call a social reason. In religion also the ready-made never fits, the 'rational' tends to become freakish. But let it not be supposed that the Modernist cares for the quaint hats and mediæval clothes of the Roman clergy. Such ritualism is quite futile when we are discussing the vital question of real and personal religious experience. The spirit alone gives life. With a vital experience any form can be used safely, without such experience all forms are deadly.

Finally, it is clear that the Modernist is not a Catholic for æsthetic or merely antiquarian reasons. The 'individual experience' of Protestant theology is for him a mistake. For vital experience is as much social as it is individual. Each of us is in a very real sense the whole race. This is to be found acknowledged in the practices of Catholicism: whereas the stress in the union with God, according to the ideas of the Reformation, seems

to lie more upon the private illumination of an isolated self. The value of the Catholic tradition therefore lies in the conception of a Church as a democratic but, in a sense, exclusive body. For with that body is the accumulation of human achievement in religious experience. The Communion of Saints is of the very greatest importance in using and developing our religion. Through that alone shall we find union with a real God. Thus it is a philosophic truth to say that only in the Church is salvation, or, again, that the Church is the necessary means of union with God. Even the hermit in the desert, if he finds God, brings with him the accumulated prayer of all his race.

The Church of the Modernists will be nothing like the Church of the Roman theologians. It will be a body which produces perhaps an official class of men devoted to special study and special service : but the Spirit of God no more inhabits an official caste than does the spirit of a nation reside in its king. It may be that any organisation would stifle the real experience of the Church : and yet we cannot make the soul live without the body. Science and Art are organised. We find authorities and schools in Science and in Art; but the schools are for learners or special investigators, and the authorities are simply those who possess a recognised knowledge and genius. In drama we may even say that the authorities or artists are ritualists, and, as in the churches of to-day, we have on the stage to-day many whose only claim to an official position in the dramatic art is that they wear the right dresses or smile in the usual way. The practice of Religion is like that of an art : it is not the mere acting according to mechanical formulæ. How, then, can we conceive the Church but as a body of men united in developing the same social tradition? The members of a Church are not individuals who, having each his God, come together because they happen to subscribe to the same creed. They are as essentially one as the different limbs of the body are one man, and only thus can they live with the Spirit of God. That they should agree to one form of words or one type of ritual is quite a secondary matter. Such, briefly, is the Modernist conception of a Church. That is the sufficient reason for the opposition which Modernism will have to encounter from all forms of clericalism.

The facts of ordinary life have nevertheless to be faced. We are very far from this ideal Catholicism. How, then, does the Modernist conceive that we ought to act at present? First it is clear that Modernism is not an apology for the existing Roman Catholicism. No Modernist could 'convert' anyone out of the particular form of religion into which he has been born in order to make him adhere to Rome. Modernism may be given a wider meaning, and there may be Modernists in every Church; but even

in the stricter sense, in which Modernism is properly a heresy of the Roman Church, the Catholic Modernist would recognise his fellowship with all, of whatever creed, who, seeing that creeds are symbolic and that life or experience is their meaning, can work in different ways towards that unity of which we all dream. No man must leave his own road. He may be driven out: but in any case the ways towards the one God are very various. Schism leads to unity: whereas reunion may simply mean an external agreement in formulas. Even if the Catholic tradition is the main stream, it may yet be proved that the Roman authorities can stop its flow. Meantime let us navigate all waters that lead to the great ocean. 'The number of the ways to God is the number of the souls of men.'

C. DELISLE BURNS.

THE MARRIED WORKING WOMAN

A STUDY

It is reported that the leaders of the Anti-Suffrage League have determined, in their forthcoming campaign, to appeal mainly to that dread of universal enfranchisement which undoubtedly exists among large sections of English society. In this they are probably well advised. When Miss Chrystabel Pankhurst demands of the man in the street why he refuses a reform which, by his own democratic principles, is long overdue, the harassed citizen takes refuge in the vain repetition of arguments which have been a hundred times confuted, and of which he secretly recognises the futility. The women to be enfranchised under the Conciliation, or under any similar, Bill are little over a million in number, are distributed among all classes and scattered over all constituencies. He knows that their influence on public affairs can never be anything but small. His political instinct, however, tells him that, as soon as as the door of the Constitution is opened to admit the rate- and tax-paying woman, forces will get to work to compel the ultimate admission of the married working-woman, and to bestow on the latter political power seems to him little short of madness. In the eyes of most people the workman's wife is a creature of limited intelligence and capacity, who neither has, nor ought to have, any desires outside her own four walls. She is not so much an individual with interests and opinions and will of her own, as a humble appanage of husband and children. Theoretically, no one would deny the dignity and importance of the office of wife and mother; practically, in a society founded on wage-earning, work which has no value in the labour market, and which cannot be translated into pounds, shillings, and pence, brings little respect or recognition to the worker.

Besides, it has become the fashion for politicians and reformers to lay much of the blame of their own failures and of their own social mismanagement on the shoulders of a voiceless and voteless class. Platform and Press constantly declare, and, therefore, the ordinary citizen believes, that the average wife of

the average working man can neither sew, cook, nor wash, manage her children, nurse her baby, nor keep her husband from the public-house. Why, then, complicate Government by introducing into the body politic these ignorant and unsatisfactory creatures?

It is, of course, easier for Mr. John Burns to declare he is ready to schedule the 'comforter' as a dangerous implement than honestly to face the causes which prevent the mothers from bringing up their infants in accordance with the latest medical theory. It is also easier for the middle-class housekeeper to dilate on the dirt and want of management she observes in mean streets than to consider exactly how she would herself conduct domestic life in these localities. It is easier to attack the problem of infant mortality by founding Babies' Institutes, and by endeavouring to screw up to a still higher level the self-sacrifice and devotion of the normal working-class woman, than to incur the wrath of vested interests by insisting on healthy conditions for mothers and infants alike. It is easier to pass bye-laws limiting or prohibiting the employment of children of school age than to take measures which would make their tiny earnings of less importance to the family.

The list might be indefinitely extended, but to none of their critics and detractors do the women concerned return a word. They are not, as yet, class-conscious, and are far too much engrossed in their individual hand-to-hand struggle with poverty, sickness, and sin, even to realise what outsiders say of them. And so judgment goes by default.

It has, therefore, seemed to the writer of some importance to place another and a truer view before the public. Fuller knowledge will, she believes, show that, when at last the recognition of the citizenship of women of the lower social grades becomes an accomplished fact, the most timid conservative voter need have no fear. On the contrary, their votes will prove a powerful barrier against many of the changes he most dreads.

The exclusion of any class from having a voice in the affairs of the community has inevitably a cramping and limiting effect. Working women are only just beginning to grasp the fact that the life of each individual is conditioned by the social and political framework within which he or she lives, and to perceive how they are, personally and individually, suffering from the refusal in the past to allow them any influence on the structure of this framework. But they are quick to learn. Among the poorer families especially, the mental superiority of the wife to the husband is very marked. The ceaseless fight which these women wage in defence of their homes against all the forces of the industrial system develops in them an alertness and an adaptability to which the men, deadened by laborious and uninspiring toil, can

lay no claim. The wives are, indeed, without the smattering of newspaper information which their husbands exchange as political wisdom in the public-houses, but they have a fund of common-sense, an intimate knowledge of the workings of male human nature, and an instinctive righteousness of attitude which make them invaluable raw electoral material.

The writer may explain that for many years she has been connected with a small Lodge in the South-East district of London which, for present purposes, may be called No. 39. It stands in a street of three-storied houses, extending from the main road to the Thames, and the handsomely moulded doors and windows show that the place has seen better fortunes. Local gossip, indeed, tells that the street was a favourite place of residence for sea-captains and their families in the good old smuggling times, and that certain cellars below the pavement, now closed by order of the careful County Council, were used as receptacles for contraband goods. There are, at the present day, two or three families in every house, and the rent paid by each runs from three shillings to seven-and-sixpence a week, according to the number of rooms occupied.

Most of the men get their living by casual waterside labour, and it is not necessary to enlarge on the debasing features of this method of industrial organisation. The evils, indeed, of irregular employment have been so fully insisted upon, that an idea has grown up in the popular mind that the great majority of the houses supported by casual labour are characterised by careless and drunken fathers, ignorant and thriftless mothers, neglected and starving children. This is just as far from the truth as to say that the great majority of upper-class homes in England are characterised by selfish extravagance and vice. In every social grade certain individuals succumb to the peculiar trials and temptations of that grade, and public opinion tends to judge each class by its failures. Theoretically, indeed, the casual labourer, considering the conditions under which he lives and works, ought to be all that popular fancy paints him; but the human being develops powers of resistance to bad moral as well as to bad physical influences, and the docker pulls through where his critics would succumb. The experience gained at No. 39 shows that one cannot with truth go much beyond the measured statement of the Minority Report, that 'wherever we have casual employment we find drunkenness and every irregularity of life more than usually prevalent.' One fact alone speaks volumes. No home can be looked upon as very bad which sends clean and neat children regularly to school. The average attendance in the Boys' and in the Girls' Departments of the Council schools in the district varies from 91 to 95 per cent., thus showing that the

families concerned do not contribute more than their share of the 10 per cent. of the 'regular irregulars' who are the despair of the Education authorities. The trim appearance of the pupils astonishes every unaccustomed visitor, and, perhaps, astonishes even more those persons who know enough of the troubles behind the scenes to realise the immense sacrifices and efforts involved in the punctuality of the attendance and the tidiness of the dress.

In spite of its drawbacks, the waterside work has an irresistible attraction for certain men. The young fellow is tempted by its days of leisure, its periods of high pay, and the excitement of a life of chance. Many an older man, too, grows sick of the drudgery of low-paid monotonous labour, which holds out to him no hopes and no prospects, and, in spite of the protests of his wife, abandons his regular job for the gamble of the water-side. 'It's trying for the big shilling that ruins them,' say the women; 'the men think they may just as well earn thirty-five shillings in four days as twenty-five in six, and that the higher pay will make up for the work not being constant.'

When the days of famine come, husbands and grown-up sons alike fall back on the wives and mothers, who uncomplainingly shoulder the burden of keeping the home together when the ordinary income fails. The men take the run of ill-luck more or less passively. They know in nine cases out of ten a roof will be kept over their heads, and some sort of food in their mouths, by the efforts of their womenkind, and they wait, patiently enough, doing odd jobs when and where they can. The women struggle with indescribable heroism; they persuade the landlord to let the rent run, they strain their credit with the grocer, they pawn everything pawnable, they go out charing, they take in washing. And, somehow, as the Poor Law statistics conclusively show, in the vast majority of cases the corner is safely turned without recourse to public assistance.

It must not be understood that all those who gather together at No. 39 are the wives of casual labourers. The Lodge was, in fact, first begun for the benefit of women a little higher in the economic scale, but whose lives are, nevertheless, a ceaseless round of petty cares. A housewife with four or five children, paying a rent of 6*s*. 6*d*. out of 22*s*. allowed her by her husband, is, compared with many others in the district, well off; but her life is destitute of any opportunity for recreation or for mental improvement. The general rise in the standard of comfort on which social reformers congratulate themselves has made life harder for the mothers. 'When I was ten years old,' said one, 'I was helping my parents by gathering stones for the farmers; now, I send four girls to school every day with starched pinafores and

blacked boots. Except on Sundays, my father never had anything but bread and cold bacon, or cheese, for his dinner; now I have to cook a hot dinner every day for the children and a hot supper every evening for my man.'

In order to differentiate the assemblies at No. 39 from the ordinary Mothers' Meeting, the subject of formal religion was definitely excluded. The attitude of the 'Lady from the West End come to do good' was rigidly eschewed. The ground taken was that fate had allotted to each individual a different sphere, but that one sphere was in no way inferior to another. If the leaders had more knowledge of books and of foreign parts, the members had more knowledge of domestic management. If those on the platform were trying to help some of their fellow creatures, those on the chairs were devoting their whole lives to husbands and children. To know the founder was, in itself, a liberal education for women who had been taught to look on their sex as essentially inferior to the male, and properly subordinated to the interests and pleasures of the latter. She was a single woman of brilliant parts, brimming over with fun and humour, declaring she detested babies and openly thanking Heaven that she had not been born a man. Her keen sympathy, quick insight, and ready resource made her an invaluable auxiliary in all the troubles of the members, and it will be long ere No. 39 will cease to quote her opinions or to reverence her memory.

That a meeting of working women should be held primarily for purposes of pleasure and recreation was something of an innovation in the district, and the women themselves were for some time suspicious, and could hardly believe that there was no danger of moral or religious lessons being slipped surreptitiously into the proceedings. They found, however, that they were never preached to on their duties as wives and mothers, but that admiration was openly expressed for the gallant way in which they faced their difficult lives, and that the speakers, so far from inculcating contentment and resignation, held strong views as to the intolerable burden imposed on working women by the blind forces of society. This method of approach apparently justified itself by its results. The defences by which the poor strive to protect themselves from the well-meant but inapplicable advice of their middle-class well-wishers were broken down, and though the leaders of No. 39 make no claim to have edified or elevated the women that throng to their meetings, they believe they have been enabled to know the ordinary workman's ordinary wife as she appears to herself and to her family, and not as she figures in the minds of journalists in search of copy, or of reformers in search of a way to employ their energies. And knowledge was followed by whole-hearted respect and admiration.

Of course, the home-makers of the mean streets are not to be judged by middle-class standards. Theoretically, most people acknowledge the evolutionary nature of manners and morals; practically, they fail to see that a code which works well enough in the household of a prosperous professional man would often prove disastrous in the household of a dock labourer. Take, for instance, the question of order and cleanliness. Not to have beds made till 8 o'clock in the evening would reasonably be considered to show bad management in the case of a rich woman; to have them made earlier would sometimes show lack of organising power in the case of a poor one. 'How do you manage about the housework if you are out all day?' a member of No. 39 was recently asked. Her reply was entered at the time on the Lodge notes, and was as follows:—'I rise at 4.45, sweep the place a bit and get my husband his breakfast. He must be off before six. Then I wake and wash the children, give them each a slice of bread and butter and the remains of the tea, and leave out the oats and sugar for Harry to prepare for the rest later on. (Harry is ten years old.) Then I open up the beds and take the baby to Mrs. T. My own work begins at 7 A.M. At 8.30 the firm sends us round a mug of tea and I eat the bread and butter I have brought with me. I used to come home in the dinner hour, but my feet are now so bad that I get a halfpenny cup of coffee in a shop and eat the rest of what I have brought. At 4.30 I have another cup of tea and get home a little before 7 P.M. I do the hearth up, get my husband his supper, and make the beds. Then I get out the mending and am usually in bed by 11. On Saturday I leave work at noon so as to take the washing to the baths.'

Mrs. T.'s husband is in regular work, but owing to a maimed hand earns only 17*s*. 6*d*. a week. She herself works during the season in a jam factory and leads the awful life she described for months at a time. True, her beds are not made and her hearth is not tidied till late in the evening, but one does not exactly see what other and better arrangements of her household affairs a whole college of domestic-economy lecturers could devise.

Another 'painful example' may be quoted from the notes, of a house in which one constantly finds dirty teacups on the breakfast table, and mother and daughter with dishevelled hair and untidy blouses, at 11 o'clock in the morning.

The S.'s were an exceptionally happy little family till the father, owing to changes in the management of his firm, lost his work. 'I've been married 33 years,' said Mrs. S., her commonplace face illuminated by the light of high resolve, 'and I've never once been short of my money. I'd be ashamed if I couldn't keep a roof over father's head now. I was up buttonholing at 4 o'clock this morning and I'm proud of it.' Though

the man was in a good club the situation so preyed on his mind that he went insane, tried to commit suicide, and was only saved by the magnificent courage of the crippled daughter. He has now been for over two years in the Cane Hill Asylum, and mother and daughter are working their fingers to the bone to pay the rent and to keep the home together against his return. Once in three months they painfully scrape the pence together for one of them to visit the asylum, and nothing so brought home to the mind the awful poverty in which mother and daughter were living, as the discovery by a visitor that Mrs. S., in order not to go empty-handed, saved up the common little biscuits handed round with the tea at No. 39. The work, like much other home-work, has to be in the hands of the middleman before 1 o'clock, and the women would hardly render their desperate struggle easier by taking time before that hour for their domestic affairs. Broken sleep with a cross baby, delicate health on the part of the mother, are also common causes of late hours in the morning. The woman gets the older children off to school, and then goes back to bed for a little rest, but the reticent English poor do not vouchsafe any explanation of their untidy rooms to casual visitors. That is kept for those they know and trust.

But nothing is so astonishing as the prevalence of the belief that the wives are bad managers and housekeepers. A moment's reflection will show that, if this were true, the families could not live at all. Any analysis of the incomes makes manifest that, when the wives have paid rent, coal, gas, soap, insurance, and have set aside a small sum for tiny incidental expenses and for the renewal of boots and clothes, they seldom have left more than from 10*s*. to 14*s*. to provide food for two adults and three or four children. The husband, of course, costs more than his proportional share; luckily, the men insist on being well fed, or incapacity through illness would be even more common among the wage-earners than it is at present. In only one instance has it been found possible to get a separate estimate of the cost of the husband's food. This worked out at 10*d*. a day, and his wife thought he was cheaper to keep than most men of his class. But as the family had only one child the food standard was perhaps somewhat high. Wives of the men sent by the Central (Unemployed) Committee under Mr. Long's Act to colony work receive payment at the rate of 10*s*. for themselves, 2*s*. for the first child, and 1*s*. 6*d*. for each succeeding one, and in only nine instances, according to the report issued in 1909, did the payments fail to suffice for the maintenance of the homes. On the contrary, the local distress committees were constantly hearing of cases where the wives sent down stray shillings to the husbands for extra pocket-money.

It is clear that women who keep their families on such incomes

have not much to learn in the way of food management. Their main energies are concentrated upon securing the greatest quantity of food for the small sums they can afford, and it is not surprising that they develop an almost superhuman skill. The aim of their lives is to put on the table some kind of hot dinner every day. To this they are urged by the public opinion of their families, who do not easily forgive failures in what they consider the mother's primary duty, even though it may be for her a veritable making of bricks without straw. This is especially the case if there are grown-up sons at home; that the latter are out of work does not seem to make much difference to the demand. 'Well, I can't see them want,' is the natural reply of the mother when expostulated with on the reckless sacrifice of her own health and comfort. Women often get into the hands of the moneylenders simply because they do not dare to face the household with nothing but bread and butter on the table.

It may be well to enlarge a little on the working woman as housekeeper, in view of the prevalent misconception on the subject. The information given below has been usually obtained when the visitor has sat chatting with the mothers while the latter were preparing the midday meal, and is taken from the notebooks of the Lodge.

Mrs. A. said: 'I had a great stroke of luck last week. I sent Patsy for a shilling's-worth of meat on Saturday night, and the butcher gave him a piece of skirt, a big veal cutlet, and some pieces. Out of the veal and pieces I made a pie which did for Sunday's dinner and supper, and Jack's dinner on Monday. Then I cooked the skirt with haricot beans, potatoes and flour (probably she meant a suet pudding), and that did us two days. So I reckon the six of us got three hot dinners apiece for 1*s*. 9*d*., besides the supper and Jack's dinner.' (Jack is a grown-up son.)

Mrs. B. remarked: 'It's no good to us if they provide the children with dinners at the school for 1*d*. each. Four of mine are attending the Board School (*sic*) and I can do better for them at home. I make a stew of three-pennyworth of pieces, get three pounds of potatoes for a penny, and a pennyworth of pot-herbs. If I've got it I throw in a handful of rice. This makes a good dinner for us all, including myself.'

It may be noted that stews or meat pies are the commonest dinners of the district, and that a pennyworth of pot-herbs stands for the largest bunch of carrots, turnips and onions the purchaser can persuade the greengrocer to give.

Mrs. C. informed the writer: 'I've often made a good supper for my man and myself for three-halfpence. When faggots are cold you can get one for three farthings. I boil a pennyworth of rice till it is quite soft and then cut the faggot through it and

boil up altogether. The faggot makes the rice so savoury that anyone could eat it.'

Faggots are composed of portions of the interior of a pig and are highly seasoned. When hot, they cost three-halfpence each.

Mrs. D., in answer to a question as to how she was feeding her husband and five children last winter on the occasional shillings she earned by charing, replied: 'Well, you see, nobody can manage better than I do. I get a halfpennyworth of carrots, halfpennyworth of onions, three pounds of potatoes for a penny. When they are nearly cooked I cut in two cold faggots. This makes a rich broth, and, with a pennyworth of bread, gives me and the children as much as we can eat for 3½*d.*'

'Sometimes I can do better still. I get three-pennyworth of pork rinds and bones from the butcher, a halfpennyworth of rice, a pennyworth of potatoes (3 lbs.), and a pennyworth of pot-herbs. This gives us all, father included, a good dinner, and leaves enough for next day if I boil another pennyworth of potatoes, so I reckon I get fourteen hot dinners for 6½*d.*'

In order to ascertain if the above dishes were in general use, the recipes were read out at a Lodge meeting and remarks invited. The criticism on the above was: 'Yes, but you can't always get the pork rinds, and though it's quite true you can make it do for twice at a pinch, it doesn't really give enough if the husband and children are hearty.'

Mrs. E., who lives in a part of the district where the food supply is somewhat less cheap and abundant, but whose husband is in good regular work, stated: 'Where there is no drink I do not consider the women manage badly. For 1*s.* 2*d.*, I myself can get a good dinner for three adults and four children. I get one and a-half pounds of pieces for 7*d.*, four pounds of potatoes for 2½*d.*, a cabbage for 1*d.*, and a halfpennyworth of onions. Then I get a half-quartern of flour and a pennyworth of suet or dripping for a pudding. The children don't get much meat, but they have plenty of vegetables and pudding with gravy.'

Mrs. F. said: 'It's harder to manage, I consider, when your children are grown-up and live at home. They expect such a lot for the money they give you, and a mother doesn't like to fall short. If I wasn't very careful and watched every penny, I'd never make ends meet. This morning I am cooking 4½ lbs. of potatoes (3*d.*), half a peck of peas (3*d.*), pot-herbs (1*d.*), and 4 lbs. scrag of mutton (1*s.*). This comes to 1*s.* 7*d.*, and will provide dinner for six grown-up people and supper for four.'

Mrs. G.'s husband was struck down with an incurable nervous complaint eighteen months ago, and the family's total resources are under 20*s.* The mother goes out to work and has to pay for the minding of her baby. There are four children, but she said:

'I manage to get them a bit of hot dinner most days, though, as I'm not at home, it's not cooked as it should be. The children often have potatoes and dripping, and they like it.'

Mrs. H.'s family numbers twelve, and ranges from a son of twenty-five to a baby of twenty-four months. The husband has had no regular work for five years, but does what he can. Four of the children are at work. This family takes much pride in itself, and the standard of life insisted upon has nearly worried the mother into her grave. One day she bewailed herself as follows: 'My dinners come to 2*s*. a day, and I can't *do* them under, and the children eat a loaf every day in addition to their meat and vegetables. The grocer's book is never under eleven or twelve shillings.' A careful investigation into the accounts of the family showed that the absolutely necessary expenses, including rent, mounted up to 2*l*. a week, and, as the income seldom reached that sum, the mother was never out of debt. 'I can't help it!' she exclaimed desperately; 'if I don't keep their bellies full now, what will happen to them when they are older?'

Mrs. I. was a young woman and it was hinted she was not perhaps quite as good a manager as some of the older hands. 'You are mistaken,' she said quietly, opening her oven door. 'I go to work as nearly as I can. I got that piece of meat for 5*d*., and with a pennyworth of potatoes my man and I will have a good hot dinner, and there will be enough meat left to eat cold to-morrow.'

The above examples are perhaps sufficient to show the nature and character of the housekeeping in the district round No. 39. It will be observed they lend no countenance to the statement that the women are too ignorant and lazy to make the best of their resources.

The narrowness of the pecuniary margin may be shown in another way. Four or five years ago, from causes over which these women had no control, the price of sugar went up a penny a pound. Steps were taken to discover how this affected the homes. The poor use a good deal of sugar. It evidently supplies some special lack in their dietary, and 4 lbs. a week is an average amount for a family. The evidence was emphatic. 'We would feel even a farthing's difference,' said one woman; 'since I have had to pay fourpence a week more for sugar, the children and I have only had bread and butter for Saturday's dinner.' 'I was going away by the Women's Holiday Fund,' said another, 'but I've had to give that up. I couldn't manage the weekly pence.' Another smiled as she showed her broken boots. 'I usually get myself a new pair this time of year,' she remarked, 'but I don't know where they are coming from now.'

A tiny fact may be cited which yet is eloquent of the careful-

ness of the management of the food. Most families keep a cat; but there are seldom or never enough scraps to feed the animal, and the cats'-meat man is an institution in the poorest streets.

In only one case has the writer actually come across the ignorance of cooking assumed by the popular judgment to be well-nigh universal. Mrs. X. was a gallant little soul striving to maintain a consumptive husband and two children out of her wages as a jelly-packer. She confessed she could do nothing but fry, and, even then, had to ask her husband if the chops were cooked. As the only room she was able to afford had nothing but a tiny open fireplace, no amount of theoretical knowledge would have made much difference. Even Mrs. X., however, has apparently mastered her ignorance. An extraordinary piece of good fortune wafted her and her household to a cottage near Orpington, and she is now doing a good business by taking in boarders.

It must not be concluded, however, that the women are satisfied with the feeding of their families. They know they manage to get the utmost value for every penny, but they are fully aware of the difference between the amount of food sufficient to prevent a child being conscious of privation and the abundant nourishment necessary for building up robust frames. 'My children don't go hungry,' they say, 'but they don't have what they ought to have.' Directly a child leaves school and begins to bring in a few shillings, the extra money is at once devoted to an increased food supply, and this fact has an important bearing on certain proposals for raising the school age now before the public.

The question will be asked, how, if the facts are as stated in this article, the widespread belief in the incapable household management of the poor has arisen? Once started, the opinion was bound to find easy currency in a country where classes have so little knowledge of each other as is the case in England. The public is always glad to save itself the trouble of thinking or of personal investigation, and thankfully passes on as genuine coin any generalisation supplied to it with a sufficient show of authority. Besides, there has been an undoubted shrinking from facing facts as Mr. Rowntree faced them in York, and from being driven to acknowledge that the primary cause of the physical degeneracy of the children is the insufficiency of their fathers' wages.

Many speakers and writers on this subject have also fallen victims to the common error of neglecting to consider percentages; in other words, of taking the exception for the rule. There are thousands of parents in London alone who are totally unfit to have the care of their children at all, and of whom no criticism can be too severe. But it is not a justifiable proceeding, in order to point a speech or to adorn a leading article, to impute the faults

of homes devastated by drink, or driven, from some special defect of character, below the normal level, to the households of decent labourers, who constitute at least 85 per cent. of their class. This is not to say that such men never get drunk, nor spend in beer money which their wives badly need for food; but their excesses are of the nature of accidents rather than of habits and are not sufficiently frequent to wreck the homes.

Then, too, it is a very easy matter for an observer from the outside to misunderstand and misinterpret what he does actually see.

Take four instances which came under the observation of the leaders of No. 39 within a few days of each other, and which, had they not possessed means of getting behind the scenes, would have appeared to afford ample confirmation of the popular belief.

1. A woman was met going to buy a red herring for her son's dinner, a lad of eighteen, in good work and on whose earnings the family largely depended.

2. A little girl was found buying bread and pickles for her own and her three little brothers' dinner.

3. Mrs. B.'s children were seen coming from the cookshop bearing in their hands their dinners of fried fish and potatoes.

4. Annie P., a member of the Girls' Club, commented on the cocoa being made with water. Her mother always made it with milk.

Full knowledge in each case showed that the apparent folly was nothing but intelligent adaptation to circumstances. In the first case, Mrs. D.'s boy always refused to eat cold meat, on which the rest of the family that day were dining. He was, however, quite contented if his mother provided him with a pennyworth of pease-pudding and a penny bloater—not an extravagant nor an innutritious dinner.

Many critics of the domestic management of the poor conveniently overlook the fact that the housekeeper of the tiny tenement can no more force her menfolk to eat what they do not like than can the lady of Belgravia. This is the answer to the ever-recurring question, why do not the poor use porridge? The truth is the women do provide porridge, rice, or any other cheap food, when the families will eat it; it is useless to cook viands they will not eat. But to proceed to case 2.

The mother was dying of cancer, but had refused to be removed to the infirmary, where she would have been well fed and well cared for, because, as she pathetically said to the district nurse, she wanted to manage for the children even if she could no longer work for them. The family resources for that day's dinner consisted of three-halfpence to feed four children. When the eldest child came home from school, she procured from an eating-house

a large part of a stale loaf for a penny, and spent the rest of her funds on pickles. Her instinct told her that something to promote the flow of saliva was necessary if the little ones were to swallow enough of the dry food to sustain them. It is open to question if she could have done better in the circumstances.

Mrs. B., who is one of the loveliest characters the writer has ever known, explained that careful calculation had convinced her that she got more value for her money at the cookshop than by preparing the food at home; principally because it was saturated with more fat than she could afford. That morning she had had nothing in the house for the midday meal but bread and butter. A neighbour, however, had asked her to run up a child's chemise on her machine, and for this she had been paid twopence. She had, therefore, given each child a halfpenny to spend for its dinner, and one had chosen fish, and the others fried potatoes. A thick slice each of bread and butter in addition would keep them content till tea-time, and she could thus save the cost of fuel.

Mrs. P. is an intelligent woman, though unable to read or write, and is burdened with two very delicate grown-up daughters. She has found by experience that the only way to keep them at work at all is to feed them liberally, and that every attempt to reduce expenditure in this direction is followed by collapse and absence from work. Therefore, although she never ceases to groan over her housekeeping expenses, she finds no way of reducing them.

Another example may be cited to show how easy it is to misunderstand the domestic economy of the poor, even for observers who live among them and are whole-heartedly devoted to their service.

Not long ago an excellent and enthusiastic head-master of a Council school was speaking, by request, to a set of working women on the feeding of school-children. He told them he made a point of standing at the gate of his playground and of noticing which pupils returned to afternoon school eating bread and butter. In this way he considered he got a clue as to which boys had had no dinner cooked for them at home. With their usual provoking diffidence, the audience said nothing at the time; but several of them explained afterwards that many children demanded a slice of bread and butter as a finish to their meal of meat and vegetables —just as middle-class children expect pudding—and that they ate this in the street, being glad to escape into the open air as soon as possible.

Again, one has heard the theory seriously put forth, based on the many varieties of tinned foods to be seen in the grocers' windows in poor quarters, that the men are forced to live on preserved meats owing to the laziness and ignorance of the wives.

A grocer near No. 39 gave a different explanation. Tinned foods appear in the shops of poor quarters as they constitute the cheapest form of window dressing. They are seldom or never bought by the poor, being, in fact, beyond their means; but the wives of the better-class artisans and of some of the shopkeepers occasionally purchase them to serve as 'relishes' for tea or supper. Women of the better class dislike dirtying their kitchen ranges late in the day.

Other people, again, base their charges of the women's ignorance of food and feeding on the scraps of bread and meat occasionally to be seen in the dust-pails. Well, every practical housekeeper knows that often the cheapest thing to be done with morsels of stale food is to get rid of them. Besides, the English are clean feeders, and accidentally soiled viands are always rejected.

One is obliged to go into these trivial details, so far-reaching are the misguided theories founded upon them.

One other point must be noticed. It is seriously contended that the relative infantile death-rates of the rich and of the poor conclusively prove the ignorance and the carelessness of the mothers of the masses. It could be far more fairly argued that since the mother of the mean streets does persuade over four-fifths of her infants to live, and often even to thrive, among adverse conditions as to warmth, space, light, air, and exercise, which would infallibly kill a West-End baby, the blue ribbon remains with her. That the infant mortality is not primarily due to wrong feeding is shown by the fact that, of all those who perish in the first year, half die in the first three months, while they are still being fed by the mothers. Pecuniary considerations in most poor districts prevent recourse to bottle-feeding, save in cases of absolute necessity.

Next to their fathomless capacity for self-sacrifice—a trait which is developed to a degree which is positively harmful both to their families and to the State—the most distinctive characteristic of such women as are represented at No. 39 is their courage. Think of it! Two-thirds of them are without the least economic security; they have no financial reserves; their husbands either have no regular employment or are on jobs from which they can be dismissed at a week's notice. So far from having relations to fall back upon, they are constantly forced to come to the rescue of people worse off than themselves. Their homes, which are these women's all, are at the mercy of circumstances absolutely beyond their own control. Did they yield to the nervous fears natural to the situation, there would not be a sane individual among them. Their power of temporarily throwing off their anxieties is worthy of a student of Eastern occultism, and excites the envious admiration of less fortunate folk. No chance visitor to

the Lodge who witnessed the gaiety of the members could ever guess at the tragedies which lie behind. 'The laugh's over for the week,' say the women as they troop downstairs, but their mental control has enabled them to make the most of that one opportunity.

They know that nothing they or their husbands can do will in any way guarantee the future, and so they resolutely take short views and make the most of each day as it comes. Their exhortation to each other is, 'Do the best you can, keep a good heart, and chance it.'

It is here that the explanation lies of that want of thrift which so often distresses their middle-class censors, and of the hostility, more or less veiled, which is felt by the working classes towards the Charity Organisation Society. They know they simply could not conduct their lives on the maxims inculcated by that excellent set of people without losing all that makes life worth living, and without giving themselves over to a sordid materialism.

Actual physical privation, for themselves or their dependents, is such an horrific vision to those who have never experienced it that they cannot understand a man or woman hesitating at any sacrifice to avoid it. The poor feel differently; they have faced the monster at close quarters, and they have learnt that 'man does not live by bread alone.' No one can dwell among them without many times standing rebuked at their nobler estimate of the relative value of things. A man, more often out of work than in, will somehow scrape the money together to visit his idiot daughter in Darenth Asylum; half-starved families will keep a fire going day and night to prolong the life of a dying baby; harassed mothers will take something from their own children's food to save a neighbour's child from being buried by the parish; parents, after a hard winter, will provide the children with a little finery for the spring.

The Lodge annals record numerous examples of how bravely the women meet the strain when it comes. One may be quoted:—

Mrs. A. said: 'My man was in the Infirmary eleven months; I had four children to keep, but he had always been a good man to me, and I made up my mind he should find his home together when he came out. It turns me sick now to remember how I starved and pinched and scraped. When he came home and found I had not parted with a thing, he cried like a child.'

Yet the very same women who keep a smiling face and a stout heart amid the torturing uncertainty of their lives, and who rise so grandly to the occasion when utter self-sacrifice is demanded, in lesser matters show a lack of moral courage. A garment disappears from the line in a jumble sale. The culprit is

known and the English sense of honesty in small things is outraged, but no one will take the responsibility of giving information or dare to face the wordy wrath of the exposed party. When at last the affair reaches the Leader's ears, she knows the moral sense of the community is demanding the expulsion of the wrongdoer, but no one will give any direct help. Each woman, when questioned, admits she has heard the report, but will devise the most ingenious fictions to avoid giving her authority. In administration one is practically driven back on something like the old English method of expurgation. If a sufficient number of trustworthy and sensible women declare their belief in the guilt of the accused person, it is practically safe to act on their conviction; at least, there is probably no more frequent miscarriage of justice than occurs in the ordinary courts. It may be remarked in passing that there are many curious traces among the masses of the era before written laws and organised legal systems. There is a sort of common law, one does not know how else to describe it, which largely regulates their relation to each other quite independently of, and, sometimes, in spite of, the law of the land.

Admirable as is the courage of the women in facing the chances and changes of their precarious lives, it is equalled by the fortitude with which they scrub, cook and wash, and bear children, while suffering from torturing physical derangements. Judging from the members of No. 39, and there is no reason to suppose they differ from the rest of their class, the health of the wives and mothers of the nation is a national scandal and a national danger. That the conversation of the poor so often turns on their ailments is a matter of kindly derision to the rich; that they ever talk of anything else is a matter of wonder to those who see these women carry on their lives of strenuous exertion under circumstances which would send their well-off critics into surgical homes for months. The disorganisation and discomfort of the home is so great when the mother is laid aside that she has to keep on her feet somehow, in order to attend to the family's immediate and pressing requirements. She can spare neither time nor money for her own needs. In times of scarcity she is the first to go short of food, clothing and rest, and the last to reap the benefit when good times return. What wonder that she is sometimes driven, with dire ultimate results, to stimulants as a means of getting through her day's work?

Some time ago the women householders, most of them over middle-age, of a certain ward in the Borough of Bermondsey, were invited to a meeting, and this question was put, row by row: 'Are the children you see to-day healthier or less healthy than the children you knew when you were young?' The answers given were practically identical: 'Children, when we

were young, were nothing like so well fed and well cared for as they are to-day, but they were a deal stronger. The mothers are weaker nowadays, and so the babies are born weaker.'

Rudyard Kipling says somewhere that there is no wisdom like the wisdom of old wives, and thus these illiterate women laid their finger on the weak point of most of the schemes afloat at the present moment for social regeneration. The most direct method of improving the condition of the homes and of the children is to improve the condition of the mothers, but unfortunately modern legislation is proceeding on a different tack. In order to deal with the comparatively small class of dirty, idle and drunken parents, most of whom are totally unfit to have charge of their children at all, the law in its ignorance is not hesitating to harass intolerably the great mass of industrious and self-sacrificing working-class women; but this subject must be reserved for another article.

ANNA MARTIN.

THE RADICAL PARTY AND SOCIAL REFORM

The Conference having failed to arrive at an agreement on the subject of the Lords' Veto the Prime Minister has announced his intention of advising an immediate dissolution of Parliament. The country will therefore again be plunged, somewhat gratuitously as some may think, into the whirl and excitement of a general election almost before these words appear in print, and for the second time within the year.

Mr. Balfour has, in a statesmanlike speech at Nottingham, outlined the Unionist programme, which includes efficient national defence, a reformed and effective Second Chamber, the maintenance of the Union, Tariff Reform, and an increase of small land-ownership; and he has appealed to the moderate and fair-minded opinion of the electorate, to the silent voter. Some electioneering manifestoes have appeared. There is one, of course, from Mr. Churchill. Also another from Mr. Keir Hardie, in which he bitterly attacks the Government, and evidently shows that, for financial or other reasons, a second general election within the year is not popular with the Labour party. Mr. John Redmond has returned from the States with 200,000 dollars of alien money for Home Rule electioneering purposes. Meantime the Parliament (Veto) Bill has been forced on the Lords without a possibility of amendment or adequate debate. Lord Lansdowne, in reply, promptly tabled five resolutions dealing with Second Chamber Reform. Although pressed in both Houses the Government have given no further information on the all-important subject of 'guarantees' beyond the Prime Minister's statement of the 14th of April last. It is also interesting to note that Lord Rosebery's resolution on House of Lords reform was unanimously passed by that assembly on the 17th of November.

We have here political issues of grave and far-reaching importance, and in effect a national crisis of the first magnitude, in which the Union and the continued existence of an effective Second Chamber are both at stake. For the next few weeks, in the

conflict and confusion of issues, it will be difficult to appeal to calm and dispassionate opinion. Nevertheless, I desire briefly to consider the attitude of the Radical party and its leaders towards Social Reform, which is here taken to mean a general material improvement in the condition of our wage-earning population. Apart from the questions of Irish Home Rule and of National Defence, the chief issues before the country, such as, for example, Free Trade or Tariff Reform, Radical and Socialist taxation or a scientific tariff, either directly affect and appeal to the industrial and material condition and prosperity of our people; or, like the abolition of the Lords' Veto, are merely a means to an end. The Irish Nationalists desire the abolition of the Veto in order to pave the way to Home Rule, and for the same reason are prepared to swallow Radical Budgets. The Labour-Socialist party also think they see in the Lords' Veto the chief obstacle to further Socialist legislation, such as the Right to Work Bill and the reversal of the Osborne judgment. Even the question of efficient national defence mainly resolves itself into a question of national expenditure and taxation. The hard practical facts of our social economics meet us almost at every turn. Under all these circumstances, therefore, it is not surprising that Radical leaders during the past two general elections, and since, have laid themselves out to appeal to the material interests of the industrial electorate, and even to its cupidity, in order to gain political support.

Let us, then, endeavour to ascertain, not so much from election oratory as from their calmer and more dispassionate pronouncements, what Radical leaders are really driving at when they talk of Social Reform, and by what means they propose to improve the material condition of the nation.

The appalling problem of destitution in our midst is, without doubt, a great blot on our modern civilisation. It would be very easy to pile up the agony on this subject. The daily published records of our police-courts alone supply all the material required for the most ardent social reformer. They contain every aspect and variety of human need and human tragedy, while the problem of destitution, of the actual want of the necessaries of life, complicated no doubt by vice and crime, of which it is most frequently either the cause or the result, is inextricably woven through them all.

Discontent, we are told, is the mother of progress. If this is true, as no doubt within limits it is, then indeed is modern England on the path of lusty progress. Education has spread and widened; means of communication, of knowledge, and of international intercourse have vastly improved and increased since the days when Adam Smith advocated individual liberty as the foundation and the essence of political economy; and the result of it all

is that while the British Empire has increased in area, in wealth, and in power beyond the wildest dreams of the Early Victorian economists and politicians, and the aggregate wealth of the British people constantly arouses both the envy and admiration of the modern civilised world, yet the poor and the destitute and the discontented are with us still in steadily increasing numbers.

There are thus two essential factors of the situation, namely: (1) a national problem of unemployment and destitution of undoubted and grave dimensions; and (2) heterogeneous political forces fully alive to this problem working by and through a Radical Government for their own diverse ends.

This brief and incomplete summary of the position, viewed mainly from a Social Reform standpoint, is not intentionally partisan. I write as an armchair politician with some practical knowledge of the exigencies of party warfare and electioneering oratory, but with a sincere desire to discuss, and even criticise, the speeches of the Radical leaders of to-day, so far as possible from a non-party view. The pressing and important nature of our social problems should raise them above party, if such were possible. For the same reason the speeches of the present Prime Minister, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and other Cabinet Ministers referring to them demand our earnest attention, mainly because of the political forces that those Ministers, for the time being, represent. An emperor may, or may not, be an exceptional personality, but if he is the head of, let us say, a homogeneous and well-trained army of several million men, whatever he may say or do is eagerly and respectfully listened to and noted. If the army be heterogeneous and ill-regulated the position becomes even more stimulating and attractive, because of the increased uncertainty as to what its leader or leaders may say or do in any given set of circumstances.

The particular speech to which I desire to call attention is that delivered by the Chancellor of the Exchequer in the City Temple on the 17th of October last. The circumstances in which this speech, subsequently described as 'immortal' by the chairman, the Rev. R. J. Campbell, was delivered are worth noting. The place was a church. The chairman a well-known Nonconformist divine. Its object was in support of the social work of the Liberal Christian League, an organisation with supporters among all political parties, Labour, Liberal, and Conservative, including Mr. A. J. Balfour, who had sent an approving telegram which was read by the chairman to the meeting. The church was crowded. The proceedings were opened with prayer, and Mr. Lloyd George then delivered a long and eloquent address on what he described as the problem of destitution. It is impossible to imagine circumstances under which party politics would have been

more out of place, or where a sober, earnest, and unbiassed pronouncement on a pressing national question would be more naturally expected.

Nothing of the kind occurred. Without being uncharitable or biassed, it is, I submit, impossible to read and examine Mr. Lloyd George's speech without a feeling of regret that a responsible Cabinet Minister, on such an occasion, and in a place of worship, should, with thin philosophic pretence, have spoken in so illogical and partisan a spirit. It is true that the Unionist Press, with some exceptions, were strangely kind and sympathetic in their criticisms of this 'immortal' speech next day. The *Times*, for example, described it in a leading article as 'sincere,' 'moderate,' and 'a philosophic handling of grave social questions.' In a letter published in the same paper a day or two after Mr. Amery, on the other hand, characterised it as 'in no sense meant to be a serious analysis of existing social evils, but—just "Limehouse" through the nose, preceded by prayer and followed by nauseous flattery.' The *Spectator* took quite a different view from the *Times*. In an article published in its issue of the 22nd of October much of the contents of the speech, we are told, was 'essentially mischievous.' This evoked a characteristic outburst of offensive personalities from Mr. Lloyd George (Crediton, the 22nd of October) directed against the editor of the *Spectator*, but he offered no reply to the temperate and reasoned criticism of the article.

Referring to this personal attack the *Spectator*, in its issue of the 29th of October, remarks that Mr. Lloyd George

> has chosen a method of reply which makes it impossible for us to pursue the controversy. We feel bound, however [the *Spectator* continues], to express our deep regret that one who holds so high an office in the nation's Government should have been unable to control his temper under criticism which, whether merited or not, at any rate did not pass the proper bounds of political controversy. The nation has a right to expect from those on whom it confers a great public trust a high standard of conduct, and as a rule that expectation is fulfilled.

It is also worthy of notice that on the 27th of October the Rev. R. J. Campbell, the chairman of the City Temple meeting, wrote a letter to the *Times* emphatically repudiating the accusation that the meeting had been organised for political purposes. He pointed out that the meeting had been called to direct public attention to the problem of destitution and to ask for support for voluntary service among the poor. 'We hold,' writes Mr. Campbell, 'that the solving of the problem of destitution should be considered superior to the exigencies of party strife,' and he went on to state that efforts had been made to secure the attendance of some prominent speaker of Conservative politics on the occasion in question, unfortunately without success.

In view of these various and somewhat conflicting comments and incidents let us proceed to examine this historic utterance, always remembering that the speaker was a responsible member of high rank in the present Government, the guardian, for the time being, of the national purse; that the subject on which he spoke is of wide, serious, and even pressing national import; and that the views he then expressed, and the principles he expounded, may not long hence be translated into Acts of Parliament if the Radical party are returned to power.

Having disclaimed all intention of offending party prejudice or aiming at party advantage in anything he might say on that occasion, Mr. Lloyd George commenced by alluding to destitution among the masses of the people and also to the prevalence of labour unrest in civilised countries. This latter, he suggested, was caused by discontent of the workman with his lot, a recent article in the *Westminster Gazette* from a 'well-informed' correspondent dealing particularly with the workmen of the north of England being cited in support of this suggestion. One phrase here used by Mr. Lloyd George is worth quoting, for it seems to strike the main note of his speech and at once opens the door to hostile criticism. The prevalent labour unrest in industrial England, he suggests, is based upon the contrast between the workman's 'hard grey life and that of other more favoured, although not more meritorious, members of Society.' 'Are you sure,' asked the speaker a little further on, 'that there is no real justification for this discontent?'

Here at once is confusion of thought between industrial employment and destitution. The workman discontented with his lot and envious of the well-to-do is one thing; the unemployed and destitute another. I do not like to suggest that a Minister of the Crown, addressing a large non-party meeting in a place of worship, deliberately encouraged a violation of the tenth commandment. But I, for one, do not believe that the picture drawn of the British workman and his 'hard grey lot' is true to life. I claim some knowledge of the British workman of the north of England, having represented a Lancashire industrial constituency for twenty years in the House of Commons. I have had tea with colliers' wives, descended coal pits with their husbands, associated in sport and conviviality with glass-blowers and other workmen, and generally had much intercourse with Lancashire working men of all sorts. As a class they are healthy, happy, and as contented as is compatible with mortal lot; not concerned to envy the wealth of their employer, thoroughly enjoying their own amusements—rabbit-coursing, pigeon-flying, whippet-racing, football matches, &c., with social intercourse in their clubs. I rather fancy that many a sturdy north of England artisan might resent the veiled

imputation that he coveted his neighbour's house or anything that is his.

Mr. Lloyd George made a bad start, and, perhaps unwittingly —*for great is the force of political training and party instinct*— at once appears to have struck the note of class hatred and social discord. He went on to mention Tariff Reform and Old-Age Pensions, ingeniously bringing in the controversial statements that the former must raise the cost of living, has done so in foreign countries, will injure the fortunes of certain individuals (not specified), bring ruin to certain vested interests and trades, and is a 'raging and tearing propaganda.' Every single one of these assertions can be challenged by Tariff Reformers. Under the circumstances they were obviously and strikingly out of place.

The Old-Age Pension Act serves the double purpose of reflecting credit on a Radical Government and its sympathetic officials, and emphasising the amount of national poverty and destitution which these pensions are designed in some small measure to relieve. It is sufficient here to note that the great national problem of destitution in its most serious aspect touches early life and middle age, in regard to which any talk of old-age pensions is almost mockery. It is, in effect, to say to the destitute and starving bread-winner in the prime of life: 'You may be unemployed and starving now; but never mind—in thirty or forty years, if you live long enough, you may be eligible for a pension of 5*s*. a week.'

But I pass from these minor points to the essence and gravamen of the Chancellor's speech—namely, the causes of national waste and how, according to Mr. Lloyd George, this waste may possibly be remedied, how the wilderness may blossom like a rose, and all may be blessed with abundance. We are not only entitled, but bound, to infer from the serious public utterances of a Radical Cabinet Minister of the front rank, made on a serious occasion, the general lines of future Radical Social Reform policy.

There are three counts in Mr. Lloyd George's indictment on national waste. First, in respect to armaments; second, in respect to land; and, third, in respect to what he terms the 'idle rich.' First, as to armaments. Pending international agreement, the necessity for expenditure on armaments is reluctantly admitted, but this expenditure is condemned, on principle, as 'preparation for human slaughter' and as 'gigantic national waste.' Then comes the following astounding statement: 'Were this burden removed Great Britain could afford to pay every member of the wage-earning classes an additional 4*s*. a week without interfering in the slightest degree with the profits of capital.'

I submit that every one of these propositions can be directly challenged on both economic and ethical grounds as either abso-

lutely untrue or dangerously misleading, and if they were ever to be acted on by the Government of our country must inevitably lead to increased unemployment and national disaster.

Let us first take the simple economic proposition that 70,000,000*l*. spent on armaments is 'gigantic national waste,' and is depriving each wage-earner in the country of 4*s*. a week. If this were true, and believed by the wage-earners to be true, it is in itself a bribe to every such wage-earner in the country who has a vote to support through thick and thin a Government pledged to reduce national armaments whenever and wherever possible. This is the measure of its danger.

But the economic truth is all the other way. By far the greater proportion of the 70,000,000*l*. in question goes in pay or wages to the thousands of able-bodied citizens who constitute our Navy and Army. Some authorities put this amount as high as 90 per cent. of the whole. In addition to this, and taking our naval expenditure only, full work in our shipyards spells prosperity and good wages in our engineering shops, iron and steel factories, coal mines and other allied industries. The money is circulated in wages to many thousands of operatives and artisans throughout the kingdom, and through them to the small shopkeepers of our industrial centres, ay, and even to our publicans and tobacconists, who have as much right to live and thrive as any other class of the community. A battleship may or may not be 'an instrument of human slaughter,' but its manufacture means good wages and the means of living to thousands of bread-winners and their dependents. All this has to be set on the other side of the account. Had Mr. Lloyd George taken these economic facts into consideration, we are entitled to ask, when drawing his indictment on national waste and recklessly promising an extra 4*s*. a week—how to be earned or by whom to be paid not specified—to every wage-earner in the country?

Then there is the national education and training involved. War, with all its grim horrors, is one thing. Preparation and readiness for war is quite another. I have recently returned from the north of Scotland, and had opportunity while there of visiting a portion of our North Sea fleet in Cromarty Firth. I can vouch from personal intercourse and observation for the existence of scores and hundreds of able-bodied bluejackets, men of their hands, healthy, well-developed citizens of our Empire, trained to habits of temperance, obedience, and self-control, who, when their term of naval service is done, can be, and are, utilised in many a skilled and useful service of peace. Is the money spent in organising and educating this fine body of men, from boyhood up, into manly and useful citizens to be described as 'gigantic national waste'? Are not the virile qualities engendered by naval training

and service, particularly in this ultra-civilised and luxurious age, a lasting national asset of the greatest value?

Not long since I was talking to a Marines' instructor at one of our leading military depots. I had been admiring the physique and general appearance of the Marines' rank and file, who bear comparison with any regular troops in the Service. I was told of the extraordinary physical and moral improvement effected in the first six months' training; how raw, slouching, country lads were rapidly transformed by drill, physical exercises, and good food into well-set-up, healthy, and disciplined men. No doubt the same can be said for every branch of our military service.

There can, then, be only one answer to all these questions. And we are entitled further to ask Mr. Lloyd George, if the policy of himself and those he represents is to decry naval and military service and reduce it on every opportunity to the smallest possible dimensions, what training and occupation of similar economic and social value is he prepared to substitute for it? How are these boys and young men, deprived of the training and pay involved, to be accommodated with the promised extra 4*s.* a week? And will the country lose or gain by the change? Particulars on these points are urgently required.

As a minor logical proposition I further submit that a battleship is not merely and necessarily an instrument for human slaughter. Its production is of economic value, just as much, proportionately, as is that of a motor-car, a rifle, or a fishing-rod. They all involve employment, circulation of currency, means of livelihood. Besides being a potential engine of destruction a battleship is a means of locomotion and Imperial communication, as well as a valuable training-school for some hundreds of men. If its production is 'gigantic national waste,' so also is the production of pleasure motor-cars, sporting guns and rifles, fishing-rods, &c., &c.; in a word, of all the paraphernalia which are not in themselves productive, but merely minister to the wants and relaxations of the well-to-do classes and in some cases are instruments of destruction. Mr. Lloyd George's economic logic on armaments, carried to its ultimate conclusion, would sweep away numerous industries, drive capital abroad, and add largely to the ranks of the unemployed.

Finally, on the armaments question, it is as well to clear our minds of cant on the subject of international agreement. I only allude briefly to this far-reaching consideration, which demands an article to itself. Ever since the day when Alexander the Great sat down and wept because there were no more worlds for him to conquer, the nations of the world have continued to arm and, on occasion, to fight, for their own hand. The measure of their preparation and means for national defence has always been their own

spirit and resources, and never any agreement with other independent nations. Does any common-sense man, off a political platform, really believe that after a thousand years or so of practical experience and evolution, during the last sixty years of which there has been a civilised war of sorts every three or four years, there is the least chance of any binding international agreement between first-class Powers on the subject of reduction of armaments? Will any self-respecting nation ever trust its position in the world of nations, and possibly its very existence as a first-class Power—I do not allude here, of course, to minor commercial questions—to the arbitrament of a Hague tribunal or abide by the result if its own sense of justice is outraged? 'A nation only deserves to be free,' said Colonel Saunderson on one occasion in a Home Rule debate in the House of Commons, 'that is strong enough and brave enough to be free,' and all history, from the days of the Israelites onwards, supports this sentiment. Preparedness for war, to use a hackneyed but vitally true expression, is the best safeguard of peace; and if this is true now, as it always has been, and as I for one firmly believe it to be true, what are we to think of Mr. Lloyd George's talk at the City Temple of expenditure on armaments as 'gigantic waste,' and his wholly illusory bribe of an extra *4s.* a week to every wage-earner in this country as the price of reduction of such expenditure, except as political clap-trap of the worst and most dangerous kind, entirely out of place in the building and under the circumstances in which it was delivered?

The second count in the indictment was waste of land. Having prefaced his remarks by the statement, in itself true, that the land of this country is not producing half of what it is capable of yielding, Mr. Lloyd George apparently found himself unable to avoid running a tilt against landlords and game preservation. 'Land by the square mile,' he gravely informed his audience, 'is thrown away upon stags and pheasants and partridges.' This wild statement, utterly at variance with the real facts of the case, has already been freely criticised and exposed in the public Press. I will only here repeat, what is familiar to all who have any practical knowledge whatever of the subject, that pheasants and partridges thrive best on highly cultivated land, do no damage worth mentioning to crops—in fact do some good by consuming insects; that if any damage is done by game the same is paid for at full value by the landlord or shooting tenant; while in the rearing, preservation, and pursuit of such game much healthy and regular employment at good wages is given to many thousands of people throughout the United Kingdom; and last, but not least, a most wholesome and nutritious supply of food is obtained. Under these circumstances, what is the value of Mr. Lloyd George's criticisms on this head? Had he taken the slightest

trouble to inform himself of the facts? And what is the conclusion at which he is driving except that in order to reduce unemployment and destitution it is necessary to destroy a legitimate and widespread industry, do away with a valuable source of food supply, throw thousands of men out of work, drive capital to other countries where better sporting facilities can be obtained, all without conferring the slightest benefit on the agriculture of this country? Still, we have it on Mr. R. J. Campbell's authority that this was an 'immortal' speech.

The statement that 'land by the square mile is thrown away upon stags' is open to the same condemnation. In one sense even more so, because Scotch deer-stalking is a rich man's amusement, the sport of a privileged few, and mis-statements on the subject are more likely to be believed and to arouse prejudice and class-hatred. It is sufficient here to remind ourselves that Scotch deer forests comprise the coldest and most inhospitable mountain regions in the British Isles, more or less snow-bound and wind-swept from November to April, and are, in the opinion of all who have studied the subject, quite incapable of being put to better economic use. The recent Athol Forest Commission was conclusive on this point. Better far be a stone-breaker or crossing-sweeper than attempt to make a living by agriculture or stock-raising on any reasonable area of an ordinary Scotch deer forest. On the other hand, deer will live and thrive where sheep would starve and die, and it is open to conclusive proof that on economic grounds alone the preservation of red deer on the mountain slopes and in the rocky glens of bonnie Scotland brings more money into that country and gives more employment than any other use that could be made of the same areas. To legislate or tax deer forests out of existence means to drive capital abroad, throw large numbers of Scotch ghillies and dependents out of employment, and so increase poverty and destitution.

I confess that it is difficult to write in temperate language on the land philosophy of Messrs. Lloyd George and the Radical party. I believe that in the future intensive development of agriculture, in the increase of small landowners and yeomen farmers, in the establishment and encouragement of fresh agricultural industries, such as the growth of beet for sugar manufacture, and of tobacco, carried out by State aid whenever and wherever necessary and possible, lies one way at least towards the social reform and material improvement of our densely populated country. But no good purpose can be served by stirring up class war and attacking the amusements of the well-to-do. Mr. Lloyd George went out of his way to talk of the 'pure greed,' 'avarice,' and 'selfish niggardliness,' presumably of landowners and game preservers, and asked why 'men and women should have less

thought and attention given to them than cattle.' Not a single tittle of evidence or scrap of fact is or can be adduced to justify these offensive and sweeping generalities. Moreover, they are beside the mark; arguments *ad hominem* and not *ad rem*.

The hard economic laws that govern the situation will continue in force whatever Mr. Lloyd George may say or do. Land remains in grass and is cultivated and farmed in large holdings because this system pays best under modern conditions. The common difficulty of a small-holder with no capital is to avoid bankruptcy. Large landowners usually spend more on the land than they get out of it, generally because they possess other sources of income and can afford to do so, greatly to the benefit of their employees and dependents. How land cultivation is to be enhanced and extended and small ownership increased by piling additional taxes on an already overburdened industry, severely handicapped as it is by free foreign competition, is incomprehensible to any practical man who can free his mind from party bias and political cant. The proposal would be ridiculous and contemptible if it were not so dangerous to the prosperity and well-being of our country. Had Mr. Lloyd George, instead of flinging false accusations and unmerited abuse at landowners and game preservers who, in number, are a negligible political quantity, used his opportunity in the City Temple to indicate how land cultivation could be extended and improved by State aid, he would have proved himself better worthy of the occasion and of the responsibility of his high office.

The last count in his indictment was levelled against the 'idle rich,' an expression of which he may claim to be the proud inventor. They number at least two millions of our population, we are told, spend the whole of their time walking about with guns on their shoulders and dogs at their heels, or on golf courses, or tearing about in motor-cars; *withdraw a large number of capable men and women from productive work; and impose a serious charge on the community.* (The italics are mine.)

It is difficult to understand how any responsible Minister, particularly on a serious occasion and from a non-party platform, could have committed himself to such wild and highly imaginative social inaccuracies and economic fallacies as these. I hold no brief for the 'idle rich,' a body of citizens, if they exist at all, to which I lay no claim to belong. Nor do I venture to write on their behalf. Such of them as fulfil Mr. Lloyd George's description in the slightest particular can very well look after themselves. Let us assume for the sake of argument that there are some two million British citizens who spend their time and money in the manner described. As a matter of fact, Mr. Amery has already shown Mr. Lloyd George to be entirely wrong in his arithmetic on this point.

But let that pass. How do rich idlers impose a charge on the community and withdraw capable and intelligent people from productive work? On what principle or by what right does a Minister of the Crown set himself up to be a public judge of idleness or industry—in a word, of morality in private life—usually held to be a matter of private arrangement between the individual, his conscience, and his Maker? If any such principle is admitted, then there is an end to all individual freedom and responsibility. A Radical Government must tell us when to rise in the morning, at what hour to go to bed, what to eat, drink and avoid, and what pleasures and relaxations we may or may not pursue; and these regulations must apply not only to the idle rich, whose votes are a negligible quantity, but also to all classes of the community, including the wage-earners, on whose political support Mr. Lloyd George's high office depends. The logical results of Mr. Lloyd George's propositions have only to be stated in the simplest terms in order to show their utter and inherent absurdity. But the danger of it all lies in the economic fallacies these propositions contain and the great injury they would inflict on employment and industrial prosperity if acted on by Government. Accumulated liquid capital is the foundation of our material wealth and the source of employment. The individuals who own and spend most of this capital are rich either because of their own thrift and capacity or that of their ancestors. So far as we have got at present they are entitled to spend this capital as they like, either in their own country or abroad, subject to due observance of existing laws. Assume that some of them spend it foolishly or selfishly, though not unlawfully, again I ask: Does Mr. Lloyd George seriously propose to regulate their conduct and expenditure by Act of Parliament, and, if so, how does he propose to keep such individuals and their money within the kingdom, or to prevent them going abroad and outside his jurisdiction? And how can he confine State control of private expenditure to one particular class of the community? And will the wage-earners of the kingdom tolerate State control of their weekly wages, including the amount of beer and tobacco they may or may not, under the new *régime*, be graciously permitted to consume? Finally, if his propositions do not mean all this, as I confidently submit they do, what is the practical bearing of his talk about the expenditure and pursuits of that elusive class, the 'idle rich'?

But we are told they are a charge on the community, and withdraw capable people from productive work. I have always been under the impression that a very large number of our industries and the employment of millions of our wage-earners in our complex system of civilisation depend for prosperity and continuance on the spending power of the rich, whether idle or industrious.

Is the manufacture of motor-cars, sporting guns and rifles, fishing rods and tackle, golf clubs, unproductive work; and is it all to be swept away in the Lloyd George millennium? Are horse-breeders, jewellers, milliners, picture-hat makers, tailors, hotel proprietors, artists—to take at random a few of the thousand-and-one industries, trades and occupations that depend on the spending powers of the rich in our midst—to be suppressed and disappear, and the wage-earners and industrious workers who now live and move and have their material being by such means to find some other jobs under the new Radical *régime*?

One cardinal fact appears to be ignored by Mr. Lloyd George in his Utopian dream, namely, that we live in a world of competing nations as well as of striving and struggling individuals, and that the possessors of liquid wealth whom he attacks can remove their capital abroad by a stroke of the pen and at short notice, and themselves from his legislative grasp when Radical legislation has made this country too hot to hold them, while the wage-earners who lose employment in consequence must stay at home and suffer the consequences. This is the pity of it. It is only the possession of centuries of accumulated capital that justifies or makes possible the existence of forty-five millions of population on the small area of the British Isles. It is only by measures that will tend to increase the aggregate sum of that capital and encourage its employment at home and not abroad that national prosperity can be increased and unemployment and destitution diminished. Yet he and his school apparently prefer to make speeches and advocate measures that arouse cupidity and class-hatred on the one hand, create distrust and a sense of insecurity on the other, and so tend to increase the very evils proposed to be mitigated or cured.

His final counsel to the meeting, and the people, is to 'enlarge the purpose of their politics' with unswerving resolution, and presumably on the lines of internecine strife that he sketched in his historic and 'immortal' speech. So far as we can judge in detail of the purpose of Radical politics, which is to be enlarged *à la* Lloyd George until redemption is accomplished and material happiness for all obtained, its programme only includes State Insurance and higher taxation of land, in addition to the Labour Exchanges and the Budget already in being, also reduction of armaments expenditure whenever possible. In other words, their 'enlarged' purpose is still only concerned with arbitrary redistribution of existing wealth, so far as it remains or can be kept at home, but has no proposal of any kind that may increase the aggregate of national and Imperial wealth and prosperity; while Imperial and Colonial questions and relationship, that may directly affect material prosperity at home, are left severely alone.

The practical conceptions of Radical Social-Reform policy, when examined in detail, are in truth not only miserably inadequate, but almost contemptible in scope.

The dominant idea, as I have already observed, is internecine class strife. The minority who happen to own the capital that runs the various and complicated wheels of our great industrial and social machine are to be taxed and penalised, and possibly their private lives and expenditure put under State control (otherwise what is the sense of talking about their luxury and idleness?) in the vain and mischievous hope that the wage-earner and the destitute will be blessed with abundance, or at all events with sufficiency, at the rich taxpayers' expense!

Electioneering oratory may be freely discounted after the event. But we are not discussing oratory of this avowed character; and it is impossible to avoid the expression of a deep regret that Mr. Lloyd George did not attempt a higher and more statesmanlike review of the problem of destitution from the neutral platform of the City Temple when he had the opportunity. We are reluctantly driven to the conclusion that the heterogeneous political forces that now dominate the situation in the House of Commons are behind Radical Ministers, even on neutral and quasi-religious platforms; that Mr. Amery's description of the City Temple speech as 'Limehouse through the nose' is not so very far off the mark; and that Radical politicians may still continue to appeal to the cupidity of the working classes in order to gain votes. Mr. Lloyd George has already made a notable start in this direction—Mile End, the 21st of November.

The problem of destitution is with us still, as it has been since the days of the ancient Britons, and as it will be, on the highest Authority, to the end of time. Is it presumptuous to suggest to Radical leaders that in its essence this problem lies outside the field of politics, and is mainly concerned with the frailty of human nature; so that he who would proclaim that the purpose of politics may be so enlarged as to deal comprehensively with the problem, and that material salvation all round can be obtained by Act of Parliament, is not a statesman but a political charlatan? 'Poverty is to be attributed,' says a recent Poor Law Commission Report, 'to failure in character rather than to any particular economic cause.' And the Liberal Christian League, at all events, appear to recognise this when, as Mr. R. J. Campbell states, they appeal for support for voluntary service among the poor.

Still, political action can take some share in the mitigation of this ancient social problem of evil. This is readily and generally admitted. But the unfortunate part of it is that Radical political purpose, as so far declared, remains strongly partisan in character and scope, and therefore deficient and incomplete. Why,

for example, has the Aliens Act remained unenforced and a dead letter, and why is the destitute or needy foreigner still allowed freely to aggravate our domestic problem? Why is no mention made of some practical economic means of improving the cultivation of our own soil, of securing more efficient co-operation in the marketing and distribution of our own agricultural produce, and of bringing people back to the land through the incentive of small ownership by the individual and not by the State? And, lastly, why is nothing ever said or attempted by the Radical party on the great subject of State-aided colonisation of our fertile unoccupied lands beyond the seas, that still await the overflowing man- and woman-power of the British home-born race?

The partisan answer might be that these are mainly Unionist proposals, and therefore useless for Radical vote-catching purposes. Nevertheless, these and other cognate questions imperatively demand the serious attention of the electorate in this time of political storm and stress, and especially of the fair-minded and silent voter, who is here particularly addressed; while we await the advent of an Administration who will attempt the solution of our social problems, so far as they are soluble by Government action, from a higher standpoint, and with a wider view, than anything yet put forward by Radical Ministers.

HENRY SETON-KARR.

IS THERE A CONSERVATIVE PARTY?

Is the existence of a Conservative party under the circumstances of to-day an 'organised hypocrisy'? This question is asked in tones of varying insistence in many quarters. In some it is turned with genial evasion; in many—and some of them the most unexpected—it is answered by an emphatic affirmative; in few is it met with a categorical denial.

It is the main purpose of this paper to review with candour the political situation and to consider whether there is any grain of truth in the above insinuation.

I

It is common ground that political parties are, to an unusual extent, in a condition of disintegration. At all times and in all parties there are disintegrating forces at work. Were it otherwise political atrophy would speedily ensue. 'Disintegration' is nothing else than the indispensable solvent which prevents the accumulation in the system of noxious acidity. Political health depends upon the preservation of a due balance in the party between the integrating and disintegrating elements. But there are times when the latter acquire a predominance which seems permanently to threaten, and does temporarily destroy, the party fabric itself. Beyond all dispute such a time is the present. To emphasise the fact would be to labour a commonplace.

To find any real parallel to the existing situation we shall have to go a long way back. It has, indeed, some features which recall the condition of political affairs after the disruption of the old Tory party under Sir Robert Peel in 1846. There are obvious points of resemblance, again, to the position of the Whigs in 1841, when the fate of Lord Melbourne's Ministry lay in the hollow of O'Connell's hand. 'The right honourable member for Tamworth,' said Mr. Leader, the Liberal member for Westminster, 'governs England; the honourable and learned member for Dublin governs Ireland; the Whigs govern nothing but Downing Street.'

The absence of a right honourable member for Tamworth doubtless impairs the validity of the comparison; otherwise the resemblance is striking. But, for a completely satisfactory parallel, we must go back to the close of the American War of Independence. The disasters of the war had broken up the Tory party, which for twelve years had been in power nominally under the leadership of Lord North, really under that of the King himself. The Whigs had come in under the Marquis of Rockingham, and for a few months his name had served to conceal, if not to avert, the conflict of antagonistic forces in the party which he nominally led. On his death in the midsummer of 1782 the full extent of the disintegration of his party stood revealed. Lord Shelburne attempted, with the aid of Chatham's youthful son at the Exchequer, to rally the 'Chatham Whigs'; but the basis of the Administration was too narrow, and Shelburne's own brilliant but unconvincing personality inspired nothing but mistrust. The 'Jesuit of Berkeley Square' could not hold even his diminutive party together, and retained office for little more than six months. The followers upon whom he could rely numbered less than 150; about 120 Tory stalwarts still adhered to North; Charles James Fox led about 90 Radicals. The remaining 200 members owned no binding party allegiance. Then was consummated that celebrated union which in the court of historical judicature has been condemned with a severity which is perhaps excessive. The Radical followers of Fox coalesced with the Tories under Lord North in order to put an end to the administration of Lord Shelburne. For five weeks King George the Third, then, as often, faithfully reflecting the temper of his people, refused to give his confidence to the Ministry which was born of this unhallowed union. Shelburne resigned on the 24th of February, but not until the 2nd of April did the 'Coalition' come into office under the nominal leadership of the Duke of Portland. The new Ministry did not last out the year. Before Christmas 1783 the young Pitt was in office, and after three months of strenuous and continuous battle in the House of Commons a general election confirmed him triumphantly in power:

> "A sight to make surrounding nations stare,
> A kingdom trusted to a schoolboy's care."

The Whigs might jibe as they would; but the King and the country had found the strong man of whom both stood so desperately in need, and for twenty years Pitt's ascendancy was virtually unbroken. Under his unchallenged leadership the ranks of the Tory party were re-formed; the outbreak of the French Revolution threw their opponents into still more abject confusion, and for half a century the Tories, first under Pitt himself, afterwards

under his trained and trusted lieutenants, Castlereagh and Canning, were almost continuously in power. Out of party disintegration a series of really strong administrations had emerged. But half a century of office is a strain upon any party. The fatal illness and resignation of Lord Liverpool in 1827, the removal of his wise and conciliatory counsels, the brief but uneasy Premiership of Canning, the revolt of the stern unbending Tories under Sir Robert Peel and the 'Duke,' their surrender to O'Connell in 1829—these events, following on each other in rapid succession, threw the Tory party once more into confusion. To the fifty years of Tory ascendancy there succeeded fifty years of Whig Government, culminating in Mr. Gladstone's Radical administrations of 1868 and 1880. Twice only in the interval were the Conservatives in power—first under Sir Robert Peel (1841-1846), and once again, under Mr. Disraeli (1874-1880). But between 1868 and 1886 Mr. Gladstone set a pace altogether too fast for his followers; many other things besides pace combined to discredit his Administration, and for the next twenty years the Salisbury-Balfour Government reflected the solidly Conservative instincts of the country at large. By 1906 that Government had unmistakably outstayed its welcome; it had shed some of its most trusted leaders—notably the Duke of Devonshire; and, above all, it had identified itself with a policy which, whatever its intrinsic merits, involved nothing less than a revolution in the economic outlook of many whose loyalty to Conservative principles was above suspicion.

Once again during the last few years all parties have exhibited the familiar signs of disintegration; the House of Commons is no longer divided between the two great historic parties, and the group system has developed with such rapidity that no party can command an absolute majority. What this development may portend to the future of Party, indeed to the future of parliamentary government, no man can confidently foretell. But this at least may be said, that the supreme necessity of the hour is the emergence of a strong man and a strong administration. On what principles can it be founded?

II

The essential principle of Conservatism is immutable; its applications must necessarily vary in adaptation to shifting circumstances and changing times. To a policy of destruction, in whatever guise it may present itself, Conservatism must offer an unremitting and inflexible resistance. But such resistance may take either of two forms, or both. It may consist primarily in the promotion of some great constructive policy, such as that of

Imperial unification; or it may mean merely a sheer and dogged opposition to a policy of destruction. And the dichotomy is more apparent than real. There is unquestionably a disposition in certain quarters to wax impatient over what is termed a policy of mere negation, and to ignore the fact that there are times when mere resistance to destruction is in itself the most valuable contribution to the work of edification. Can any genuine Conservative doubt that the long and stubborn fight against Parnellite Home Rule—a fight waged for twenty years with untiring patience and undeviating tenacity—was in itself constructive statesmanship of the highest order, and of an order peculiarly appropriate to a Conservative party? It is true that this apparently negative attitude was combined with firm administration of the law and also with the initiation of an unquestionably constructive agrarian policy. But I venture to submit that in and by itself the successful defence of the legislative union between Great Britain and Ireland was tantamount to a process of political edification. In doing so I am conscious that I lay myself open to the charge of insisting upon an obvious commonplace, of attacking a position which nobody defends. But although no one is likely to question the proposition as thus stated, it would be none the less affectation to ignore the fact that there have been grumblings among the rank and file of the Party 'at the long maintained refusal of the Conservative or Unionist party to place a constructive policy of its own before the country.'[1] A little more encouragement might have fanned the embers of discontent into a blaze of open mutiny.

The fact is that upon the leaders of the Conservative party there rests now, as always, a dual obligation: to secure timely edification, but not less to avert dilapidation. At times the one duty is paramount; at times the other. The ministerial career of the younger Pitt—one of the most sagacious and one of the most representative leaders the Party ever possessed—is admirably illustrative of this truth. During his first nine years of office (1784-1793) he devoted his talents to the eminently congenial task of promoting a series of important administrative reforms. The finances of the country, gravely disordered by the War of American Independence, were put upon a sound basis; the lessons learnt from Adam Smith were applied to the fiscal system with tact and discrimination; a large measure of autonomy was granted to the two Canadas; and a scheme for the reconstitution of the Government of British India was carried through with a minimum of friction. These and other constructive reforms were marked by that quality of 'prosaic sagacity' which the late Lord Salisbury with felicitous discernment picked out as the characteristic attri-

[1] *Civis Britannicus* in *The Times*, November 11, 1910.

bute of his great predecessor. And it was the quality pre-eminently demanded of a statesman at that epoch. It was no easy task to guide the country through the transitional period which necessarily followed upon the economic upheaval and social dislocation caused by the Industrial Revolution. For such a task no statesman was ever better qualified than Pitt. And he was well aware of it. To the work of adapting the old social and political fabric to the new conditions, and of doing this at once courageously and reverently, he would have been well content to devote his political life. But this beneficent and congenial work was suddenly interrupted by the catastrophe of the French Revolution and the outbreak of a European war. Without hesitation, though not assuredly without regret, the half-finished programme of constructive reform was put aside, and all his energies were concentrated upon the task of enabling his country 'to save herself by her exertions and save Europe by her example.' Of his limitations he was as conscious as of his capacities. For war administration he had no such unique genius as his father. But we have the testimony of Admiral Mahan to the fact that 'he realised perfectly where Great Britain's strength lay and where the sphere of her efforts. By that understanding he guided her movements, and in the final triumph wrought by the spirit of the British nation over the spirit of the French Revolution the greatest share cannot justly be denied to the chief . . . who never forgot the goal, "Security," upon which from the first his will was set.' That 'security' he attained by his concentrated opposition to the forces of destruction liberated by the French Revolution and directed by the genius of Napoleon. Of constructive reforms in the ordinarily accepted sense his later years yielded nothing save the legislative union with Ireland. To suggest that they were on that account less fruitful of abiding results or less essentially 'constructive' seems to me to argue a misconception as to the objects of the higher statesmanship.

III

For this excursion into the history of the past, even at a moment gravely critical for the fortunes of the Party, and still more for the future of the Commonwealth, I make no apology. These things were written for our instruction. To recall some episodes of the past may perhaps exert a steadying influence on the counsels of the present. I do not wish to disparage in the slightest degree the efforts of those who seek to provide for the Conservative party the planks of an effective platform. Imperial unification, a thorough overhauling of the taxative system, national defence, a real reform of the Second Chamber, the multi-

plication of occupying owners, agricultural co-operation, and the provision of popular land banks—these are topics of high intrinsic significance, and not, I should suppose, ineffective as planks in a party platform.

But I demur to the insinuation that these and like objects can alone be properly regarded as 'constructive'; that such cries only can be made politically effective, to the exclusion of other matters, less perhaps superficially attractive in an electioneering sense, but neither less intrinsically important nor less germane to the essential principles upon which Conservatism can and ought to rest. The politician who is in the fighting line is apt to exaggerate the importance of a platform; of crowded and enthusiastic meetings; of effective electioneering catchwords. These things are not without their importance. I should be the last person to underrate it. But it may be overrated. The issue really lies with the voter who professes, when canvassed, that 'he is no politician'; who gives a silent and unobtrusive vote and sometimes refrains from giving it; who rarely attends political meetings and never takes part in the party caucus. This man was hopelessly alienated in 1906 by an accumulation of causes which it would serve no useful purpose to recall, primarily perhaps by those already enumerated. Of such men the late Duke of Devonshire was pre-eminently representative; their attitude towards political affairs he, more than any statesmen of his time, embodied. It should be the first object of Conservatism, without alienating the loyalty or quenching the enthusiasm of the strenuous 'worker,' to tap once again this great reserve of political force and to recover the allegiance of the timorous and retiring citizen. It was the silent voter who, in revolt against Gladstonian Radicalism and Parnellite violence, kept the Unionist party for twenty years in power. Fifteen years ago Mr. Lecky predicted with singular prescience the oncoming of the disease which now threatens to undermine the Constitution of the Commonwealth. 'All the signs of the times,' he wrote, 'point to the probability in England, as elsewhere, of many Ministries resting on precarious majorities formed out of independent or heterogeneous groups. There are few conditions less favourable to the healthy working of parliamentary institutions or in which the danger of an uncontrolled House of Commons is more evident. One consequence of this disintegration of Parliament is a greatly increased probability that policies which the nation does not really care for may be carried into effect. The process which the Americans call "log-rolling" becomes very easy. . . . Probably still more dangerous is the necessity, which the existing state of parliamentary representation establishes, of seeking for a popular cry which generally means some organic and destructive change in the Constitution. An appetite for

organic change is one of the worst diseases that can affect a nation.'[1]

I do not suggest, nor did Mr. Lecky, that either of the historic parties is immune from responsibility for pandering to this diseased 'appetite for organic change.' There is, as he adds, no Radicalism so dangerous as that of a weak Conservative Government, which is 'often tempted to outbid its rival.' The danger is not, however, confined to a party in office: it is equally if not more likely to beset a party in opposition. It is the primary purpose of this paper to urge, respectfully but earnestly, upon the responsible leaders of the Conservative party, at a moment pregnant with issues of the highest moment to the Commonwealth, to resist this temptation, and to rely upon those genuinely Conservative instincts and forces which, however inarticulate, do exist. Only in reliance upon these forces and in satisfaction of these instincts can the Conservative party be, in the long run, other than 'an organised hypocrisy.'

IV

The essence of modern Conservatism was never more felicitously expressed than in the adoption of the watchword *Imperium et Libertas*. Both are seriously threatened. The first by neglect of the primary duty of self-defence; by reliance upon the foolish vapourings of amiable enthusiasts; by the active hostility (diminishing, I trust, but not extinct) of the assailants of the Union; above all, by indifference to the manifest hopes and ambitions of the oversea Dominions. In regard to all these points the duty of the Conservative party is at once obvious and generally recognised.

The second is perhaps the more pressing as it is certainly the more insidious danger. Will it be encountered by a front equally united?

The situation—it is a commonplace to affirm it—is one of extreme gravity. There has been nothing like it since the year of revolution, 1848. And then the revolutionary temper was confined to a relatively narrow area. To-day the unrest and agitation are practically world-wide. The same phenomenon confronts us to whatever quarter our gaze may turn. In Bengal, in Egypt, in Berlin, in Paris, in Lisbon, in the industrial districts of Northern England and Southern Wales, there is the same spectacle of unrest. The insurrectionary spirit is one, though the manifestations of the spirit are infinitely diverse. In Egypt and Berlin and Bengal, for example, the exciting cause may be discontent with

[1] *Democracy and Liberty*, i. 126-7.

existing political conditions; in Paris or South Wales it may be primarily economic; in Lisbon essentially anti-clerical. But are there no common predisposing causes? Two, I think, may be detected: material prosperity, combined with ambitious but superficial education. The idea is commonly entertained that the dangerous moment in the history of insurrections is one when the masses are ill-fed, and seize in dull despair upon political weapons for the improvement of their economic condition. But it is nevertheless delusive, and is negatived by closer investigation. The peasants rose under Wat the Tyler in 1381 at a moment when the rate of wages was exceptionally inflated owing to the decimation in the ranks of labour caused by the recent ravages of the plague. It was not, of course, high wages that led to revolt, but still less was it empty stomachs. It was the attempt on the part of the manorial lords to re-impose upon peasants, who were materially prosperous and had felt the breath of liberty, predial services from which they believed themselves to have escaped for ever. Similarly in the France of 1789. The unemployed and half-fed artisans of Paris gave to the Revolution a violent character which it might not otherwise have assumed. But not there, nor by them, was the Revolution made. It was made by classes who had attained a measure of prosperity, but were excluded from all participation in affairs; by peasants who had become the owners of the land they tilled, but were still subject to irksome and obsolete obligations appropriate to an age and condition of feudal servitude. It was not material hunger but the desire for political liberty and social equality which moved the men who made the Revolution. Education, too, had done its half-finished and imperfect work. Some of these men had read Voltaire and Diderot, many more had been captivated by the flatulent rhetoric of Rousseau. Tocqueville has taught us that in a material sense the reign of Louis the Sixteenth was the most prosperous period of the old French Monarchy. But equality of social and political opportunity was denied to the men who largely contributed to this prosperity. Lord Acton, in the remarkable volume lately given to the world, has analysed with relentless accuracy the condition of affairs on the eve of the Revolution.

> This increase (of wealth) [he writes] was wrought by a class to whom the ancient monarchy denied its best rewards, and whom it deprived of power in the country they enriched. As their industry effected change in the distribution of property, and wealth ceased to be the prerogative of a few, the excluded majority perceived that their disabilities rested on no foundation of right and justice, and were unsupported by reasons of state.[3]

This is the dangerous moment in social history. Not when the masses are starving, but when, having satisfied the primary

[3] *Lectures on the French Revolution*, p. 1.

instincts of nature, they awake to a sense of social and intellectual inequality. A genuine soul-hunger and a spurious social envy combine to generate a discontent which may have in it something of the divine, but is not innocent of other elements.

I am not, of course, attempting to suggest any precise parallel between France on the eve of 1789 and the England of to-day. But I do seek to emphasise one of the most impressive lessons of history: that in the case of ancient fabrics, social, economic or political, the critical moment is not while the fabric stands intact, even though ruinously intact, but when repairs have begun and improvements and adaptations are in progress. It is not, at first sight, easy to reconcile the evidence of material prosperity, accepted on the testimony of competent statisticians, with the equally unquestionable fact of widely diffused unrest. Explanation is frequently sought in the fact of imperfect distribution, and with much show of plausibility. Statistics reveal abounding aggregate prosperity, and, side by side with it, a seething mass of poverty which, if not actually deepening and extending, is yielding far too slowly to the many ameliorating agencies in operation. Some months ago I called attention in the pages of this Review to the apparent paradox of the coincidence of rapidly mounting expenditure upon education and upon pauperism. And that paradox does not stand alone. In the co-existence of aggregate wealth rapidly accumulating and much unameliorated poverty some find the explanation of the prevailing unrest. But a closer analysis does not sustain the conclusion. On the one hand, Labour leaders, like Mr. G. N. Barnes, M.P., may honestly accept, as they industriously disseminate, the highly questionable thesis that 'increased productivity but tends to swell rent and profit and leave Labour but a bare living.'[4] On the other, the Poor Law Commissioners, after their prolonged and judicial inquiry, and social observers like Mr. W. H. Beveridge, at once competent and impartial, have a different tale to tell. 'The rise of nominal wages,' say the former, 'has been accompanied by such a fall of wholesale and retail prices as implies a rise of "real" wages, or wages as measured in commodities, considerably greater than the rise of money wages.'[5] Mr. Beveridge speaks of the 'certain fact of a rising reward to labour.' 'If,' he writes, 'by the progress of industrial invention, labour generally, not labour in particular forms, were being rendered superfluous and a drug in the market, then its price should be falling. In fact, its price is rising, and rising while that of most other things falls or rises at least less rapidly.'[6] But not less certain than the fact of a rising reward to labour is the fact of a rising tide of discontent.

[4] *Fortnightly Review*, November 1910. [5] *Report*, Part VI. Chap. I. p. 309.
[6] *Unemployment*, p. 8.

Are we confronted with a paradox or a truism? If my interpretation of the lessons of history be accepted, if my observation of contemporary facts is accurate, the paradox is resolved, and we are reduced to insistence on a truism. For there is a further fact which has, I think, escaped general observation. The unrest prevails most, the agitation is loudest, not among the 'submerged tenth,' not among those whose poverty is abject and chronic, but among the ranks of increasingly prosperous artisans, among miners and mechanics who earn good wages, whose livelihood is not precarious, but who keenly resent the existence of barriers, apparently insuperable, to the attainment of a higher standard of life. The higher standard of material comfort demanded by J. S. Mill as the presupposition of all progress for the working classes has been already in large measure secured. But the attainment of this, so far from satisfying, has merely stimulated other desires. It was inevitable; it might and ought to have been foreseen; it is, if properly interpreted, matter not for regret but for congratulation. 'It is not,' said Aristotle, 'men's possessions that should be equalised, but their desires.' Such a dictum from the lips of the greatest of political philosophers is eminently reassuring. But what at the moment we lack is not the enunciation of philosophic truths, but competent guidance in a critical and difficult period of transition.

How are we to satisfy legitimate aspirations—social, intellectual, and political—without endangering the existence of the fabric upon the maintenance of which, as many of us conscientiously believe, all future progress is dependent? The solution, I submit, is discoverable only by those who, to whatever party they nominally belong, start from a basis of genuine conservatism. Both parties—all parties—have their opportunists, always on the look-out for the chance of 'going one better' than their opponents. If such men are permitted to capture the machinery and dictate the policy of their respective parties we may well despair of the Commonwealth. That one at least of the great parties may remain true to first principles is the hope which has inspired the production of this article. But how are pious hopes to be translated into effective action; where are first principles to be found?

To the obligations resting upon the Party in regard to *Imperium* I have already referred. Those obligations are not likely to be neglected. Even more insistent, at the present juncture, is its obligation in regard to the conservation of *Liberty*.

That priceless heritage, without which all else is nothing worth, is threatened at the present moment from many quarters. But its assailants are, for immediate party purposes, likely to concentrate in an attack upon the Second Chamber and upon the

institution of private property. The two are very closely connected. In the eyes of many of its most inveterate enemies the chief offence of the House of Lords is that it interposes an insurmountable barrier to the realisation of the Collectivist Utopia. The Second Chamber, it is affirmed, represents nothing but property. The charge is, in its entirety, notoriously untrue; but it contains a sufficient element of truth to render it damaging. How can the assault be met? Not merely or mainly, I submit, by reinforcing those elements in the House of Lords which refute the insinuation—though this must be done; but much more by inducing the Conservative party in the Commons and in the country to relieve the House of Lords of the odium attaching to their defence of property by itself assuming the obligation. The fulfilment of this pre-eminently Conservative duty has been too much left to the House of Lords. Any properly constituted Second Chamber, whether hereditary, nominated, or elected, must be tenacious of the rights of property; it must interpose a barrier to Collectivist assaults. But such assaults ought not to be allowed to fall exclusively upon the Second Chamber. Has there been no disposition in the party to allow this? What support did Mr. Harold Cox get from the Tories in the last House of Commons when he attempted to extract the Socialist virus from a score of 'Liberal' measures? Such a function could more safely be left to the Lords who have no constituents! It would be uncandid not to admit many splendid exceptions. The Finance Bill of 1909, for example, and the Licensing Bill were fought with magnificent spirit by the attenuated party in the Commons and with not less spirit in the country. But with the Collectivist enemy a party which is genuinely Conservative can hold no parley. To do so is bad tactics as well as bad faith. I should be the last person to desire that the lines of parties should correspond with a social or economic cleavage. On every ground such a correspondence is most earnestly to be deprecated; but it is one of the primary duties of a Conservative party to convince the manual workers that the permanent interests of labour cannot really be served by the triumph of a flamboyant and predatory Socialism. The apostles and missionaries of this cult have been allowed to get a long start. The minds of the better educated among the working classes are saturated with the sophisms of Karl Marx. They have been browsing for years upon the delectable pastures provided by the fallacious but not unimpressive rhetoric of Henry George. Comparatively few people seem to realise the hold which the doctrines of these two writers have obtained upon large sections of the working classes of this country. The genesis of the ideas which they hold so tenaciously may not always be detected, nor even realised by themselves. The scientific theory

of 'surplus value,' the notion that all wealth is created by manual labour, the ideas that profits represent a deduction from wages, and that rent is robbery, have filtered through from Marx and George, and have permeated popular literature and affected popular reasoning to an extent which is hardly credible by those who are not in personal contact with both.

For this unhappy development I know of no permanent remedy except better and higher education in citizenship. We have got to build upon the foundations laid by the Elementary Education Act of 1870. Sir Richard Jebb warned us, twenty years ago, of the dangers ahead. 'Elementary instruction, unless crowned by something higher, is not only barren but may even be dangerous. It is not well to teach our democracy to read unless we also teach it to think.' To this paramount obligation the party to which Sir Richard Jebb belonged have not at all times perhaps shown themselves sufficiently alive. *Nefas ab hoste doceri.* But in this respect the Conservative party has something to learn and some leeway to make up. There may, indeed, be some who think that already too much has been done. As an academic opinion this view is entitled to respect; as 'practical politics' it is not arguable. For education presents one of the cases where it is obviously impossible to go back; where the only path of safety consists in a bold advance. The food has been already swallowed; it is of prime importance to the body politic that it should be properly digested.

But the remedy which is here prescribed cannot from the nature of the case be expected to work quickly. What, in the meantime, is to be done? It is, in the first place, supremely important that the Conservative party itself should preserve an absolutely clear conscience in this matter. No one supposes that the party will embrace Collectivism, but there must be no philanderings with it, nor even any approaches, however platonic. As a thoughtful writer remarked some years ago: 'It is not possible to be continually taking steps towards Socialism without one day arriving at the goal.'[1] *Obsta principiis.* Of this sound precept the Party has not always been sufficiently observant in the past. It is, after all, the English way. A grievance exists, a scandal obtrudes itself. A practical and immediate remedy must be applied at once. Whether this involves a departure from sound and accepted principle nobody inquires; or if he does the query is brushed aside as 'academic.' The method has its advantages, but is not without its dangers. By this means principles which are not intrinsically sound and are capable of dangerous extension insinuate themselves, under cover of immediate necessity, into the heart of the English Statute Book. At each fresh application of

[1] T. Mackay, *A Plea for Liberty.*

the questioned principle resistance weakens, until by stages so gradual as to be almost imperceptible the whole system becomes impregnated with the virus, and recovery of normal health is hopeless. In regard to social reform the Party has a past record of which it may well be proud, and no well-wisher would desire that in the prosecution of this task it should hesitate or draw back. But between social reform and Collectivism there is a distinction not merely of degree but of kind. To take an example. All parties are agreed on the necessity of a comprehensive scheme of invalidity insurance. This may be framed in such a way as either to enervate or to stimulate; to undermine self-reliance or to promote it. We have ready to hand machinery which throughout a long period has been elaborated and perfected by the devoted labours of individuals belonging almost exclusively to the industrial classes. One of these great benefit societies—the Manchester Unity of Oddfellows—has lately been celebrating its centenary amid a chorus of congratulations. This and other societies have steadily fought their way through a series of difficulties, legal and actuarial, but they can look back upon a magnificent record of social helpfulness. They represent—in no party sense—a conservative element in the State deserving of the most cordial encouragement. They represent—again in the best sense—the principle of individualist association and mutual self-help. The principles for which they stand may by legislation be strengthened and enforced, or they may be fatally undermined. The one road is that of State help and social reform, the other is that of Collectivism and State tyranny. To help them towards the one goal, to obstruct the other, is an obvious and insistent obligation upon the Conservative party.

The same principle of liberty is still more seriously threatened in another direction. There is a clamorous demand for what is termed—with some lack of exactitude—a 'reversal' of the Osborne judgment. That judgment having been delivered by the Supreme Court of Appeal cannot be 'reversed'; but the opposite contention may, of course, be legalised by Act of Parliament. To such legalisation the Conservative party should, I submit, in defence of a great principle, offer the most uncompromising resistance. Writing in advance of Mr. Asquith's promised statement in the House of Commons, I am not entitled to assume that the position will be surrendered by the Liberal party; but it is at least within the bounds of possibility. Should this unfortunately prove to be the case, the defence of a principle of the highest political significance will fall exclusively upon the Conservative party. Trade unions are associations of workmen belonging to a particular craft formed for the purpose of promoting two main objects: (i.) to secure certain 'benefits' for their members—sick, out-of-work

or burial 'benefits'; and (ii.) to substitute collective for individual bargaining between employers and employed. As associations 'in restraint of trade' they were for a long time deprecated by public opinion and discouraged by the Legislature and the Courts. Since 1871, however, the Legislature has in its discretion decided to confer upon these associations certain exceptional privileges. They were, for example, exempted from the application of the common law of conspiracy, but this concession was made to them specifically on the ground of their being trade combinations. Of these combinations the Courts, less obnoxious to political pressure than the Legislature, still continued to manifest considerable suspicion. But the Taff Vale judgment was followed by the Act of 1906. That Act was denounced by Lord Halsbury as one 'for legalising tyranny and for the purpose of taking people outside the ordinary Courts of law.' Lord James of Hereford, speaking of the effect of Clause IV. of that Act, used words not less emphatic: 'Simply register yourself as a trade union; whatever wrong you may inflict, whatever destruction of property may be caused, we, the Legislature, give our blessing to go forth and do it.' But privileges so exceptional were not enough for the Socialists, who had by now captured, to a considerable extent, the machinery of these trade associations. They claimed the right, out of funds subscribed by their members for specified objects sanctioned by the Legislature, to provide payment for members of Parliament. To such an appropriation of their funds some of the more independent members have demurred, and the highest tribunals of the land have sustained their objection. But for men of independent temper, those who at present control the policy of trade unions have no use. If they object to pay for the misrepresentation of their political opinions let them go. But to go means not only loss of savings, loss of prudent provision against sickness, unemployment and old age, it means also, as things are, loss of the opportunity of working at the craft to which they have been trained. The threat of expulsion from the trade union is to the modern workman hardly less terrible than was the sentence of excommunication to the mediæval Catholic. For their valiant resistance to unspeakable tyranny Mr. Osborne and those who are associated with him deserve well of the Commonwealth. To desert them in the fight to which they are committed would be to betray the interests of industrial and political liberty. Nobody questions the right of working-men or of electors of any other class to combine together for the purpose of promoting political objects in which they believe, or to subscribe to funds for the payment of members who represent their interests or opinions. But it is both good law and sound policy that associations formed for the promotion of certain specified objects cannot be utilised for

other purposes. More particularly is this the case where special privileges have by the Legislature been conferred upon them in view of the particular purposes for which they were established. The trade unions cannot eat their cake and have it. In the enjoyment of a position peculiarly privileged they must submit to the limitations incidental thereto. How would the trade unions —to say nothing of the Courts—regard the appropriation of the dividends belonging to the shareholders in the Great Western Railway Company to a fund for the maintenance of a member of Parliament? But if the Socialist majority in a trade union may thus flout the opinions of a Liberal or Conservative minority, what is there to prevent the Unionist majority among the shareholders of the Great Southern and Western defying the wishes and diverting the dividends of a Home Rule minority?

Mr. Frederic Harrison can hardly be accused of either political obscurantism or lack of sympathy for the ideals of working-men. But no reactionary Tory has denounced more vigorously the idea of 'reversing' by legislation the principles laid down in the Osborne judgment. 'For fifty years,' he writes, 'I have ardently striven to maintain trade-unionism as the main stronghold of Labour for bettering its position. And I should see with grief and foreboding that the trade interests and the benefits it has secured so long to workmen, their children, their homes, should be sacrificed to a revolutionary idealism which begins by defying financial honesty and the fundamental law of fair contract, and can only end in social anarchy and the dissolution of the realm.'[8] Never was liberty, industrial and political, more seriously menaced; never was there a more compelling appeal to the Party to whom, at this juncture, its maintenance is pre-eminently confided. Seventy years ago Mr. Drummond, then Under-Secretary at the Castle, startled the landlords of Ireland by an enunciation of the truism that 'property has its duties as well as its rights.' The time has clearly come round when it is essential to emphasise a not less obvious truism that 'property, whether large or small and whatever its nature, has its rights as well as its obligations.' The Socialist attack is delivered all along the line; it may begin with the landed properties of the 'Dukes,' but it will extend to the hardly accumulated savings of the thrifty poor. Property is property whether it take the form of land, or of savings invested in a trade union or a co-operative society, or, indeed, of labour itself;[9] and between the different forms of the accursed thing no attack can ultimately discriminate. This is a point which, though

[8] *The Times*, October 26, 1910.

[9] *Cf.* Adam Smith, *Wealth of Nations*, Bk. i. c.x, p. 123: 'The property which every man has in his own labour, as it is the original foundation of all other property, so it is the most sacred and inviolable.'

obvious to those who think, is not sufficiently impressed upon those who do not. It is easy to create prejudice against great landlords and wealthy capitalists. It would quickly be dissipated if the elementary truth were realised that by no possibility can the small man ultimately escape if the big man be hit. On the contrary, the way of escape is much easier for the big man; in a raid on property it is the small owner who is most defenceless.

Such, as it appears to me, are some of the points at which a truly Conservative party is called upon to repel the attack upon liberty. But for the moment they all merge in an obligation which, if not greater, is more insistent. It is not only individual liberty that is in grave peril to-day, nor industrial liberty; it is constitutional liberty that is still more grievously threatened.

I must not abuse the hospitality of this Review by re-stating the case in favour of a really effective Second Chamber. More than once have I been permitted to make some contribution to that discussion. Too tardily has the Conservative party come to see, partly under the exhortations of Lord Rosebery, more under the pressure of events, that now more than ever there is needed the interposition of a strong Second Chamber, and that the need is not supplied by the existing House of Lords. Far larger than any Second Chamber in the world, it is hopelessly unwieldy in size, with the result that the old safety-valve of the Constitution—the Royal prerogative of creating peers—is virtually closed. Based far more exclusively than any existing Senate or Upper House upon the hereditary principle, it adjusts itself too slowly to changes in public sentiment. Clothed by an unwritten Constitution with powers which are theoretically all but co-ordinate with those of the Lower House, it hesitates, sometimes with fatal results, to exert them. The result is that while it is frequently exhibited as a hindrance to reform, it is not really effective as a barrier to revolution. Be it admitted that at the moment its chief offence, in the eyes of its enemies, is that it has attempted to frustrate various predatory proposals, and to resist ill-digested and unfairly conceived schemes of spoliation. No detached critic can deny the truth of this charge. But it is nevertheless true that for the performance of those functions which properly appertain to a Second Chamber the House of Lords is almost unique in its ineffectiveness, as it is absolutely unique in its composition. Under these circumstances it is difficult to resist the suspicion that between its weakness and its constitution there may be some connexion. That is clearly the view of the Peers who are now, in hot haste, setting their hands to a task which might have been effectually accomplished during the relatively quiet times of Unionist ascendancy. But however unwisely deferred and tardily undertaken, it is a task which no truly Conservative party can

neglect, and which must, now or later, be carried through to successful accomplishment. Should we fail we shall not only become the laughing-stock of nations which in the past have been proud to model their political institutions upon our own, but we shall facilitate the work of those who are bent, not upon improvement, but upon destruction.

. . . .

Much that I have written above may be deemed more appropriate to a time of armed truce than to a moment of strenuous battle. We are once more in the thick of a Party fight the issue of which none can forecast. But the war between the essential principles of true Conservatism and revolutionary Radicalism, between the principles of liberty, industrial, individual and political, and those of tyranny is not going to be decided for ever by a single encounter. Whichever Party may emerge victorious from the struggle which is already upon us, the foregoing considerations will remain, I venture to submit, not only true but apposite. The neglect of them has not tended to edification in the past; it may in the future spell disaster not merely for a Party but for the State.

J. A. R. MARRIOTT.

INDEX TO VOL. LXVIII

The titles of articles are printed in italics

PRINTED BY
SPOTTISWOODE AND CO. LTD. LONDON
COLCHESTER AND ETON

THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY.

AND AFTER

A MONTHLY REVIEW

FOUNDED BY JAMES KNOWLES

VOL. LXVIII

JULY—DECEMBER 1910

LONDON
SPOTTISWOODE & CO. LTD., PRINTERS
NEW-STREET SQUARE, E.C.
1910

CONTENTS OF VOL. LXVIII